UP HILL AND DOWN DALE IN ANCIENT ETRURIA

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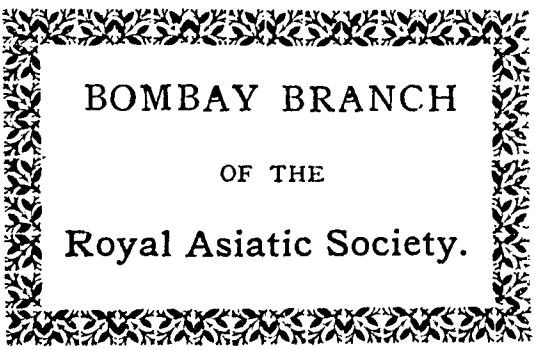
FREDERICK SEYMOUR



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ARCHAIC STELE OF ETRUSCAN WARRIOR.

(From Pomerance, in Archæological Museum at Florence. Tomb—Portal.)

[Frontispiece.

UP HILL AND DOWN DALE IN ANCIENT ETRURIA

BY THE SAME AUTHOR.

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LONDON: T. FISHER UNWIN.

UP HILL AND DOWN DALE IN ANCIENT ETRURIA

BY

FREDERICK SEYMOUR

AUTHOR OF "SAUNTERINGS IN SPAIN"; "SIENA AND HER ARTISTS," ETC.

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WITH A MAP AND 12 ILLUSTRATIONS

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PREFACE

IT was to the abandoned sites of Etruria, rather than to those still occupied, that the writer directed his attention in this tour. Perugia, Corneto-Tarquinia, Cortona, and Arezzo, and other much-visited and often-described cities have not therefore been included. That Orvieto and Viterbo—well-known cities also—have been brought in, is to be explained by both cities being centres of Etruscan districts rather than being distinctly Etruscan themselves.

"At last we all in turn declare
We know not who the Cyclops were.
But the Pelasgians! those are true?
I know as much of them as you."

W. SAVAGE LANDOR.

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Up Hill and Down Dale in Ancient Etruria

PART I

CHAPTER I

THEORIES UPON THE ORIGIN OF THE ETRUSCANS

SOME fifty years ago when the great treasures of Art throughout the ancient Land of Etruria were being disinterred,—the minds of archæologists were greatly exercised as to the provenance of that mysterious Etruscan Race, which had once possessed itself of the greater portion of the Italian Continent. Although certain ancient writers had spoken of the Etruscans and their supposed origin, from the Father of History, —Herodotus,—down to the times of Dionysius of Halicarnassus, Strabo, Cicero, Pliny, Livy, Plutarch, and others—they had pronounced vaguely and unexhaustively ; and in flat contradiction of each other the two Writers of Halicarnassus had spoken. It seemed then to most of our modern authors difficult to accept the pronouncements of the earliest writers upon the origin of the Etruscan Race. As was only to be expected, the modern writers also differed widely

amongst themselves. Almost every inquirer into the subject produced his own theory. Niebuhr and Bunsen were strongly in favour of an origin from the North; Rhætia was the precise spot of Etruscan birth. At all events Rhætia was conveniently near to the Land where the Etruscan drama was played out. And "Rasena" having been noted as an Etruscan leader, what more probable origin for his name than that of Rhætia? It will be unnecessary for the writer, and perhaps tedious for the reader, to discuss at this point the extremely various and often ingenious theories and views that were started upon the subject. It may be sufficient to state that to find a solution of the burning question almost every Race under heaven was evoked, Pelasgi, Egyptians, Phœnicians, Hittites, Babylonians, Lydians, Ligurians, Celts, Basques, Finns, (I think even Irish,) were called upon to furnish the key to the great enigma.

The Language was also declared to be of an agglutinative nature of a Turanian type. However, after some of the hottest and most prolonged debates ever known to the children of men,—no common ground of investigation having been agreed upon,—and no satisfactory solution either upon the origin of the race or of the language seeming possible, every one laid down his arms and admitted himself to be,—if not defeated,—*hors de combat*.

Since those stirring days of barren contest, exhausted Archæologists have turned their baffled energies into other and less thorny fields, and the Etruscan Sphinx has been allowed comparative slumber. I think that the truce that was called was chiefly owing to the progress of the science of Ethnology. That science is in a state of flux. The Aryan theory especially. Not many years ago, (it was chiefly under the ægis of the late Professor Max Müller) we had

decided that the fair Aryan Race had poured down from the Roof of the World, had peopled India, and then had flooded half Europe. Now that theory has been shaken. We are reversing our footsteps,—and are near to pronouncing the contrary, and are intending to repeople the East by a Teutonic or Sclavic flood from Europe.

Perhaps we shall never get our Etruscan Dilemma extricated until we finally make up our minds whether our Etruscans are to be Aryan or Non-Aryan. And further, as to the Pelasgic Race, hitherto conceived of as the immediate precursors of the Etruscans in Italy, conquered by them and in a great measure expelled. Did this Pelasgic Race or did they not commence their "peculiar civilisation," (in the building-Art especially,) in the Peleponnesus or in Italy?[1]

But I am straying away from the Etruscans and their presumed origin. It will be as well to state upon the threshold of the subject what have been the chief theories about them. Thus the reader,—unless he may have already formed his own theory,—may adopt that which he believes to have the greatest probabilities in its favour.

1*st Theory*.—The well-known pronouncement of Herodotus in favour of a Lydian Immigration into Etruria, which may be given here in his own words:

"During the reign of Atys, son of Manes, King of Lydia, a great scarcity of corn pervaded all Lydia. For some time the Lydians supported it with constancy, but when they saw the evil still continuing they sought for remedies; and some devised one thing, and some another; and at that time the game

[1] *Vide* a paper by Mr. W. J. Stillman contributed to the British-American Archæological Society of Rome, March 6, 1888.

of dice, hucklebones, ball, and all other kinds of games were invented, excepting draughts, (for the Lydians do not claim the invention of this last ;) and having made these inventions to alleviate the famine, they employed them" (the games?) "as follows: they used to play one whole day that they might not be in want of food; and on the next day they eat" (ate?) "and abstained from play; thus they passed *eighteen years;* but when the evil did not abate," (famine not to be appeased by gaming!) "but on the contrary became still more virulent, their King divided the whole people into two parts, and cast lots which should remain and which quit the country, and over that part whose lot it should be to stay he appointed himself King; and over that part which was to emigrate he appointed his own son, whose name was Tyrrhenus. Those to whose lot it fell to leave their country went down to Smyrna, built ships, and having put all their movables which were of use on board, set sail in search of food and land, till having passed by many nations, they reached the Ombrici" (I presume the Umbrians) "reached the Coast," (that looks as though the Umbrian territory stretched to the Adriatic?) "where they built towns and dwell to this day. From being called Lydians, they changed their name to one after the King's son who led them out; from him they received the appellation of Tyrrhenians."[1]

Whatever faith the reader may place in the *dénouement* of this ingenuous drama,—*i.e.*, in the Lydian emigration itself,—and there are many writers who still regard it with a kind of benevolent confidence,—surely the prologue thereof may be pronounced to be one of the most childish romances ever fathered by a responsible historian. That for eighteen years

[1] Translated by Henry Carey, M.A., from the Text of Baehr.

a sore famine could be held at bay by a starving nation by the artless expedient of incessant gambling, or by such prophylactics to hunger as the blowing of trumpets, dancing, and leapings could afford, forms a tissue of fables that cannot be accepted as rational narrative by reasonable men, much less by those who have suffered from insufficient food. Nor would any number of primeval Monte Carlos convince us to the contrary.

Could ever an enterprise of great pith and moment such as this Lydian emigration have developed out of such a Midsummer Night's Dream!

Yet Herodotus tells us this fairy-tale as though it were history, and makes no comments of his own. "They say," stood for history in his estimation. Some one said there were poets before historians; and afterwards also, it seems. Yet it is amazing that such a farrago of fantasies should have been accepted,—at all events was not questioned—by the grave and reverend historians of ancient Rome. Cicero, Pliny, Livy, Strabo, and others have not dissented at least from the dictum of Herodotus. Nor was it ever shaken,—(dispelled it never has been,) until another historian, also of Halicarnassus, took upon himself to dissolve some of the cobwebs woven by his fellow-citizen of some six hundred years previously.

That the civilisation, the arts, the pursuits, the luxury even, of the Etruscans were derived from an Eastern source,—and probably from some portion of Asia Minor, cannot be doubted. An Oriental character prevails throughout. Yet the points of resemblance between the Lydians and the Etruscans do not suffice to establish the theory of Herodotus. If he had gone to Caria, or to Mysia, or to Phrygia even, for his emigration, he would have been on less

debatable grounds. In Troy, for example, he would have found much closer analogies to Etruria. And finally, it might be asked as to the huge flotilla which must have been required for the embarkation of half a nation at the port of Smyrna ; what were the resources of Lydia, or of any known country at that early epoch of the world's history, to compass such a vast naval enterprise? Strabo gives a date of 470 years before the foundation of Rome to the invasion of Italy by the Tyrrhenes. Possibly therefore before the " Fall of Troy." No country in the world at that time could have possessed a fleet,—or could have had a knowledge of navigation commensurate with such a formidable undertaking. The very idea that the Argonauts under Jason had been able to accomplish a voyage from Thrace to the Chersonese (perhaps not wholly a fable) had been sufficient to evoke a thrill of wonder at such a feat of navigation throughout the ancient world. If the host under the command of Tyrrhenus had got as far as Thessaly, we might have wondered also, but, that half-famished hordes upon galleys manned by hungry mariners should have been able to battle with the winds and waves as far as the Adriatic or even the Tyrrhenian Sea, makes a greater demand upon the imaginative powers than even the fabled wanderings of Ulysses or Æneas.[1] That there is even a probability that at some time or other, there was a considerable emigration from some portion of Asia Minor into Italy, and that some Lydians, together with other races may have been swept into the ranks of Thessalians or Pelasgians who led the invasion may be admitted. But there is an inherent impossibility that that invasion could have been brought about in the fantastic fashion

[1] "The Tyrrhenians who had come from Thessaly into Lydia, and from thence into Italy" (Plutarch's "Romulus").

related by Herodotus. And that impossibility, it appears to me, disposes of the entire legend.

Thus much for the Theory according to Herodotus.

2nd Theory.—Let us turn now to that held by Dionysius. It is curious that the Theory promulgated by the older historian of Halicarnassus should have been set aside by the younger, some six hundred years later. He declared himself in favour of an "autochthous" or indigenous origin of the Etruscan People. He starts on the assumption that had the alleged Emigration of the Lydian People ever taken place, the Lydian historian, Xanthus, would have made some reference to the point. Instead of that Xanthus maintains an absolute silence. Xanthus has nothing to say upon a subject on which he could easily have informed himself. It may be observed that Xanthus wrote a few years previously to Herodotus himself. And Dionysius of Halicarnassus in pursuance of his assertions proceeds further to declare that he found no resemblance whatever between the Lydians and the Etruscans; neither in religious customs, nor social habits,—nor in language. I think that it may be assumed that an acute and learned historian such as Dionysius was, would not have made such statements without mature deliberation. He would have put several questions to himself before committing himself to a final verdict. Was, for instance, the religious system of the Etruscans to be found amongst the Lydians? Were the Etruscan Deities with their cacophonous names such as Thalna, Sethlans, Phuphlans, &c., enveloped, too, in such a mist of weird and fantastic beings known to the Lydians and worshipped by them?

2. Those Lucumones and Lartes—had they counterparts in the political system of the Lydians?

3. Those weird pothooks and hangers which form the Etruscan language (but won't form words), were they current in Lydia—or anywhere else?

Dionysius then, finding such questions, and others similar to them, meeting with a direct negative, came to the conclusion that all were evolved from the country where they were found, and that the Etruscans were an indigenous Race.

Now, it is curious that the theory of Dionysius, to whom so many sources of information—denied to his predecessors—must have been available, should never have been accepted, and, certainly, quite put aside by the moderns, whilst the legend narrated by Herodotus is still considered trustworthy. It might well be, moreover, that Dionysius may have read the oft-mentioned but long ago vanished History of the Etruscans by the Emperor Claudius. It is certainly useless now to hazard any conjecture as to what line Claudius may have taken up as to the Etruscan Race.[1]

Claudius was, as history tells us, not remarkable for his intelligence, but as the subject of the Etruscans seemed greatly to have exercised his mind, in the compilation of his history he was probably wise enough to avail himself of the wisdom of others.

I venture, therefore, to express an opinion that Dionysius may have also got his "indigenous" theory from the history of this very Claudius. One immediate objection that lies in the pronouncement of Dionysius is the obvious one—How does Dionysius account for the art-proclivities of the Etruscans without the contact of some superior Race from without? He does not remark upon that aspect of the question

[1] A bronze table found at Lyons hands down a fragment of a speech made by Claudius about Vibenna Cæles and Mastarna. That Claudius discoursed, as well as wrote, upon the subject proves him enthusiastic upon the subject.

at all. It must be remembered that in his day most of those branches of Art in which we consider the Etruscans to have excelled were not visible. The Romans respected the Tombs,—perhaps in many parts of Etruria even ignored their existence. Certainly, in the time of Dionysius they were ignorant of the Art-treasures contained in them. Yet the really strong position which Dionysius took up upon the Etruscan Question has been strangely overlooked and even dismissed without comment. It is quite erroneous, and even misleading upon the part of some writers, to urge that the views of Dionysius, being founded upon a negation,—(the silence of Xanthus) have therefore little weight. It is the belief of Dionysius in a certain "Rasena" and in a Race called after him and upon which Dionysius built up an "autochthous" origin for the Etruscan People that forms the pith and kernel of his theory.[1]

I will quote Niebuhr's words as to the statement made by Dionysius on the subject: "That the Etruscans looked upon themselves as an original people called Rasena and owing their descent to no other Race, and that they knew nothing of the names Tyrrhenian or Etruscan or of any Grecian traditions respecting themselves."[2]

[1] It may be inferred from the remarks made by Dionysius that he had conversed with one of the Etruscan people at least. He was told, he says, that that people claimed descent from a "Rasena." That they were not Tyrrheni, or Etrusci, nor Pelasgi. A little pressing upon the part of Dionysius might have elicited some definite information as to who "Rasena" was. Did he derive from Italy, or from some other region? This hiatus in the remarks made by Dionysius is most regrettable. May it not be inferred from Dionysius' expressed opinion as to the autochthous origin, that the Etruscans spoke or wrote one of the ancient dialects of Italy? His silence also upon that point is suggestive.

[2] Lecture V. on History of Rome, 3rd English edition, 1852.

Other traditions respecting the Rasena, or Raseni, there are none, and thence probably the very scanty allusions to "Rasena" in subsequent times. Yet it seems strange when we consider how eagerly the slightest clue has been snatched at, that Rasena should have been buried in oblivion.

The Greeks, says Niebuhr, had another tradition about the Tyrrhenians; (or Etruscans) that of Hellenicus. He stated that Pelasgians from Thessaly had settled at Spina at the mouth of the Po, whence they proceeded across the mountains into Etruria. This very valuable suggestion was taken notice of by Dionysius, but he transfers this immigration to the Aborigines (*i.e.*, Pelasgi?) Niebuhr continues: "The Italian antiquaries, on the other hand, have either clung to the Lydian tradition or referred this Pelasgian Immigration, from Thessaly, to the Etruscans."

Further on we shall, I think, find some German scholars also amongst the Italians as to the Thessalian invasion. We do not hear that the opinions of Dionysius were taken up by any writer. The subject apparently did not interest the Romans of his own or of any subsequent period. The thoughts of the literary class were directed to subjects quite other than those of ethnology; the question was allowed to go to sleep. It may be said, that practically there was no Etruscan subject until recent times. When it did revive we find Niebuhr, and other scholars in his train, starting quite a new origin for the Etruscan Race. It may be called the *third theory*.

Niebuhr held that the Etruscans were invaders from the Rhætian Alps. "One of the northern tribes pushed southwards by the presence of those

early migrations of nations which are as well established in history as the later ones." [1]

One of Niebuhr's "points" as to the Rhætian origin of that Race and of the name Rasena was that the term suggested Rhætia. Another point was that there were remains of a fortification or building in Alsace, precisely of the Etruscan style of masonry. And further, that somewhere in the Tyrol, cinerary urns, articles of bronze, and even inscriptions had been found similar to those familiar to us in Etruria.[2]

I imagine that Niebuhr chiefly based these remarks upon a statement made by Micali. Micali said "that in July, 1813, the remains of a Temple to Mercury and an ancient inscription in Etruscan characters were discovered not far from Trent. At Dos di Trento." [3]

The opinions of so considerable an Authority did not lack supporters amongst the German School at least. Professor Muller, *e.g.*, endorsed this Rhætian Theory, with this difference; that he placed the Rhæti much sooner in Etruria and made the Tyrrhene-Pelasgi the later invaders. Professor Mommsen, too (notwithstanding his Phœnician pro-

[1] "Issuing from the passes of the Rhætian Alps, they fell upon, and overcame the Tyrrheni, the Pelasgi, *i.e.*, whom they found possessed of Umbria, and the adjacent territories."

"These were the Tyrrhenians that gave their name to the Western Coast of Italy, and to the Tyrrhenian Sea, and whom the Romans called Tusci. Both names were afterwards transferred to the Rasena who descended as conquerors from the Alps."

Niebuhr's Lecture on the History of Rome, delivered in the years 1826–1828. Lecture V., English edition of 1852.

[2] The discoveries made at Hallstatt in the Grisons would fully account for the articles found in the Tyrol. Possibly the Hallstatt-trouvailles were subsequent to Niebuhr's day.

[3] Micali, "L'Italia avanti Il Dominio dei Romani." Milan edition, 1826.

clivities), was inclined to regard the Etruscans as Rhæti, and that chiefly upon the ground that the earliest inhabitants of Rhætia spoke Etruscan. One must listen with respect to any pronouncement of so eminent an authority, although one wonders whence the writer drew this sweeping conclusion. The sources of information available to a scholar like Professor Mommsen must naturally be far more extensive than those open to a casual inquirer into the Etruscan mysteries. Livy, LV. 33, says: (I quote again from Micali) "These mountain-people," (the Rhæti) "in his time, barbarized by their savage environment, retained in their manner of speaking perceptible traces of the antiquity of their origin." Or, to put the quotation in a slightly differing form, as rendered by another translator, "The Rhætian Alpine people were 'haud dubie,' of the same origin as Rasena, and spoke the same language in a ruder form."

It was probably this remark of Livy upon which Mommsen founded his statement.

Yet, (to return for a moment to Niebuhr's theory,) none of the remarks made by the older or the more recent historians cited above seem to make out a Rhætian origin for the Etruscans. Indeed, some writers have been at pains to pronounce upon the alleged traces of an Etruscan Race in the Rhætian Alps; that they would prove an emigration from the Plains of the Po Northwards, rather than the reverse. And they have,—in support of such an opinion,—suggested that when the Etruscans were driven out of their possessions in the Valley of the Po by the Gauls in the year 165 A.U.C., a large number of them, under the leadership of a Rhætus (not a Rasena), fled into the Alps.

Niebuhr would not accept this suggestion, and

even allowed himself, in order to sweep it away altogether,—to hazard the astonishing statement "that no ancient writer had ever asserted that the Etruscans withdrew from the plains into the Alps in consequence of the conquests of the Gauls." Yet this is precisely the very assertion made by Pliny.[1]

"Rhætus, leader of the fugitive Etruscans after the Gaulish victory, established his stronghold in the mountains of the Rhætian Alps, which, as it is said, derive their name from him." It is impossible to reconcile such directly divergent expressions of opinion.

Considering as a whole these views of Niebuhr, I cannot help expressing an opinion that they were too hastily formed. I doubt, moreover, that his views were ever cordially supported. They are certainly not so now. Nor do I think that Niebuhr himself would have gone to the stake for them. Yet it cannot be supposed that he saw anything of similarity between the names Rhætia and Rasena. So eminent a man could not have been led astray by the mere jingle of synonyms. We know how far a very ancient historian went in that direction when he wanted a derivation for the Tyrrhenes.

A fourth theory is that of Professor Lepsius.

He rejected the views of Niebuhr and Müller as to the Rhætian *origin* of the Etruscan Race, nor did he favour the Lydian tradition. Yet, he did consider that there had been a Rhaetian immigration into the country previous to the Tyrrhene-Pelasgic Invasion, which, according to him, was the Etruscan one. It is not at all clear whether he desires us or not to infer that a Rhætian language prevailed in Italy before the newcomers brought in their Pelasgic letters. If that was not his desire,

[1] Pliny, III.

one fails to perceive the object of bringing in the Rhætians at all. He declared, however, for a Tyrrhene-Pelasgic immigration subsequent to a Rhætian one. According to him, the Tyrrehene-Pelasgi left Thessaly, (the supposed cradle of the Pelasgic Race) and entered Italy somewhere to the North of the Adriatic Sea. They then proceeded to establish themselves about the mouth of the River Po, and before that they finally crossed the Apennines, had already subdued the Umbrians, from whom they captured three hundred Cities. That the Umbrians, or Pelasgi-Umbrians, did lose three hundred Cities to the Etruscans has been mentioned by more than one ancient writer. Yet it appears difficult to believe that all these Cities could have been upon the northern side of the Apennines. Some of them one supposes to have been "strong places" rather than what we should term Cities.

It seems clear that Professor Lepsius, in the above passage, was referring to the Etruscans—not to the original Pelasgic conquerors of Italy. Yet he goes on to say that from this superimposition of a *Pelasgic* Race upon an Umbrian stock was evolved the Etruscan nation!

Such were Lepsius' views, and although perhaps they would invite some examination for which the present writer certainly has not the requisite knowledge, it may be briefly noted that this theory has been more generally accepted than any other, and is one which chiefly finds favour at the present time.[1]

Müller's opinions upon the question seem to differ very little from those of Lepsius.

It is now long since that the Phœnician claims to occupy the vacant throne of the Etruscans were

[1] Dionysius of Halicarnassus was of the opinion that the Etruscans founded their Empire upon the ruins of the Pelasgic and Umbrian power.

urged. There were many advocates, but few of them authoritative, and none at all now. And it would have been strange if a People once so prominent, although almost as mysterious in their origin and history as the Etruscans themselves, had been overlooked in the long list of pretenders to that shadowy realm. That the Phœnicians had created a great and long-enduring Colony such as Carthage, so powerful as to have disputed with Rome the sovereignty of the world, certainly seemed to offer good grounds for belief that they might have laid the foundation of another Empire some three or four hundred years previously. By those who favoured the Lydian immigration, it was said to be a Phœnician-Lydian one; others supported the theory of a Phœnician-Egyptian Invasion of Italy. This latter school said that Phœnicians had colonised the Egyptian Delta under the Hyksos or Shepherd-Kings. That they had been driven out of Egypt by the subsequent Dynasty, and had thereupon betaken themselves *en masse* to Italy, and, having overcome there the ruling Race, had called the country Tyrrhenia from their ancestral city of Tyre, and themselves Tyrrhenes. It was a novel suggestion, almost an Herodotean one, but scarcely an ingenious one. For there appeared to be very little to support it except the existence of so many gold ornaments in the country which were declared to be of a Phœnician-Egyptian character. Whilst the arguments against a Phœnician origin seemed to be overwhelming. Carthage never alluded to Etruria as a sister-nation. Neither the Etruscan language nor the Etruscan religion had anything in common with the Phœnician. All alphabets with which we are acquainted were based upon the Phœnician.

How or why the Phœnicians should have aban-

doned the unique position held by them in Palæography, should have forgotten their own letters, and have substituted the barbarous jargon of the Etruscans, formed enigmas insoluble by the everyday mind; why, furthermore, they should have cast away their beloved idols, Astarte and Thaumuz, &c., and have embraced the distorted cacophonous deities of the Etruscans such as Sethlans, Turans, Phuphlans, &c., no man offered any explanation. Or if, as was alleged, arriving from Egypt, and having there adopted perhaps the gods and usages of Egyptians, —why did they not import into Etruria something of an Egyptian character? Should we not have expected to discover in Etruria some similarity in customs, in religion, or in the manner of interring the dead? Yet we find no mummies, no ritual of the dead, not even the use of parchment, not a column nor a frieze that can be pronounced to be of Egyptian style.

But to those who refuse upon such grounds, a Phœnician origin to Etruria, those who urge one come down with their Tyrrhenian Sea, evidently, it is urged, called after the parent-city of Tyre, no matter how often and for what number of years Phœnician prows may have ploughed those waters in pursuit of Commerce,—the Gulf never could have received such a name from them or theirs. The term would have been Punic or Pœnic,—never Tyrrhenian.[1] There is, indeed, a small obscure hamlet upon the sea-coast a little north of Coere's old Port of Pyrgi, called Punicum. Professor Mommsen laid some stress upon this point as having been a Phœni-

[1] Here, as regards this much-vexed question of the term Tyrrheni, it may be worth remarking that with some Greek authors the word used was "Tyrseni." Can we see here some approach to the word Rasena—Trasena, as it might possibly have been rendered? If so, the Sea might after all be derived from the race known as Rasena—

cian name. (He was also in favour of Agylla having been a Phœnician City. Agylla, he said, was Phœnician for "Round Town.") Moreover, if it be necessary to push the argument further, why was the name not given rather to the Tunisian waters, which really formed, as we should express it in modern parlance, a Carthaginian or Punic Lake?

Again there is evidence to show that Tyre had once been called "Sur or Syr," and that hence "Syria" was so called. And to return for a moment to the argument as to the ornaments of gold, bearing a Phœnician-Egyptian character. It is quite possible that these were made in the country, and by Phœnician artists, for there is some reason to believe that the Phœnicians had a settlement in the Eastern portion of Italy at least. It is true that generally the authorities upon the subject are of opinion that the Phœnicians were merely intermediaries between Egypt and Etruria and also between Assyria and Etruria. And there is a prevalent idea too, that the Phœnicians had no Art of their own at all. Yet that statement seems to me too positive. The Island of Cyprus (occupied in part, for so long by the Phœnicians), so rich in ancient remains, proves quite the contrary. And if we go to Scripture for evidence of Phœnician skill in the fine arts, we cannot doubt but that the Temple of Solomon owed much to Phœnician artists. Yet it is not in details such as these that a similarity between Races can be established. Analogies can only be drawn from language, religion, and customs. And between Etruria upon the one hand and Phœnicia and Egypt upon the other, there are none.

and not at all (and after all) from Tyrrhenus. And it may also be remarked that the term Tyrrheni has often been so loosely applied, and sometimes it refers to the later race—*i.e.*, the Etruscans—and sometimes to their predecessors the Pelasgians.

CHAPTER II

HISTORY OF THE ETRUSCANS

To what extent the great discoveries of ancient Art which have been made in Etruria in modern times would have caused Greek and Roman historians to modify or to change their views respecting the origin of the Etruscan people would form a very interesting field of speculation.

Yet to embark upon such an enterprise would be beyond the scope of this work and the ability of the writer. Suffice it then to observe, for the present, that those discoveries have placed us not only in a far better position for arriving at juster conclusions, but also upon an altogether different point of view than that which the old historians were in possession of.

The modern Sciences of Ethnology, Philology, Palæography, comparative Anatomy—in a word the study of Archæology—have shouldered out and displaced the barren theories and inconsequent pronouncements of incurious historians.

We stand upon an altogether higher plane.

It is true that we have to rummage among dust and ashes of thousands of tombs for our records,—yet one such Sepulchre is a truer witness to the Etruscan past than all the ingenious conjectures of superficial

Photo] [*Alinari.*

VETULONIA. ETRUSCAN WALLS OF THE ARX.

(See p. 156).

chroniclers. The Etruscans themselves are our only historians.

The greatness of the nation is attested by the massive remains of their great city-walls.

Their religious observances, their social customs, their beliefs, their refined tastes, and their luxury are written in their Sepulchres and in the contents of those tombs. Their Sarcophagi, their cinerary urns, their sculptures, their paintings, their vases, their jewels, their metal-work, their armour, indeed speak to us, for other language there is none. Verily a Dead Language. And the Etruscans,—because the visible proofs of their existence have to be disinterred,—have appropriately enough been styled a geological Race. And yet it has to be confessed that despite all the assistance that Archæology—(all the 'ologies in fact—) have been able to afford, and despite the information which the Etruscan Tombs have given us, a heavy pall of mystery continues to hang over the Etruscan Question. The very obscurity in which the origin of the Etruscan People is still plunged, renders any attempt to raise the veil permissible. It certainly makes it so much the more engrossing. The puniest effort can scarcely render the mists thicker. I think that on points, "obscure as these, we may think what we will and think what-e'er we please." Yet in spite of very small pretensions to elucidate a subject before which so many good and ripe scholars have quailed, I have found encouragement in a remark made by Ausonius—quoted by Lanzi[1]: "One man aided by the discoveries of his predecessors although he cannot hope to exhaust the field of discovery may yet add something to the sum total." Thus I may hope to escape the charge of presumption even if I incur that of

[1] "Saggio di Lingua Etrusca." Lanzi, 1787.

being a bore. And this feeble rushlight of mine, the very spark of which has been kindled at the torches of others, may even serve to shed a gleam upon some point or another that has been left in darkness even if it may not dispel all the gloom. Very much as when you descend into an Etruscan painted tomb—the inferior dip with which the Custode presents you, may fling a ray upon some obscure nook which the torch of the Custode himself had failed to illuminate.

In entering, then, upon the Etruscan Question we may claim to have received sufficient light to enable us to enter the threshold at least.

Two or three points have been elucidated.

We have learned, approximately, the epoch when the Etruscan Invasion of Italy took place, and by what Races the country was occupied when the Etruscans arrived.[1]

Upon the authority of Strabo and Varro,—and they have been generally followed as Authorities—the Commencement of the Etruscan Era has been dated as more than four hundred years before the Foundation of Rome.[2]

Modern historians have with little variance accepted that date. (Niebuhr, in fact, would assign the Etruscan Era as one hundred and forty years earlier. Müller and Helbig are in accord as to a hundred years or so later. Professor Pigorini considerably later again. Deferring, then, until later our attempts to ascertain whence the Etruscans came—(for we are unable wholly to accept the "in-

[1] Strabo gives the date as 470, Varro as 430-4-. Varro, however, is speaking of the final subjugation of the Pelasgi-Umbri by the Etruscans. The war between these rival nationalities would have been naturally an affair of some years.

[2] The Foundation of Rome is assigned to the year 753 B.C.

digenous " theory of Dionysius)—let us concern ourselves with the aspect of the map of Italy in the 12th Century B.C.

The History of the Etruscans after the Foundation of Rome is fairly well known, and we have no lack of that from the time of their first coming into contact with the Romans to the time of their absorption by that Power.

Generally speaking, Italy was then occupied by Races of the Oscan Stock. The Samnites were established in the Regions now known as Apulia and Campania. The Umbrians upon both sides of the Apennines from the Tyrrhenian Sea to the Adriatic and Northwards so far as the Po and the Ticino Rivers. In the mountainous Regions between the Umbrians and the Samnites, the Sabines [1]—(the most ancient of Races) had their seats. Beyond them, again, so far as the Tyrrhenian Sea the Latins were in possession.

Whence and when these several Races had originally arrived no man has yet told, but that these were,—so far as history knows,—the primitive inhabitants, is certain.

When we first know anything about these Peoples, they are found to be in the Pastoral and Agricultural stages. Their forms of government were similar, each ruled by and held together by an oligarchical federalism, under the dominion of priests and nobles. So much so with the Samnites that there the priestly rule had degenerated into an absolute Druidism.

At this epoch the Gaulish Race had not yet appeared in Italy. The Ligurians and other Iberians (in most remote times from Africa) dominated in the West and North, far away from the Umbrians and

[1] The Sabines, a people of the remotest antiquity, whose origin cannot be ascertained, Strabo says.

away from the Lakes and Marshes which occupied so much of the North-West country. Upon the Adriatic and Ionian Seas, Illyrians and Pelasgians by continuous irruptions were keeping the neighbouring tribes in a chronic ferment. There were two Cities then upon the Adriatic Sea, one in Picenum, and one in the Veneto, called Adria or Hadria, and in the district between those Cities were to be found settlements of the Atri—a Race thought to be of Phœnician stock. These Phœnicians were considered to have settled here after having been dispossessed of their native soil by the Israelites upon their return from Egypt in 1632 B.C. This Colony of Atri, (of supposed Phœnician origin) is thought to have given the name to the Adriatic Sea.

It is noteworthy here to recall a tradition that the name of the Etruscans was derived from Atro-Oschi. But long before the appearance of the Etruscans in Italy, and even before the Race-fermentation upon the shores of the Adriatic Sea above alluded to,—a great Pelasgic immigration into Italy had already taken place. For that immigration no date can be assigned. These Pelasgi, however, are found upon the Tyrrhenian Sea at a very remote period. They had driven,—probably in alliance with the Umbri, whom they had incorporated after their conquest of that Race,[1]—the Siculi out of Italy, and are now found in possession of Italian historical-sites such as Agylla, (afterwards styled Cære), Cortona, Falerii, Saturnia, and other cities which afterwards fell into the hands of the Etruscans.

This ubiquitous Race, known as the Pelasgi, are supposed to have last come from Thessaly, but at one period or another they are found everywhere

[1] The Siculi had been, it it supposed, driven out of Italy by the Pelasgi-Umbri before the arrival in Italy of the Etruscans.

in the South-East of Europe. That they had at one time or another occupied the greater portion of Greece seems clear,—as Greece was once known as Pelasgia. They seem—it is not easy to say whether previously or afterwards—to have been in Asia Minor, to have colonised many of the islands in the Græcian Archipelago. Mycenæ, too, Tiryns, and Argos were Pelasgic Cities, and were probably built by them, and certainly occupied by them, perhaps 1700 B.C. or more, and when the Ægean Art-epoch was commencing.

So large a portion of Greece and Italy indeed had been Pelasgian in pre-historical times that it would seem easier to pronounce where the Pelasgi had prevailed rather than where they had not. I shall not pursue for the present the traces of this earlier elusive Race. Yet, as it was with that People as Tyrrhenes, or as Pelasgo-Umbrians, that the Etruscans very early in their history came into conflict,—the existence of that Race in Italy has to be taken into consideration.

We were contemplating a few pages back the geographical condition of Italy at the time of the Etruscan Invasion and the various Races by whom it was occupied, and our attention was particularly directed to that extreme portion of Umbria which extended towards the Adriatic Gulf, and we have learned that upon the shores of that Sea there had set in a very remarkable tide of invasion; that a congeries of Illyrians, Pelasgians, and Thessalian Races from Asia Minor, and even Phœnicians, had settled down upon these shores. Attracted by what? One can scarcely be in doubt that it was the hope of gain, of trade, of commercial advantages. In short, attracted by the same things which drew English, Germans, Swedes, Dutch, and others to New

York. Both coasts of the Adriatic Sea would have offered to the motley hordes that were being slowly shaped into a compact and aggressive Power, innumerable opportunities for naval enterprise or for piratical incursions. We may suppose that they took full advantage of their opportunities. And if the Phœnicians, as we believe, formed a large portion of them, we can imagine that their excursions would not have been limited to the Adriatic Gulf. It is quite possible that it was upon those waters that the Etruscans first acquainted themselves with the rudiments of navigation, a science which was in later times upon the Tyrrhenian Sea to establish their fame throughout the world. Yet at the early time to which I am at present referring, it was in the Valley of the Po and in the Umbrian Valleys rather than upon the Ocean that the Etruscans were seeking to test their strength. For in this portion of Italy it was, as I conceive, that the Etruscan Power became moulded into shape. It was out of these heterogeneous masses of diverse nations that I imagine the Etruscans to have been evolved. And at this point of the narrative it may well be asked: Among all these warring elements of diverse tribes whose was the shaping and guiding hand? A Nation cannot leap into form of itself, "the noble work of Chance." Who were the leaders of this infant nation? Under what hegemony was it welded into such a power that the greater portion of Italy became Etruscan? It is here that "Rasenna"[1] comes to the fore. Some masterful Race or tribes of that name—probably of Oscan stock,—which had been long, perhaps, awaiting the hour of amalgamating and welding together these polyglot hordes for their

[1] Niebuhr was in favour of the name being thus spelled. Yet the name is more commonly written "Rasena."

own purposes. Amongst the hilly regions which encompass Felsina? Or round about the Estuaries of the Po, somewhere betwixt Ferrara and Hadria? Or at Spina itself—a most ancient settlement? Who shall pronounce? They called themselves Rasena, or Raseni, from the name of their leader, says Dionysius, —when he inquired of the then Etruscans whence they had come. But, as has been noted, he did not pursue the question, having, for other, no doubt, valid but unexpressed reasons, satisfied himself that the people had arisen out of an indigenous stock.

We have also seen,—and remarked, perhaps too curtly, that Niebuhr and the German authorities much too superficially had endeavoured to saddle Rhætia with the Rasena. "The Germans," says Signor Guerri, quoted above,[1] "fantasticated upon the fancied similarity between the names of those two Races." We thank Signor Guerri for that blessed word "fantasticated."

And we must not withhold expressions of gratitude to Dionysius that he in part cleared the way by his mention of "Rasena," and so disposed at least of the shadowy Tyrrhenus and of his fantastic and famished legions. Thus far, then, we may follow Dionysius,—as far, *i.e.*, as regards the hegemony of Rasena. Yet, as we have ventured to conjecture, the hosts, these Atri-Oschi, Etruscans as they were to become from the blending of the names, must have consisted of many diverse nations. It is very singular indeed how very little historians, ancient and modern, have concerned themselves with Rasena or the Raseni. Yet the name of that leader was one of the very few certain landmarks or epoch-marks that we possessed. And we may now proceed upon our

[1] "Moderni scuttori, specialemente tedeschi, fantasticando fra i nomi di Raseni e di Rezia," &c. Guerri, "Fiesole eil suo Comune."

road,—dark as it may be,—having rejected the burden of Rhætia and finding therein no more similarity to Rasena than to Russia or Rameses.

How long it may have been that the process of moulding and shaping the Atri-Oschi, "ducê Rasena," went on,—may be,—must be, a matter of pure conjecture.

The new Nation had not only to grow up. It had to be educated as well as amalgamated.

One of the earliest notices of the Etruscans in this Eastern portion of Italy—is contained in an alleged attack made by them upon the Terramare Tribes, who were largely possessed of territory in the Valley of the Po. These Terramare races are said to have been still in the Iron Age. They continued to build in the manner of their lacustrine forefathers Lake-dwellings upon *terra-firmâ*.[1] The Etruscans drove them forth, and the dispossessed people had to seek another country. One more Race had been added to the swollen list of the migratory and wandering peoples of those early times. Professor Pigorini is inclined to the opinion that in this fleeing Race may be discerned the progenitors of Rome. For this Race seems to have been of a Celtic-Umbrian stock, and,—he goes on to say,—that thereupon ensued between pursuers and pursued a sort of fateful race for the banks of the Tiber. That the Conquered kept along the left bank and journeyed onwards to the Alban Hills, whence one day Rome was to be founded; and that the Etruscans struck North and Westward, always upon the right bank of the River, founding in the course of ages innumerable cities and towns. Signor Pigorini places this overthrow of the Terra-

[1] Professor Pigorini.

mare Races in the 11th Century. Far too late, in my humble opinion, for the arrival of either Race in the Valley of the Tiber; and would it not also have been too early for the Iron Age in Italy? It has been customary to suppose that the age of Iron had superseded that of the Bronze in Italy about the 10th Century.

To return, however, to that part of Italy which is more especially engaging our attention. It must have been very early in the Etruscan Period that Felsina (Bologna), one of the most ancient, famous, and important of Etruscan Cities, was founded.

Mr. Dennis, in speaking of Bologna,—for it is almost needless to say that that ardent Etruscologist found in this district a rich and suggestive field for his investigations—observes: "Bologna seems to hold an unique position in Etruscan history, not only from its geographical position, far removed from the principal Etruscan sites upon the other side of the Apennines, but from the ethnographical peculiarities in the remains of Art discovered there."

And he directs attention especially to the famous Necropolis of Villanova, which lies about five miles E.S.E. of the City, as well as to the nearer Cemetery of the Certosa. Of the Villanova Cemetery,—which is very small, though packed with tombs, he says: "The tombs generally are referred to the Iron Age. Some contain the whole skeletons; some, ossuary-pots (as distinguished from the cinerary urns). No painted tombs have been discovered in this part of Italy. Some of the tombs are ascribed to the Pelasgians and some to the Umbrians." What is especially noteworthy here is the superimposition of Etruscan tombs over those of the Umbrians whom the Etruscans had subjugated. A further ethnographical link in the historical chain which here

has brought together so many Races is the presence of tombs of the Boian Gauls, that particular tribe which was subsequently to drive out the Etruscan Race from one of their primitive seats. That event occurred in the year 396 B.C.

Felsina was to become Bononia—the City of the "Booi." From "Bononia" to "Bologna" is but an easy transition. One would have supposed that Felsina, from its position and fame, should have been one of the Twelve Cities of the Confederation. Yet I do not think that any writer has ever made that suggestion; nor is there any account of Felsina as a City with Walls. That absence of "walls" is difficult to account for, especially in the instance of a city so far removed from the other principal seats of the Confederation. This negligence, so conspicuous and so uncharacteristic of the Etruscans, must have had much to do with their subsequent defeat and rout by the Boian Gauls.

To return, then, to the contemplation of the rise of the Etruscan power, about four hundred years before the Foundation of Rome. (For I am unable to agree with Professor Pigorini's alleged race betwixt Etruscans and Celtic-Umbrians referred to a little above.) What motives may have urged the Etruscans after they had dispersed the Terramare Races, to further and more extensive undertakings we cannot pronounce. Why or how it was that they already found the Regions eastward of the Apennines insufficient for their needs, we can only conjecture. Perhaps, they may have been impelled forward by the momentum in rear of them, by the ever-increasing swarms of migrating Races, or urged onward by that earth-hunger so natural to a warlike and enterprising Race.

It may very well have been—(a conjecture may

be hazarded where all is more or less conjecture)—that the Umbrians, or the Umbri-Pelasgi,—the most powerful and intelligent of the Italian peoples,—and whom the Etruscans had already largely dispossessed in the Eastern portions,—were causing trouble upon the Western side of the Apennines. Or it may be that the Etruscans were expecting,—or were even in communication with, friends and allies upon the shores of the Tyrrhenian Sea, and who might already have found themselves in conflict with the Umbro-Pelasgi.

Ancient writers have somewhat dwelt upon the amalgamation of the Pelasgic and Umbrian Races in Italy. I have above mentioned that the Pelasgians are supposed even to have absorbed that Race into themselves. The Pelasgians were assuredly in possession of certain Cities in Tuscany at one time, Agylla, Cortona, and others, and of Ports upon the Tyrrhenian Sea. Yet I think it much more probable that the Umbrians were the superior Race. We read afterwards that when the Etruscans had asserted their power in Tuscany, the Pelasgians went off *en masse* to Greece. That event could not have happened had the Pelasgi been fully incorporated with the Umbri. It would have been extremely interesting to us could we have learned where and in what manner the Etruscans passed into Umbria and thence into Tuscany:—whether they divided their forces, sending one of their armies through the Valley of the Po and marched as far, perhaps, as Luni,—the modern Spezia,—the extreme northern border of the Etruscan power,—and thence coming down upon Volterra and Fiesole;—or whether they broke through the Apennines at several points with other armies?—We have no information to guide us. Yet, as we find them seated at an early period of their history

in places such as Arezzo and Cortona,[1] we may assume, with some degree of probability, that they marched along the roads which from Bologna cut the mountains somewhere about the modern Comacchia and Sasso di Castro, or they could have crossed the head-waters of the Tiber near Borgo S. Selpolcro or lower down near Perugia. But it would be beyond our powers and limits to attempt the settlement of such points. Suffice it to say that, in the course of their early history, the Etruscans are credited with the capture of three hundred Umbrian Cities. We have no data as to the period of the Etruscan occupation of cities North-West of Felsina (Bologna) such as Mantua, Vicenza, or when they may have been in the vicinity of Como. When they had determined to invade and occupy Umbria upon the West of the Apennines, they may also have taken the opportunity of sending an army to the North whilst they broke through the Apennines at various points. The force that at this period was under their control, must have been enormous. They were practically ubiquitous. And what Captains they must have had to direct those vast forces with a Moltke-like precision, taking up, as it seems, the pre-arranged points of concentration. And yet of all those Captains not one name has survived!

That the Umbro-Pelasgi, if we may still call them so, should have been in possession of so many Cities —although many of them must have been strong fortified positions rather than Cities,—not only proves the extent of the country and the power possessed by that Race,—which were things we knew of before—

[1] According to Dionysius, the Pelasgi took this City from the Umbri, and the Etruscans captured it from the Pelasgi. The City is of extreme antiquity. Legend has it that from hence Dardanus went to found the City of Troy.

but also their civilisation. But the Pelasgians were great military Architects. It cannot but be believed that to conquer a country so strong in resources, and formidable, too, in the strength of long possession, must have been the work of very many years, and years of protracted struggle. But after years of protracted struggle the Etruscans did finally prevail and overthrew the Umbrians in a battle which, according to Varro, must have been fought about four hundred and thirty years before the Foundation of Rome. From that year we may date the establishment of the Etruscan *régime* in Italy.

We shall now be able to contemplate,—so far as our very limited lights permit us,—this extraordinarily elastic Race consolidating their conquests and establishing throughout the greater part of Italy a solid and homogeneous Confederation of Autonomous States. Whence and where it was that the Rasena, or Raseni, learned the profound maxims of statecraft which enabled them to devise so admirable a system of government for the vast possessions which had fallen into their hands can never be determined. There was no precedent to guide them. It was not only a daring conception, it was an inspiration. Not to be regarded as an audacious venture of political haphazard, but as a laboriously elaborated and far-seeing design, and one justified by its immediate and amazing success.

All writers who have concerned themselves with the Etruscans at all have declared that it was to Agriculture and to Commerce that the Etruscans lent all their energies and whence they derived their extraordinary wealth. Agriculture, all the avocations of husbandry and pasturage, were dedicated to, and placed under the protection of the gods and supervised by a powerful hierarchy. Their national hero

Tagetes, their Solon—the great civil and religious legislator—was himself the protector of Agriculture. His origin was miraculous, for he had sprung out of the furrow at Tarquinia as a ploughman was following his plough.[1] His books upon Agriculture and Religion; his "Disciplina," formed the standard Code of the Etruscans.

Religious rites, similar to those of the Latins, in honour of Pales and Lupercal regulated and celebrated the harvest-season, which was a feast of bonfires throughout the country. To show the supreme importance of Agriculture amongst the Etruscans, it will suffice to mention that not even the exigencies of military service were allowed to interfere with the cultivation of the soil. The Army was annually disbanded with that object. And in connection with their agricultural enterprise the extensive works of drainage which they undertook are especially characteristic of the skill and prescience possessed by this precocious Race. It was so in the very early days of their civilisation in the territories adjacent to the Adriatic, and in the plains watered and overflowed by the great Rivers of the Po and the Adige, where they found themselves in a land of marshes and lagoons. Whencesoever the bulk of the immigrating hordes may have come or where they may have learned the arts of engineering as applied to drainage,—whether in the lacustrine regions of Egypt, or upon the coasts of Asia Minor, they at once engaged in vast works of embankments and of sanitary drainage. For the Etruscans had not only the largest ideas with regard to agriculture, they had, too, very advanced views as to the hygienic conditions of existence. To reclaim land

[1] The legend is related by Cicero, and by other writers. Ammianus Marcellinus refers to the Books on "Aruspicina," by Tagetes.

for one purpose and to render their surroundings less noxious to health seem always to have been among their foremost objects. The great works which they undertook in the estuaries of the Po are known to us as the "Fosse Filistine," a name which the supporters of the Phœnician origin of the Etruscans have naturally hailed as another proof. It certainly is surprising, whatever may be the derivation of the word, to find the familiar name of "Philistine" connected with works of drainage in the Valley of the Po.[1] As the Etruscans advanced to occupy the Western portions of their Empire, these considerations were always present to them. They undertook and carried out large works of drainage, especially in the regions flooded by the Tiber, the Arno, and the Chiana, in the plains around Chiusi and Arezzo.[2]

The modern military system which demands large standing armies is often made the subject of reproach inasmuch as it withdraws from profitable or beneficial occupations so many millions of men. The Etruscan mode of reconciling civil and military exigencies not only is one more proof of the practical good sense of that people, but attests the remarkably peaceful condition of the country subject to their rule.

It is very probable that after the total subjection of the country, the Etruscans were very rarely engaged in active warfare. Their admirable mode of mapping out the country into twelve Federal States and of fortifying their Cities with those massive walls,

[1] "Philistis" was the name of one of the Queens of Syracuse. If Queen be not considered too pronounced a title for the wife of one of the "Tyrants of Sicily." A tradition connects the name of Philistis with these Fosse Filistine.

[2] Many of the reflections here and on the former page have been drawn from Micali's "L'Italia Avanti Il Dominia dei Romani."

the remains of which still evoke our admiration,—afforded them such perfect security that they might even dispense with standing armies. I am speaking of the Etruscans when they were in the plenitude of their power,—and at a time when no Power had yet arisen in Italy to challenge their supremacy. To what extent the Pelasgians were accustomed to protect their Cities, and how far in those respects the Etruscans may be considered to have learned from them, the authorities upon the subject are not in accord. Yet they are unanimous in distinguishing two styles of architecture in Italy. They give the walls of polygonous masses to the Pelasgians,—those of the horizontal to the Etruscans.[1] I refer here only to the latter. That they were intended to be positions of the greatest possible strength is not only evinced by their formidable style of architecture, but by their situation. Always erected upon hills,[2] and very often enclosing two opposite eminences,—one of which was for greater security regarded as the "Arx" or Fortress proper. This uniformity in architecture and position can only be ascribed to those sagacious traditions of the Etruscans, which sent them to the Sacred Books themselves for the authorised method of erecting their Cities. In whatsoever manner they discerned for themselves or learned from others the art of such construction, it is easy to perceive that when once they had surrounded their Cities with such impregnable defences they were practically unassailable.

[1] It cannot be pronounced with certainty that the Etruscans never permitted themselves to build in the polygonal style. The nature of the stone, accordingly as it had a vertical or horizontal cleavage, might sometimes have decided what form the blocks were to take.

[2] The exception to this custom of erecting Cities upon eminences is Vulci, which stands upon a plain at a considerable distance from any heights.

It is just at the time when the Etruscan power was at its apex, *i.e.*, before the Foundation of Rome, that we know least of the Etruscans.

But certain historians,—unable, of course, to enlighten us as to those primitive times, have been able to define for us the limits of the country in more recent times and to name the Capital Cities of the Twelve Confederated States.

Central Etruria,—(to which we confine our attention) stretched from Capua to the River Magra. The latter river—near Spezia,—defined the North-West border of Etruria. Some writers have stretched Etruria as far South as Nola, Pompeii, Sorrento, and even to Poestum, but there appears little foundation for these statements.

There is no doubt, however, that much of Campania was under the influence of Etruria, for Capua was certainly an Etruscan possession at an early period. But of Capua we hear little or nothing until its conquest by the Samnites 420 B.C.

Of the Twelve Capital Cities of Central Etruria, we can speak confidently, for,—even had they not been noted by several ancient authorities,—remains of them all, more or less imperfect, are still in existence.

The list comprises Volterra, Arezzo, Vetulonia, Cortona, Chiusi, Perugia, Rusellæ, Volsinii (Orvieto), Tarquinii, Falerii, Cære, and Veii.

Cosa [1] and Vulci have sometimes been mentioned as among the Twelve, yet the list above seems now generally accepted. It is quite possible, nevertheless, that as circumstances changed, one City may have been in greater prominence than another. Many

[1] Cosa seems to have been a Colony of the Vulcientes, and therefore would not have been entitled to the privilege. And a similar objection would disqualify Populonia, which was a Volterra port.

of these Cities were in possession of Colonies and Ports. Every Capital-City—according to the Tuscan Doctrines,—was placed under the patronage of a protecting Deity, who would have been one of the Twelve Dii Consentes of the Etruscans.

Many other names of important Etruscan Cities have been recorded, such as Fiesole, Saturnia, Capena, Fescennia, Orte, Sutri, Toscana or Toscania, yet as we know so little of most of them, we may confine our attention to the Twelve Capital Cities. And with reference to some of these it may be observed that many classical writers, including Dionysius and Strabo, allude to them as having been founded by Pelasgi or Greeks, and even by Lydian settlers. Thus, it is not impossible that the Etruscans may have found friends or even kinsmen ready to extend the hand of friendship in some of them.

Although the Etruscans were so advanced that they divided their Solar year into twelve months (even as they had twelve primary Deities) they had a curiously infantine mode of recording the course of Time. A huge nail was driven into the walls of each temple to mark the completion of a year.

In the Etruscan system of government the civil and religious authority were so blended that either may be said to have existed by favour of the other. Primarily nothing could be carried out without the assistance or the jurisdiction of the priests, and the sacerdotal and civil powers were in the hands of the patrician families. The Government, in point of fact, was an oligarchy, and the oligarchs in each of the twelve States elected their Lucumo or Prince, annually. These twelve Lucumones elected from one of their own number the King (the word was unknown) or Chief of the whole Confederation. (Lars Porsena, *e.g.*, was a Chief and so wielded the whole

Etruscan power.) Each of the Twelve Cities thereupon sent the elected Chief a lictor as a visible sign and acknowledgment of his Office. The twelve Lucumones further elected a high-priest and a supreme Aruspex.

There seems to have been a Senate composed of the patrician-families,—whose meeting-place was in one of the Temples, except upon any special occasion when they assembled in the Temple of Voltumna (Concord). We may suppose that such occasions were for the adjustment of differences that may have arisen between any of the States ; for the declaration of a War,—or even for the arrangement of conditions of peace. But of what numbers this Senate was composed, or what may have been their powers, we know nothing. To settle the numbers required for military service was vested in the Patrician families, yet that function it is said was exercised in " another place " in an assembly of a more popular nature. As we hear nothing of the nature of Consuls, or Tribunes, or other Officers in the political system, we may conclude that there was little check of any kind upon the power of the Senate. Popular gatherings (of whatever nature they may have been) were held in the Fora of the Cities, whilst, as has been remarked, the Senate met in one of the Temples. Yet it was upon Religion, and upon very strict religious observances that the whole structure of the social and political constitution of the Etruscans reposed. The Priests were Omnipotent. Every act of public or private life depended upon their divinations and auguries. Whether a war was to be waged or a peace proclaimed rested with them. It was for them to consecrate the walls of a City—to bless the union of families in marriage-rites, and to settle the boundaries of Estates. For the rights of property were

most sacred, and under the protection of the Deus Terminus, most jealously regarded. The Science of Augury, whether based upon prognostications from the flight of birds, or deduced from the inspection of the entrails of victims, decided the most important questions. It was for the Augurs also, to pronounce upon the import of natural phenomena. Thunder and lightning, and especially Eclipses, strike terror into the souls of the ignorant and superstitious. It may be presumed that the Augurs did not fail to profit by those fears. Their pronouncements on such phenomena were considered so precious that they were inscribed in volumes made of linen-flax and committed to the care of the Sacerdotal Colleges,—of which, perhaps, the chief was established at Fiesole. Yet these Augurs and Aruspices often spoke with the authority of Tagetes himself,—for he is said to have drawn up a thunder-calendar for every day in the year. It seems, too, that it was not only the vulgar who were influenced by the pronouncements of these wise men, for they are referred to in terms of respect by Cicero,[1] Plutarch, and other writers. Plutarch says,[2] "The Tuscan Sages who possessed a wisdom greater than that of ordinary men."

So enduring a science, indeed, was that of the Etruscan Haruspices, that it is still heard of as late as six centuries after the Christian Era. Julian the Apostate[3] even is reported as having consulted these oracular authorities. And for aught one knows the superstition may yet be lurking in some Tuscan fast-

[1] Cicero alludes to the Umbrians as among the prophets, *i.e.*, *Soothsayers*, "De Divinatione."

[2] Plutarch's "Sylla."

[3] It seems that it was the "Libri Tarquitii" from which Julian the Apostate sought imformation. These Libri Tarquitii were a kind of second edition of the *Disciplina*, fuller, ampler, and more voluminous. They were either kept at or compiled at Veii.

ness of to-day, for nothing dies so hard as superstition, especially in Italy.

By the extension of their conquests to the shores of the Tyrrhenian Sea, the maritime supremacy of the Etruscans became of even greater importance to them than their predominance on land. They had to acquire a Navy as much for the development of their commerce as for the protection of their coasts. Early in their new career undisguised piracy[1] seems to have been the means by which they sought and acquired their commercial predominance in Italy. Even in the Ionian and Ægean Seas they had gained the reputation of being ferocious Corsairs. And in such very primitive times, too, that a Greek legend confers upon them the questionable fame of having attacked vessels which were conveying Bacchus and his Crew, and thereupon summarily transformed into dolphins. Another Greek legend relates that it was some of these Tyrrhenian pirates who surprised and killed the Argonauts upon their way to Colchis. Whether the Etruscans can be identified under the name of Tyrrheni in such remote ages is doubtful, the name Tyrrhenian has been so loosely applied. Stories more reliable and relating to periods less mythical,—of the prowess of Tyrrhenian pirates,—have been recorded by recognised historians.

We find them when their commercial enterprises were regulated by sounder principles than those of piracy, as rivals of the Carthaginians, making journeys to Gibraltar, and in other waters as turning up upon the coasts of Phœnicia, Asia Minor, and even off Egypt.

[1] It should be observed that the Italian Pelasgi were also termed Tyrrheni and even "Tursha," and the latter name is said to occur in a hieroglyphic at Karnak. Diodoms Siculus also mentions the fame of the Etruscans as sailors.

We hear of their ships upon the shores of Asia Minor in the year 496 B.C., at about the time that Miletus was falling into the grasp of Persia. It is not improbable also that at the Battle of Salamis,—a few years later, the services of mariners so renowned may have been requisitioned by one or other of the contending forces.

We further hear of the Etruscans and Carthaginians in alliance against the Phocæans,—overcoming them with a fleet of 120 ships, and forcing them to abandon the Island of Corsica. The sequel of this naval engagement will be related in a later chapter,—that on Cære.

This alliance was further cemented by a military league as well as by a commercial treaty. A certain degree of prestige was acquired by the Etruscans by means of this alliance. But it was neither substantial nor durable; for a very few years afterwards, the Etruscans are found off Cumæ struggling against Syracusans, Carthaginians, and Italic Greeks under Hiero of Syracuse. The *coup de grâce*, in fact, to her maritime power was dealt by these combined forces in the year 453 B.C. As a naval detail it may be mentioned that the Etruscans have been credited with the invention of the Ram or the Spur, with what truth, I know not,—nor what use they may have made of it.

From this time we hear no more of naval combats, and though doubtless Etruria still held her own upon her own coasts, henceforward her battles were to be upon land. And long and fierce her wars were destined to be.

As was remarked previously, there are no records of the vicissitudes of Etruscan power during the first centuries of their supremacy in Italy. I do not think that any historical fact is to be discerned before

the reign of Tarquinius Priscus when four Etruscan cities, Arezzo, Volterra, Rusellæ, and Vetulonia are found leagued against that King and with but very ill success. It is not, indeed, before the epoch of the famed Lars Porsena that we can find any discernible historical facts. His war against Rome was about the year 520 B.C. Even if he did occupy Rome for a brief period, as many have supposed, the advantage he gained was not very durable. For his son Aruns was not only beaten but killed at Ariccia by the united Romans and Cumæans fourteen years later.

Yet, the first great disasters inflicted upon the Etruscans were by the Gaulish arms at Belloveso upon the Ticino River, 590 B.C., which tore from them their possessions in the Valley of the Po, together with their great City of Felsina (Bologna). It was in consequence of the rout which then ensued that fugitive Etruscans are supposed to have taken refuge in the Rhætian Alps. And thence the traces of the Etruscan language and Etruscan art in Rhætia, a subject touched upon in an earlier Chapter.

A severe blow to Etruscan prestige that defeat at Belloveso assuredly was, yet it served to remind the Etruscans that they ought to concentrate their forces in Central Etruria, where her real strength lay. Her forces had been too scattered, and her extremely extended boundaries were undefensible. She never would have made head against the Romans as she was enabled to under Lars Porsena, had she had to defend her Northern territories at the same moment.

Her golden period was certainly that of Lars Porsena. It was not vouchsafed to every State to administer a rebuff to Rome, but when the brave days of Lars Porsena of Clusium were over—and it is to be feared they were not very protracted—the

scene shifts to Veii. Veii is declared to have fought against Rome during fifteen campaigns, and finally to have been captured after a siege of ten years. Surely such Homeric warfare demanded a chronicler of some kind,—if not a poet. Did no name leap to the front during those protracted struggles? Veii, from her propinquity to Rome, had been a more incessant worry to that rising Power than had been Chiusi herself. Many of the differences between Veii and Rome had arisen upon the subject of Antemnæ, so near to both Cities, and to which Veii would not abandon her claim. Three of the fifteen campaigns to which reference has been made above had been waged by Romulus. Yet all the efforts of Rome had been powerless to lower her crest or to weaken her power. She was the most indomitable adversary that Rome had yet encountered, and in the 5th Century B.C. she was certainly the most powerful of all the Etruscan Cities.

Every reader of Roman history knows the story of the defeats of the Fabii before Veii ; of the ten years' siege and of the final triumph of Camillus in the year 393 B.C. And with the Fall of Veii commenced the decline of the Etruscan power in the strongholds of the Empire. Yet the decline was very gradual and the end was still far off. Another hundred years was to elapse before the crushing defeats of Tarquinia and her allies, especially at the Battles of the Vadimonian Lake, 470 and 453 A.U.C., when her subjection was virtually completed.[1] Nevertheless, the Romans appear still to have left considerable autonomy to the Etruscan Cities after their subjection, so much so that they were able even as late as the times of Sylla to enter into an alliance with the

[1] At one of these Battles it is said that the last Lucumo of Chiusi, Vulturnus was killed.

Samnites against Rome. Much had happened, indeed, since these new allies had turned the Etruscans out of Capua. For, as has been mentioned in another page, Sylla was called upon centuries later than the Battles of the Vadimonian Lake, to stifle what independence still lingered in the famous old Etruscan strongholds.

It is evident, therefore, that Rome did not lower the proud heads of their rivals much too soon. Had they deferred, for example, the conquest of Etruria by another century, it might have gone very hard with them when Hannibal swept down upon Italy from the Alps. It stirs the imagination to surmise even what might have happened had the Etruscans been free to add their forces to those of the great Carthaginian General. As things turned out, however, it is said that the Etruscans had to furnish a contingent to fight against the Carthaginians at Cannæ. One can hear some of the tough old Etruscan soldiers lamenting after the defeat that they had not fought upon the victorious side!

I trust that the reader may have gathered from the brief remarks made above, the impressions which the writer has sought to convey:—

That the Etruscans touched the summit of their fame under the hegemony of Lars Porsena of Clusium. That distinguished leader certainly curbed the growing power of Rome, and so was able to delay by many years the inevitable destiny of his country. And very soon after his disappearance it became evident that the Federal Union of the Etruscan League, however great its strength had formerly been, was growing weak at the very moment when union was most imperative.

And with regard to the origin of the Etruscan Race, the author may briefly recapitulate the con-

clusions at which he has arrived :—That it was formed by successive immigrations of Races of Asian and Thessalian stock following each other and establishing themselves upon the Adriatic Littoral. That these migrations really formed one or more of those great racial movements which were typical of the general unrest which characterised the primitive world —to be classed with Pelasgic wanderings, Dorian Immigrations, Returns of the Heraclidæ, and so forth. That in some parts of the North-East of Italy there was a people of the Oscan stock named "Rasena," sufficiently strong, powerful, and astute to avail themselves of this foreign agglomeration in that part of the country, sufficiently powerful and organised to shape and to wield and to mould these races into one People for their own purposes, which was first that of ousting the Pelasgi and then of subduing the Umbri, and it is very probable that these two Races were nearly amalgamated at this time—both Races so ancient that it would be difficult to assign to either the palm for antiquity. Nor would the Etruscans have found either Race inferior in the arts of Civilisation to themselves ; for the Pelasgians in the land of their origin—or lands rather (for they had wandered everywhere)—had established their fame as great builders, a fame attested by their Cities of Tiryns, and Mycenæ, and Argos, and that they had brought letters into Italy many ancient writers have affirmed. And as regards the Umbri, they have been regarded as the first of Italian Races to have lived in fortified cities. And if Tuder or Todi can be regarded as built by the Umbrians,—it may fairly be said that no Race has surpassed them in the construction of Walls.

CHAPTER III

ETRUSCAN RELIGION

AMONG all the ancient peoples of Italy the Etruscans had the reputation of being pre-eminently religious. The supremacy of the Priesthood, the predominance of their influence throughout the political and social spheres,—(the natural result of the Lucumones being also priests, and themselves electing the high-priest) —together with a very comprehensive and elaborate ritual, would fully justify the term "Religio" as understood by an ancient people. Yet, their reputation for being eminently distinguished for religion, it may be remarked, seems curiously undeserved as regards the manifestations thereof in their Art. I know of no ancient people who have expressed so little of their beliefs in their art-productions. Art has elsewhere always arisen out of religious beliefs. With the Etruscans it has not been so. Even in their sarcophagi and cinerary urns, where we should naturally have expected to find some expression of the Faith that was in them, we meet, with rare exceptions, reliefs representative only of Greek stories, legends, and myths, all subjects quite foreign to Etruscan religious beliefs. Whether the priests were averse to the treatment of national beliefs in sculpture, or whether all these works were executed at

a very late period when Greek art had established an ascendancy in the country, it is very difficult to pronounce. It seems to be one more of those insoluble riddles which are so prevalent in the history of the Etruscan Race.

The Etruscan Priests, as in other countries where the representatives of the sacerdotal power have been held in excessive veneration, elaborated their religious system into one of great mysteries, to be manifested only to the initiated, and to be interpreted only by themselves. "Later," (Signor A. Guerri, in his brochure upon Fiesole, writes), "under the influence of the Greeks and the Latins, they adapted their myths, the costumes and the rites of their divinities, to those to which their own gods seemed to bear a resemblance. Nor should we be surprised to meet such modifications in pagan religions, when we remember that such systems of religion were not maintained by undeviating dogmas. The Priests often followed the inclinations of the people, which in Etruria, in the 3rd Century of Rome, had already begun to gravitate towards Greek theosophy, had, in the 5th Century B.C., transformed the Religion by the combined influence of the Greeks and Latins with whom the Etruscans had come in contact. Yet, in the new system as in the more ancient, the Priests were accustomed to offer sacrifices of animals and tributes of grain to the gods accompanying such rites with music and song, with dancing and banquets. In honour of their gods, they also gave theatrical and gymnastic exhibitions. Their musical instruments were the long trumpets, termed 'tubi Tyrrheni'; shorter trumpets (the lituus); flutes of horn, metal, or wood; lyres, and two-stringed guitars."

The Etruscans seem to have believed in one

supreme Deity, but I do not think that if this were the esoteric belief, it was shared by the People in general. Most religions claim a supreme Deity, but the pious belief has not been sufficiently warm to exclude a multitude of inferior deities. The Etruscan Creed in that respect was as elastic as most of the other ancient religions. Their prominent Deities were the twelve "Dii Consentes," six masculine, six feminine, each of whom presided over one of the months of the year, and over one of the Confederated States. Their principal Deity in primitive times was Janus, a god whose worship was general throughout Italy. His name seems to have been changed into that of Jove, probably by Greek influence, and Janus took up another position in the Pantheon. We hear of a "Veiove," which by an easy transposition would become "Jove." Vertumnus seems to have been peculiarly a god of the Etruscans to whom the Romans certainly were indebted for his introduction into Rome. Norcia or Nortia, (the Goddess of Fortune) was another very much reverenced Deity, whose special cult was to be found in Volsinium or Volsinii. Voltumna, the Goddess of Concord, in whose Temple the Lucumones of the twelve States were accustomed to assemble, was, so far as the name goes, peculiar to the Etruscans. The Phallic symbol, evidently an importation from the East, was with the Etruscans as elsewhere, the peculiar sign for fertility and productiveness. The three great Deities of the Etruscans, as with the Greeks and the Romans, were the Trinity; Jupiter, Juno and Minerva. Though the Etruscan names for Jupiter and Juno were very different: Tinia was Jupiter, Thalna was Juno; Menerva, or Menefra was nearly the same as the Latin. Some say that Juno bore the name of Cupra, but I think it very probable that Venus was Cupra.

If not, unless she be Turans, or Turan, a name found sometimes upon the bronze mirrors, curiously enough Venus will not be found in Etruscan mythology. Bearing in mind that Cyprus was the reputed birth-place of, and the Island peculiarly sacred to, Venus, I hazard this conjecture to fill up a very extraordinary *hiatus* in the Pantheon of the Etruscans.

If you glance over a list of the Etruscan Deities, whose names have been deciphered from inscriptions, or learned from other sources, you will be struck by their dissimilarity to Greek or Roman Gods, except in instances such as Aplu, Ercle, Charun (Apollo, Hercules, Charon.) The similarity of Minerva or Menefra, and Minerva has been noted. Vertumnus, the Etruscan God of Commerce, and possibly of the Seasons, passed to Rome in the latter signification. Yet the name sounds as though some corresponding word had been Latinised. There were a host of inferior Deities, Lares, Angels and Demons, Gorgons, Genii, Chimæras and fabulous Creatures more or less grotesque. Guerri says, " Amongst these beneficent or malevolent genii, half-human half-divine, the Etruscans imagined that there was always proceeding a constant struggle, to benefit or to injure the individual during life, and to conduct him to places of joy or torment after death." These ideas are continually reproduced in the paintings on the walls of the tombs and upon the sepulchral urns. That the Etruscans should have believed in rewards for the just and punishment for the wicked after death, certainly proves them as greatly in advance of both Romans and Greeks. In that respect they approached the Egyptians, whose grossly materialistic views, however, they were very far from sharing. Yet such belief was shared by many Eastern peoples, and that it was one held by many of the Greek philosophers is certain.

And in this dualistic principle of a perpetual strife between good and evil, the Etruscans seem especially to approximate to the Persian creed of Zoroastes in which "Ormuzd" and "Ahriman" represent the antagonistic principles. It seems most improbable that this article of faith should have been held by any one of the Oscan Peoples, and we may therefore conclude that it was imported by some of the Invaders from the East.

The most remarkable belief held by the Etruscans was one relating to the Creation and duration of the world. The Etruscan Sages taught that God had created the world in six thousand years,—the last millennium of which He had employed in the Creation of Man. That the world would endure for a like period, when all things would return to Chaos.

How very remarkable is the analogy presented between our modern interpretation of the Mosaic Six Days, and that dictum of the Etruscan Wise Men.

The Etruscans further limited the duration of their own Empire to a thousand years. A most extraordinary prophecy. If our Chronology is accurate, the foundation of their Empire and the loss of their Independence would almost exactly comprise one thousand years.

It is curious to note the great importance attached by the Etruscans to the number Twelve. The World from its creation to the completion of its course was to be twelve thousand years. They had twelve Dii Consentes. They had also twelve Cities in Mid Etruria, and twelve Cities or Colonies in the regions of the Po. Even their coins were of a duodecimal standard.

As has been mentioned, they believed in the future life. They even held,—or the Priests held,—that as soon as the souls left their bodies they became

Manes and Lemures. That they could return to visit their relatives (we must trust not as "Lemures,"—for in such dread shapes, their appearances would certainly not have proved consolatory to the survivors), and that at certain solemn seasons, even their bodies could issue from their sepulchres—this, as it is said, being the reason of periodically commemorative ceremonies.

Allusion has been made above to the uncouth names of the Etruscan Deities, such as Tinia (or Tin), Thalna, Phuphlans (Bacchus), Sethlans (Vulcan), Thurms (Hermes) and others.

Mantus is another of the Etruscan Deities whose name is not to be traced to any Greek or Roman source. He seems to have been the chief of the lords of hell, and to have answered to Pluto. He is figured in some of the paintings in tombs, in company with Proserpine, who is there styled Persephone, whilst Mantus is called Aide, which is very near the Greek Hades. Mantus is said to have given his name to Mantua, once an Etruscan possession.

Such names occur in no other known theogony, and are not similar to, or suggestive of, those of any other nation. Should they not then be fairly attributed to one of the Oscan nations,—to the Umbri, or to the Raseni or Rasena themselves?

It is singular, the Etruscans being so famous for Agriculture, that Ceres or an equivalent is not heard of. That omission, if the Etruscans had come from any part of Greece, would have been strange; and the same remark may be made of the absence of an Aphrodite or Venus. For Turans, or Turan, if she be her representative, as appears possible from the evidence of a few bronze mirrors, is certainly not suggestive of the Goddess of Beauty in any Tongue with which we are acquainted. These, with other

considerations drawn from other sources, very much tend to a belief that the Etruscan religion was an amalgam—Eastern beliefs generally, grafted upon Oscan superstitions with an Oscan nomenclature.

In no Celtic, Scandinavian or Gaulish Creed of which we have any cognisance will anything resembling the Etruscan Creed be found. The final tribunal, the awards of happiness or of punishment are ideas quite foreign to those found in Northern or North-Western Creeds. Ideas so advanced that we marvel to find them allied with the *hocus pocus* of fortune-tellers, magicians and soothsayers, almost as barbarous as those in African superstitions. And it was, moreover, the power of thundering which chiefly marked the potent Deity in the Etruscan Creed. Nine gods possessed that power. (We remember that Macaulay's "Lars Porsena, by the nine gods he swore.") Notwithstanding, therefore, the two or three bright gleams from the East that are to be perceived in the Etruscan Creed—the superstitious and the materialistic seem to me to prevail. Nor can I perceive in their religious Art much of the symbolical with which the Etruscans have been sometimes credited. The after-life, the joys of Paradise, as expressed in their artistic representations, appear to be but a continuation of a very prosaic if luxurious eixstence upon earth. I can find therein little, if any, spiritual suggestion. If some celestial joy unknown to earth were ever dimly conceived by any of their artists, it has been so dimly suggested as to leave us under the impression that the Etruscans were so in love with this present world that they looked forward only to a renewal in another sphere of their earthly experiences.

CHAPTER IV.

THE ARTS OF THE ETRUSCANS

MUCH has been said in other parts of this Volume concerning Etruscan Art in its details,—of the artistic sepulchres and of the treasures found in those tombs and in other places in Etruria.

Here I would propose to enter briefly upon the subject of the Etruscans as Artists; how far they were indebted to the influence of foreign Art, and whether they were earlier in the field than the Greeks. And also, whether the Etruscans, upon coming into Italy, found any germs of the artistic-faculty already prevalent in the country.

There was a tendency (of remote years now)—when the great "trouvailles" in Etruria, of Vases especially, were first made—to attribute them all to Etruscan Artists. Etruscan Vases, as they were called, have scarcely lost that denomination now. But when similar discoveries of similar Vases were made in Greece, Sicily, in the Islands of the Ægean Sea and elsewhere, all the Vases exhumed in Etruria were declared to be of Greek manufacture and consequently importations. The painted tombs of Tarquinia, Veii, Vulci, Chiusi, and of other places were also assigned to Greek Artists.

In fine, almost every art in which the Etruscans

had been supposed to be proficient was taken away from them. Even the Bronzes, the best bronzes at least, were given to Greek Artists. This tendency to refuse the name of Artist to any Etruscan is, if anything, still more marked at the present moment.

Of course it has not been denied that at the remote epoch of the rise of the Etruscan Power in Italy, Greek Art was unknown. Therefore it is urged, neither was there any Art in Italy, at all events before the epoch of Demaratus. Much has been made of Demaratus and of his arrival in Italy, so it is alleged, with his Eucheir and Eugraphos, the Corinthian potters, (yet their names are clearly eponymes,) and who proceeded to instruct the Etruscans in the art of making figured-vases.

Demaratus, whose first voyage from Corinth to Etruria is dated about the year 658 B.C., has been represented by certain writers as a sort of universal provider. Not only did he establish a colony of artistic potters in the land, but he introduced letters into Central Italy.

Demaratus, being one of the historical figures to be clearly discerned through the mists of Etruscan history, merits, then, a casual allusion. Although of the Aristocratic family of the Bacchiades of Corinth, Demaratus was forced to devote himself to Commerce, having been expelled by Cypselus, who had established a Tyranny in that City. ' Demaratus betook himself to Tarquinia, a famous Etruscan city, (founded, it is said, by Tarchun in the 12th Century B.C.,) and carried with him a colony of potters—for the names of Eucheir and Eugrammos (or Eugraphos) are clearly typical. He proceeded to establish Potteries in various parts of Etruria. From his commercial ventures, he acquired great wealth. He renounced his own country (whence he

had been expelled) and settled at Tarquinia, and so pleased was he with his success in trading with Italy that he thenceforward devoted his life to exchanging the commodities of Etruria with Corinthian goods ;—and this notwithstanding his expulsion from Corinth. Thus we are asked to suppose, in the first place, that the Etruscans, always voiceless, it seems, were pining for an Alphabet ; and, secondly, that Demaratus, instead of furnishing them with the already classic letters of his own Doric or Æolic Alphabet, invented the archaic and sufficiently unintelligible tongue which we know as Etruscan. And this assertion has been made in the teeth of the fact that the Pelasgi had already, (and centuries before,) introduced letters into Italy. So it is asserted by Pliny, Solinus, and others. As to Demaratus, he became so wealthy from his repeated voyages betwixt Italy and Corinth, and so much in love with the country in which he had chiefly acquired his riches, that, retiring from business, he settled down at Tarquinia, and espoused a lady of that City. His eldest son, Lucumo, (a quite impossible name, being that of an Office,) succeeded to his father's wealth ; and also married an Etruscan lady named Tanaquil. His pretensions perhaps, or his wealth, provoking the jealousy of his adopted fellow-citizens, he one day stepped into a "carpentum"—(the national two-wheeled cab)—with his wife, and driving off to Rome, settled there and became, under the name of Tarquinius Priscus, the fifth King of that rising provincial City.

To conclude this note about Demaratus, it may be observed that his claim to have endowed Etruria with a language is absolutely untenable. Then we come to the supposition that because Demaratus had brought into the country Corinthian potters, that the

Etruscans could not have made their pottery themselves. Looking idly on at Eucheir and Eugraphos for ever making pots and vases, they felt no inducement to do likewise! Yet, as these Corinthians had been brought into the country for the express purpose of teaching them the art, why should the Etruscans have been so averse to learn their lessons?

I do not doubt that many of the rude specimens of figured vases which have been found in Etruria,—inferior both in design and material are to be attributed to Etruscan Artists. Many of them, although Greek in subject, were manifestly made by native artists in the infancy of art, and in that respect do not differ from the first rude attempts of artists in other countries. Yet it seems somewhat illogical to assert, as many writers have done, that the Etruscans made no progress in the Art, and that their artistic merits are to be estimated by their infantine efforts alone. The number of figured vases exhumed in Italy has been so vast that it seems highly improbable that they could all have been importations from Greece or her Colonies. And further, in many parts of Etruria, at Vulci especially, the clay has been found to be of such high quality as to offer special encouragement to the production of ceramic wares.

I see no reason to doubt, therefore, that the extraordinary abundance of vases which have been unearthed in Italy are partly importations and partly of native manufacture. Nor does it seem probable or in accordance with analogy, that the Etruscans, being possessed of such a craving for ceramic ware, should not have sought to produce for themselves the things which they admired so passionately. It is difficult to admit that they were never artists at all, but only the most ardent connoisseurs of whom the world has ever heard.

Passing now to the consideration of their paintings, —other than those of their vases,—it cannot be gainsaid that some of their paintings on the walls of sepulchres, and sometimes upon terra-cotta slabs, are of a remarkably archaic character: in some instances certainly previous to anything of the kind known in Greece. Pliny (I have quoted his authority in the Chapter on Cære) refers to paintings at Cære, at Ardea and Lanuvium still extant in his day, and the execution of which he refers to a period two centuries before the Foundation of Rome.

The terra-cotta slabs brought from Cære and now in the British Museum and in the Gallery of the Louvre, are also of a most archaic period, and might well be those spoken of by Pliny. I might refer also to the tomb-paintings at Veii, to those of Vulci,—the "Mastarna and Cœles Vibenna" especially,—and to many of the most archaic tombs at Tarquinia, as fully warranting an assumption that they owe nothing to Greek influence at all. Moreover, paintings in tombs in Greece were at no epoch at all general. I find but two instances recorded.

Upon the other hand, they abound in Etruria to such an extent that we should, I think, be justified in attributing the origin of that branch of art to Etruria herself.

And then again, as regards the cinerary-urns and their development later on into the very fine sarcophagi with recumbent statues. Where in Greece, or anywhere else, do we find them? We are certainly not exceeding the limits of fair inference if we assign them to Etruscan Artists. Had they been the work of foreign artists we should have expected to find, or to hear, of similar instances outside Italy. But as we hear nothing of foreign artists

having made such works, nor of any importations of them from Greece or elsewhere, it seems but fair to assume that the Etruscans originated that branch of art, and in the terra-cotta sarcophagi especially, produced works not unworthy of some of the artists of the Italian Renaissance. It is chiefly on their extraordinary skill in the treatment of bronze that the fame of Etruscan artists rests. Ancient and modern writers alike have attested to the world-wide celebrity of Etruscan bronze and to its diffusion in many parts of the world. The Etruscans preferred bronze to terra-cotta for their greatest works in sculpture and, most fortunately for us, many of their most artistic productions, such as the "Arringatore," the "Chimæra," and the "Minerva," are still with us.[1]

Speaking of Etruscan sculpture, Pliny says: "Præterea elaboratam hanc artem Italiae et maxime Etruriae."

A very much later author, Cassiodorus, says: "Has (statuas) primum Thusci in Italian invenisse referunt."

Again, when Tarquinius Priscus was raising upon the Capitol a Temple to Jupiter, (itself an Etruscan work,) it was not to Greece that he sent for a statue of that Deity, but entrusted the work to an Etruscan of Fregellœ (near Rome) named Turianus, who also executed a statue of Hercules. Upon the same site there was an equestrian statute of Clœlia, (probably of later date). I do not think that there is any record of any other equestrian statue executed by an Etruscan, although, if we may judge from the representations of horses on reliefs and upon tomb-walls, it is evident that horses were very dear

[1] To these works may be added, as instances of Etruscan bronze sculpture, the famous "Wolf" of the Capitol.

to the Etruscans. Yet the most valuable recognition by Romans of Etruscan talent came from the Emperor Augustus himself. In his famous Library upon the Palatine he placed an Etruscan Apollo. That is a remarkable fact, as the Romans cannot be said to have much appreciated the artistic talents of their great rivals. Pausanias, an enthusiastic connoisseur, who journeyed all over Greece and has left notes about the works of sculpture, from the times of Dædalus to those of Praxiteles, never turned his glance towards Etruscan Art. Quinctilian, also an Authority on Art, has but a solitary remark about Etruscan art, and only speaks of the hard, stiff style of Etruscan sculpture, and then only parenthetically in illustration of one of the primitive Greek artists.

Let us now leave Etruscan bronze-sculpture and dwell for a few moments upon a minor branch of bronze art, and a branch which the Etruscans made peculiarly their own: the beautiful bronze mirrors which are so often most artistically engraved or incised. Although these mirrors have been found in Greece and in other parts of Italy, notably at Præneste, they are so abundant in Etruria that one would be justified in crediting the Etruscans with having been the original creators of them.

A remarkable circumstance connected with these Etruscan mirrors is, that although generally engraved with some subject from Greek history or legend, they are invariably inscribed with Etruscan characters. Dennis would assign them to three classes. The earliest quite plain; the second class engraved or incised; and the third with ornaments or figures in relief.

The most remarkable instance of one in relief was found near Perugia and is now in the City-

Museum. It is far too heavy for a lady to have held in her hands; probably her slave had to do that. It is most likely that it was never grasped by either, but was made either as a specimen of the talents of the Artist, or as some precious offering made for some special occasion.

I have, in other portions of this book, written so much in detail upon the works in bronze exhumed in Etruria, (at Vetulonia especially,) that I will not here enlarge upon the subject.

I will pass now to another branch of Etruscan art very much in favour with the Etruscans—the "scarabæus." It is very possible,—indeed it may be assumed as certain,—that the Etruscans derived the art from Egypt, yet in many points they differ from those made in Egypt, and, moreover, do not bear Egyptian characters or devices.

We may assume that they were manufactured in the country. The beetle is generally somewhat rudely modelled and roughly shaped, and almost always bears a device carved beneath; a human figure, a lion, a horse, a griffin, a bird,—these last, Crests, it may be, of the Town or City of the artist. Generally such device is of great artistic excellence, so much so that some writers have supposed that the beetle only had been rudely shaped by some inartistic Etruscan workman who then had recourse to a Greek to finish the work. Yet it seems a waste of power to employ two artists upon such a little thing, that it would have been simpler to have left it all to the Greek. They are in general made of cornelian or of amethyst; never, I think, of steatite or of green colour at all as in the Egyptian work. Lanzi, *e.g.*, for that reason:—that the Greek had to be called in to finish such articles, pronounces these scarabei to be of a late epoch. However

that may be, they were much in favour with the Etruscans, for rings especially. As has been mentioned in the account of Chiusi, they seem to have been much manufactured in Chiusi and have been picked up there without the City and away from the tombs. Nor should the intaglios, often of great artistic worth, be omitted from the list of works produced by Etruscan workmen. Many of these, too, bear Etruscan inscriptions which, as in the instance of the "specchii" above referred to, would justify us in attributing them to native artists.

Many ripe scholars and experienced archæologists have been excessively wary in their pronouncements as to how far the Etruscans can be credited with the artistic faculty:—whether they at any time of their history worked independently of Greek influence or not. I think that the general consensus of such experts is, that very early in their history, and before there was any Hellenic Art at all, the Etruscans developed in Italy, if not a School of Art, strong, if rude, artistic proclivities.

Others, scholars less ripe and experienced, and certainly less wary, and whose excessive veneration for Hellenic Art has closed their eyes to the possibility of the existence of any other, have denied any gleam of artistic insight until the arrival of Demaratus from Corinth upon the Tyrrhenian or Adriatic shores. Yet, it is quite certain, so far as anything can be declared certain in days when there were no historians, that in some of the oldest Cities in Etruria there were paintings and pottery-making, and also works of goldsmiths and bronze-smiths.

I do not hold to the opinion of some of the writers of one hundred and fifty years ago, such as D'Hancarville and others who expressed their views

that the Etruscans possessed artists, even architects, before the days of the earliest Greek artists; (D'Hancarville went so far as to express an opinion that the Doric column was an adaptation of the earlier Tuscan). I think much is to be said in favour of the influence of Assyrian Art having spread to the Ægean Isles and even into Tiryns, Mycenæ, and Argos, and thence into Italy—not to mention the possibility of Egyptian influence having even preceded that of the Assyrian. And I am very strongly imbued with the idea that it was the Pelasgians, the predecessors of the Etruscans, who introduced the Mycenæan or Ægean art into Italy.

It is in accordance with the declared opinions of recognised historians that the Pelasgians founded Tiryns, (by far the most ancient), Argos and Mycenæ, and whence this Mycenæan or this Ægean art originated. And it has to be observed in particular that it was in goldsmiths' work that these very Pelasgians excelled; so much so, that those writers and archæologists who have made a special study of the beautiful golden ornaments, *e.g.*, the necklaces, the fibulæ, the ear-rings, &c., found in Etruria, have declared the most artistically worked of these articles to have been produced by Pelasgian artists.[1] That these owed their origin to the Mycenæan or Ægean civilisation, no one who has seen the Schliemann-Museum at Athens can have any doubts whatever. Some of the necklaces, and of details of ornamentation, such as buttons, bosses, and plaques, are identical.

[1] "To the Pelasgi . . . must undoubtedly be referred the fine articles of gold, archaic, extremely workmanlike, very thinly wrought, sewn with minute golden grains, and studded with stumpy figures with marked outlines of an Egyptian character" (Professor Lepsius).

Such similarities suffice to establish, firstly, that it was the Mycenæan Art that found its way into Italy —long before there was any Hellenic Art properly so-called, and, secondly, that the Mycenæan Art was introduced into Italy first by means of the Pelasgi, and afterwards reinforced by the Etruscan invaders.

It would be an interesting study to investigate other similarities between the Pelasgi and the Etruscans, but the limits of this introductory sketch will not allow of that.

CHAPTER V

THE ETRUSCAN LANGUAGE

AMONGST all the conundrums which the Etruscan Sphinx has put to us, Archæologists and Palæographists have found that of the Language to be the most baffling. So far as our guesses have gone, there seems no chance yet awhile of the Sphinx [1] throwing herself into the ocean. Rousseau declared languages to be the "tristes filles de la necessité." Had he come into contact with those weird and incomprehensible characters which represent the Etruscan language he would not have modified his expression. No ancient writer troubled himself at all with that aspect of the Etruscan question. Dionysius, having made up his mind that the Etruscan Race was native to the soil, did not think it necessary to touch upon the subject of their language. We may infer therefore that he considered that they spoke one of the tongues then current in the country. May we not infer also from the silence of all the other writers that to them the language did not present the same mysterious character as it does to us moderns. In the opinion of some of us it is a Greek patois ; of

[1] The reader will remember the old story of Œdipus solving the riddle, and the Sphinx hurling herself into the sea to hide her mortification.

others that it is only one of the undeciphered Italian dialects ; others hold that there is much Greek in the language with an admixture of Latin, and some are in favour of much Latin with a sprinkling of Greek. Some have arrived at the conclusion, (whatever be the tongue,) that in all the inscriptions brought to light —whether in sepulchres on walls or on stele—it is a sort of shorthand, probably phonetic. That the vowels are generally elided and that you must aspirate whatever letters remain. As to the characters themselves, they are of Archaic Greek, differing but little from the Pelasgi. The number of letters in the two alphabets, however, differ much. The Pelasgians had twenty-two, the Etruscans sixteen. The letters which are deficient in the Etruscan are beta, gamma, delta, eta, xi, both the "os" and perhaps "psi." It is curious, almost pathetic, that the Etruscans, as if aware of the poverty of their language and seeking to conceal that poverty, had sometimes four forms of a letter, and in one case, that of their "T," they had five forms. It is very difficult for us moderns to conceive how any nation could get on without an "O" in their language. What did the little boys cry out when they were flogged? What did the slaves exclaim when they were beaten, (a not infrequent event if report be true.) How did people ventilate their feelings when teeth were drawn? For we know from discoveries of "rateliers" and of dentists' instruments that dentistry was a science much cultivated in Etruria. Could a "U" have sufficed to carry off the lamentations of these afflicted classes? And the soldiers too! How did they express their sensations whether victorious or vanquished? Could they have got in all their emotions within the two horns of a U?

It may be observed, as regards the many different

forms of certain letters, that this may have arisen from the wide extension of the Race throughout the Three Etrurias. The language may have been influenced by Oscans, Latins, or Celtic Gauls, as these various races were respectively subjected by the Etruscans. For as Lanzi suggests, it is more probable that the Etruscans formed their language out of those current in the country than the contrary. It is probable, also, that there was no great difference at that early epoch in Italy between one language and another. It is unfortunate for students who have sought for guidance in this recondite subject of language that no date can be fixed for any inscription that has been found. There was a moment indeed, at the time of the discovery of the Eugubian Bronze-tables, when it was ardently hoped that at last a key to the riddle had been found: a series of Rosetta-stones it seemed, which, as in the case of the solution of the Egyptian language, might enable us to decipher that of the Etruscans.[1] Yet although two tablets are in Latin, and supposed to be more recent by two hundred years than the Umbrian, scholars have not succeeded in mastering the meaning of any of them. Nor have the frequent bilingual inscriptions upon Etruscan sepulchres and urns been of much use to us. They have taught us some of the equivalents of proper names,—little more—and even those are not always consistent. But if these bilingual inscriptions have not much assisted us in

[1] The Eugubian Tables are seven in number and were found in 1444 at Iguvium, the modern "Gubbio." Four of these Tables are in Umbrian, two in Latin, and one in Etruscan letters. The lines, like the Etruscan, run from right to left. The letters show that there is little difference between the Umbrian character and the Pelasgic, and we have already learned that the Pelasgic and Etruscan characters are very similar. The Umbrian are said to be the most ancient,—perhaps about 400 B.C.

deciphering the Etruscan tongue, they establish one important point at least, that the language was not a mystery to the Romans. And a remark made by Livy [1] on the subject had already told us that: "In those times the Roman youth were commonly instructed in the Etruscan language as they now are in the Greek." And Livy further quotes as an instance of the familiarity of the Romans with that tongue, "that in 309, the brother of Consul M. Fabius, having been educated at Cære, was perfectly acquainted with the Etruscan language."

Yet there is a strange fact, also, recorded by an ancient writer which may be noted with regard to these Eugubian Tablets. Although it is supposed, and upon good grounds, that the Roman language was derived from the Umbrian, the Romans did not understand Umbrian, so much so that the Romans, "desiring to negotiate some matter with the Umbrians, had to employ an Etruscan as an interpreter." That fact shows, if we wanted an additional proof, how entirely the Romans had lost the power of deciphering their own primitive language. That we knew already upon the authority of some of their own writers, and that they were unable to decipher their own ancient writings, *e.g.*, the hymn of the Fratres Arvales.

That the early writings of the primitive Italian Races were inscribed in archaic Greek characters, has been remarkably established by the discovery in very recent years of the "Tomb of Romulus" in the Roman Forum. A small stele, or cippus, found in that tomb is inscribed with such characters, possibly of a Chalcidic type. That inscription is

[1] It is remarkable that, notwithstanding this remark, Niebuhr should have said in a Lecture, that the Romans did not understand Etruscan.

referred to the 6th, or even 7th, Century B.C., and although it has been only partially deciphered, it may fairly be claimed as evidence of the language spoken by the primitive Romans.[1] That the Romans had long ceased the use of Greek characters by no means implies that the other races of Italy had abandoned the custom. Indeed, it is apparent from the Eugubian Tables that the Etruscans and Umbrians at least were employing Greek characters three hundred years after the foundation of Rome.

What conclusion, then, may we draw from the above considerations as regards the Etruscan tongue? May we regard it as one of the Oscan or Italian languages written in primitive Greek letters, varying in many ways and forms, and influenced by the differing Races with whom the Etruscans came into contact; Oscans, Latins, Volscians, even Pelasgians and Celtic Gauls?

In short we may, if the above suggestions be tenable, regard the Etruscan language as an amalgam, much in the same way as we have expressed an opinion that their religion was an amalgam. We shall not have much difficulty in recognising Perse as Perseus, Apulu as Apollo; Melakre, Pultuke, Pele to be Meleager, Pollux and Peleus. We may even believe, what I believe to be the fact, that not only names and words varied in sound in different provinces in Etruria, but that their very Deities were interchangeable. Venus sometimes appears as Thalna, a name in another district sacred to Juno, Bacchus (Phuphlans) in another part of Etruria assumes the awful name of "Tinia," or Jove himself. Sethlans (Vulcan) is sometimes Selqanes and Sethlana; Mercury, of rare appearance, becomes Camiths. No Greek could have been responsible for such

[1] Both Pliny and Tacitus admit that even the Latin characters were derived from the Greek.

barbarous nomenclature. We must assign such names to the native Races. Yet we find Lanzi,[1] who had already declared his opinion that he found twenty Latin words for one Greek upon the Eugubian Tables, laboriously toiling to find Greek derivations for these uncouth native deities. Signor Fregni,[2] a much more modern philologist, and one far more consistent and illuminating, boldly declares himself for a native origin of the Etruscan language, "Only by means," he says, "of the ancient dialects of Italy can we read and understand the Etruscan and Umbrian characters. Their inscriptions: "Sono tutte scritte a caratteri[3] uniti, a parole abbreviate, a 'sigle' fortissime, a piu parole in una." "Take the words to pieces, and you will find the Latin language beneath the rustic Latin and the ancient dialects of Italy," &c.

Signor Fregni has certainly the courage of his opinions, and goes on with great ability to reduce to their native elements, not only the inscriptions of the Florence "Arringatore," and of the famous Perugia-tomb of the Velimni, but he grapples, upon the same principle, with the immense difficulties presented in the Eugubian Tables. The particular value of these remarks by Signor Fregni seems to the present writer to lie in his classing together the Etruscan and Umbrian languages as ancient Latin dialects. The Romans, as has been observed, understood one of them, but not the other. Nor does that present any difficulty to the acceptation of Signor Fregni's theory. For we have already learned that

[1] Lanzi, on "Bronze Mirrors," vol. 1, p. 191.

[2] It should be noted that Signor Fregni has not been by any means singular in this theory of the Etruscan language being an old Italian dialect. But no other writer, so far as I have seen, has worked out the theory.

[3] "Sui Caratteri Etruschi ed Umbri Dell' Avv." Giuseppe Fregni, di Modena. Modena, 1898.

the Romans could not read their own archaic dialect even when written in Latin characters. Signor Fregni's method suggests great,—though not insuperable—difficulties. It is a sound one, and a student proceeding on the lines pointed out, would first have to acquire a mastery over those ancient Latin or Oscan dialects, and then the formidable task would present itself of supplying the deficient vowels, of separating the words that are run one into another, and of interpreting the "sigle." But Signor Fregni, and his followers, too, if they present themselves, would, it seems to the writer, be upon the right track.

It has always seemed to the writer, at least, that the investigators, the inquirers into the language, have not only been impatient, but that they have been too discursive, and in many instances far too unsystematic. They have been too deductive in their methods. They have assumed,—many of them have done so—that the Etruscans were Orientals,—Greeks,—Phœnicians,—what not, and then have endeavoured to square the language with preconceived notions of the provenance of the Race. The reverse process should have been adopted, and in the case of the Umbrians it has been adopted. That language is full of Celticisms, and thence we might argue that the Umbrians "ab origine" were Celts, a very large and prolific origin we admit, although it is not in the least incumbent upon us to pronounce the Umbrians to be Gauls.

No science in the world demands more patience in investigation than that of the study of language. It is just that patience which has not always been forthcoming in the study of the Etruscan language, for otherwise how could some ripe scholars, and erudite men too, have persistently urged us to regard Etruscans as Greeks, because they made use of a

Greek character and also because they encouraged Greek art. It is just because Signor Fregni's method does not only suggest, but demands patience in the highest degree, that his system is to be commended to the earnest, patient, unbiassed and enterprising students of all countries.

Some readers at this point may very well ask for information as to the existence of the Greek language, or rather Greek alphabet, in Italy. I will therefore, premising that I will not touch upon Evander, no, nor yet upon the much later Demaratus, just glance at what some of the authorities have said as to the arrival of the Language in Italy.

Dr. Mommsen,[1] for instance, considers that the Greek alphabet which reached Etruria is essentially different from that communicated to the Latins. While the former is so primitive that for that very reason its special origin can no longer be ascertained, the latter exhibits exactly the signs and forms which were used by the Chaleidic and Doric Colonies of Italy and Sicily. Niebuhr held the same opinion. "Few doubt that Pelasgic Colonists established in very remote times on the Northern shores of Italy, may have mingled their blood with the tribes that formed the main root of the Latin nation, and of course had a share in the construction of their language."[2]

Pliny also held that the Pelasgi had brought letters into Latium. Lanzi considered the Pelasgic letters to be Anti-Trojan ; those archaic letters which both Etruscans and Pelasgians made use of in Italy, although the Pelasgians possessed more of them than the Etruscans. Why, or how, the Etruscans, a later people than the Pelasgians, in Italy should have

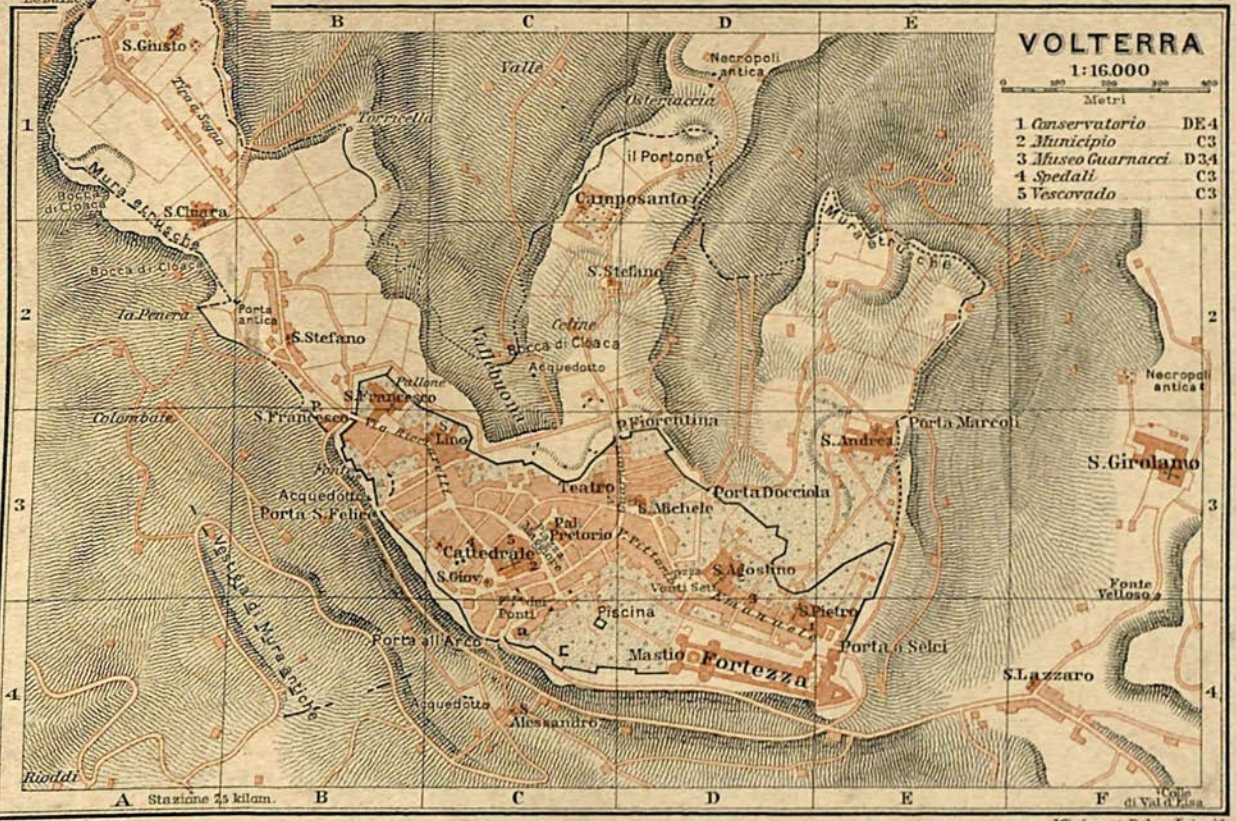
[1] V. Westropp's "Handbook of Archæology."

[2] From the review of Mr. Jäkel's Essay on "Latin Speech and Roman Folk," *Quarterly Review*, January, 1832.

adopted the more ancient number of sixteen letters is not to be explained except upon the assumption that some Greek alphabet had been in use amongst some of the Italic peoples even before the Pelasgic settlement. Sixteen letters originally formed the number in use of both Phœnician and Greek alphabets alike, yet whatever be the number of letters used by the Etruscans, one depressing conclusion is to be drawn, that the Etruscans possessed no literature whatever. It seems to have been possible for an ancient and powerful Race to have possessed the arts of Music, Painting, and Sculpture, and to have arrived at a great height of culture, refinement and luxury, and yet not to have felt the desire of communicating their thoughts upon any one branch of human knowledge, neither to their fellows, nor to posterity.

We may well ask, what were educated or intellectual Etruscans doing during their thousand years of domination in Italy. When they were not fighting, playing, dancing, banqueting, racing, hunting,—had they no intellectual pursuits? Was no great man deserving of some commemorative pen or stylus, even if they had no Thucydides among them? Did the long Sieges of Veii produce no great name worthy of an Ode from some native Tyrtæus or Pindar? We do not ask for a Persius, or an Euripides, or a Homer, but we might have expected at least the minute shrill reed-pipe of some native Collins.

Must we then suppose that even in Etruria there was some "craven fear of being great," or that the benumbing, blighting influence of a Dunciad of Priests forbade the self-assertion of any one man who stood without their paralyzing Circle. And if the voice of the Poet was stifled, that of the philosopher or of the astronomer would have been even more effectually gagged.



Geograph. Anstalt von

Wagner & Debes, Leipzig.

PART II

CHAPTER I

VOLTERRA

THE foot-fall of the foreigner so familiar elsewhere in Italy is a rather rare sound in the streets of Volterra. That seems surprising when one thinks of the vast hordes of travellers that are annually dispersed all over Italy. Yet the City is easily accessible from Cecina, a station on the main line of Pisa-Rome, and the guide-books are not reticent. Amongst all the hill-cities of Italy the position of Volterra is the most splendid, and certainly yields to no other City in antiquity. She can still point to existing Etruscan walls as a monument of her fame in days when Rome still was a village of wattle-huts. And even for those who do not interest themselves in things Etruscan, her street-architecture, her remains of mediæval art, her pictures by native or foreign artists are not less striking or less interesting than those of Perugia or of Pisa.

It may be that the long and arduous ascent from the Railway Station to the City may deter travellers in these hurrying days, from exploring this attractive,

though far-withdrawn old City. Or it may be the absence of an Hotel possessed of all the modern comforts which we are supposed to regard as indispensable. Yet, so far as concerns the writer at least, he found the long drive very enjoyable and suggestive, and the modest resources of the unpretentious Inn, or Inns, (for there are two quite possible) sufficiently commodious. Doubtless, now that automobiles are penetrating into all the most secret places of the globe, Volterra will become as familiar as Florence, although I am quite sure that the aggravating hoot of the motor-car will conduce neither to the pleasure of the reflective pedestrian, nor to the well-being of the ubiquitous baby. But we may drop such irrelevant contingencies, and assuming that the traveller in ancient Etruria may have made Volterra the first stage in his progress, he will not object to the title-page of this volume. For "Uphill" upon the steepest of roads it is, whether he leaves the train altogether at Cecina itself, or takes the branch-line to the Salt Works at the so-called Volterra Station, which latter course abbreviates the carriage trip to be made. In either case uphill the road is, and of the steepest, until the grey old City is reached. The ascent is so gradual that the traveller will not only have ample time to study and admire the ever growing and expanding scenes beneath him, but also to wonder at the impressive and quite un-Italian character of the surroundings. For you do not find yourself amid chestnut groves nor amid olive trees, nor among stretches of vineyards, nor amongst the glistening verdure of orange and lemon trees. You are ascending a succession of low hills of a blueish clay, unadorned by vegetation. A strange geological formation, full of lumps and bumps—very much resembling a modelled bird's-eye view of a landscape.

This strange and monotonous formation is here and there relieved by patches of young wheat and by sudden dashes of a peculiarly scarlet veitch. Yet, as you are plodding your way,—(the nature of the tortuous road will not allow of a brisker progress,) through these expanses of weird and almost uncanny blue hillocks, I would counsel you to sit with your back to the horses and to keep your eyes well down to the South upon the low ground whence you started. And indeed it is useless to be looking out yet for the point for which you are making. The Walls and Towers of Volterra are hid from you still, or will be concealed by every other turn of the road for a long time to come. And it is very necessary that you should thus become acquainted with the sinuous course of that little river below. (You descended upon its banks when you left the train just now.) For that humble stream is probably the most ancient thing bearing a name in Etruscan history. The Etruscans called it Ceicna. Now, that small word—gives us, as the French put it, furiously to think. For that name belonged to an Etruscan noble family, perhaps the most ancient, certainly the most enduring family of which we have record. Whether the River baptized the family, or the family gave the name to the River we can never know. But certainly they were coeval and contemporaneous—so far as our knowledge goes, for something like two thousand years. I used the word "enduring"—because only 150 years ago the last representative of the family, a Bishop, died in his ancestral City, and now he lies, not in the ancestral Tomb, but in his grave in the Cathedral. Three tombs of the family in Etruscan times have been discovered, yet methinks the best epitaph for the Bishop, and one that would endure as long as the river flows would be, "Here lies one

whose name is writ in water." It may be mentioned *en passant*, that two of the family are recorded in Roman history as friends of Cicero, long ago of course after that the glory of the family had faded, and when Rome had gathered under her overpowering wings all things Etruscan,—Volterra and Ceicna alike.

There was also a town called Ceicna, somewhere upon the Coast betwixt Populonia and Pisa, and a Necropolis at Beloria belonging to the town.

We come across another Ceicna or Cecina in the times of Vitellius. He assisted in defeating Otho. But when Vespasian came to the fore he deserted Vitellius.

The River could have been rarely serviceable as a waterway to Volterra, but as it issues at the old Port of Volterra, known still as Vada Volterrana, it may have been of some slight use. A Roman villa belonging to an Albinius Cecina in the 5th Century A.D. was unearthed many years ago at Vada.

You may see another River still further off from the City to the South-West. It is called the Era. It is of no historical mark.

As you draw nigh to the City the somewhat savage nature of the landscape is transformed into a rich belt of verdure out of which she lifts herself with her towers and battlemented walls. But that which claims your immediate gaze, for it seems to engross quite half the City upon the South-Eastern side, is the huge Fortress-Prison known as the Rocca, or Castello. A wholly mediæval structure this, and although probably raised upon Etruscan foundations, possesses nothing visible of Etruscan masonry.

And indeed, the famous walls of the City, which are nearly five miles in girth, may be pronounced to be generally of mediæval construction, although the builders have in many places availed themselves of

the large Etruscan parallelograms which are seen cropping out here and there in the *enceinte*. Even if the character of the walls were not distinctly mediæval, the height of them alone would prove them not to be Etruscan. For the Etruscans never, I think, erected walls of any considerable height around their Cities. Lofty defences came in with their successors. I imagine therefore that in order to raise the walls to the desired height, at Volterra at least, the Etruscan parallelograms were often broken up into smaller blocks required by the later architects. That will account for the large disappearance of the Etruscan walls.

We have no information as to the original occupation on the site of this prodigious Fortress or "Rocca." But we may be quite sure that the eyes of that acute people were not closed to the advantages of this commanding site of some seventeen hundred feet above sea-level. Here would naturally have been their Citadel. Indeed, the name "Rocca" which it still bears, signified in old days the Citadel. As a specimen of 14th-Century military architecture nothing more imposing is to be seen in Italy. For although the greater portion of the fortress is attributed to the epoch of Lorenzo Il Magnifico and his immediate successors, Gualtieri, Duke of Athens, who was Lord of Volterra in 1343, is mentioned as having been largely concerned in the erection thereof. It is a gigantic and formidable congeries of crenelated walls and towers dominated by the battlemented and greatest tower of all known as "Il Mastio."

"Abbandonate ogni speranza voi ch'entrate" it announces, in every line of its huge mass, to the unfortunate victim of despotism or to the convicted felon of to-day. Yet so fair is its architecture it does not depress you so much with gloom as appal you

by terrific massiveness. If it possessed a few windows without, (there are plenty within the Court) you might think it a Palace. To-day it is a gaol for felons only, and officially entitled "Casa di reclusione ed Ergastolo."

Since Italy became a free nation political offenders as such are no more, or if they call themselves "political" they are politicians who have committed some breach of the civil law.

Two of the family of the Pazzi were immured here after the famous conspiracy of that name against Lorenzo Il Magnifico. The latest political offenders imprisoned in this fortress were Francesco Marmocchi and F. D. Guarrazzi in the last century. The fortress being under military jurisdiction, it is necessary to procure permission to enter from the General Commanding at Pisa. From this lofty point one of the finest and most extensive views in Tuscany may be obtained. For Volterra forms the loftiest and proudest crest of the billowing sea of hills around her. Far away to the North-East you can see the heights that encircle Fiesole and Florence, and upon the North-West the bold marble crags of Carrara, so strangely disregarded by the Etruscan builders. Nearer upon the South-West you can distinguish the hills occupied by Sienna. Beneath us Southwards we have already traced the course of the sinuous Cecina, and the other smaller river, the Era, may be observed hard by stealing modestly away to the South-West. Far away to the South the bold headland of Populonia, the ancient port of Volterra, rears itself above the Tyrrhenian waters. And further beyond may be discerned the Isles of Elba and Capraja, and even Corsica.

CHAPTER II

VOLTERRA

IT is believed that the dominion of Volterra extended as far as Arezzo some fifty miles distant to the East, and some suppose that Luna (Spezia) of which we hear so much and know so little, was also subject to her. So it seems that Volterra dominated almost all the territory that she could distinguish from her lofty Citadel. How strong her defences must have been we may see from the stout remains of her massive walls. And we can estimate their strength when we remember that Sylla the Irresistible was employed two years in battering down her strong places before the capture of the City. For Volterra had made the same fatal mistake which cost so many of her sister cities so dear, that of putting her money upon the wrong horse; that is, of espousing the cause of Marius. And so she fell into the powerful hands of his successful rival and became incorporated into the Roman dominion.

It is in the Gates of a walled City, whatever may be the antiquity thereof, that the chief interest lies. It is here that the vicissitudes of her history and the fortunes of her inhabitants may best be learned. It is so with Volterra. It is consequently mortifying in an Etruscan City to find that the gates are all com-

paratively recent. There is but one Gate that can be assigned to the Etruscan epoch, and that has been so often renewed and even reconstructed that were it not for the representation thereof upon two cinerary urns, we should have hesitated to refer its construction to an Etruscan architect. It would have assisted us greatly in learning something more of the history of Volterra, had the Etruscan or even the Roman names of these gates been handed down to us. But as we can scarcely flatter ourselves that we have ascertained one word of the Etruscan language, we cannot even guess what was the Etruscan word for "Gate." The Porta all' Arco being that which possesses most of the Etruscan character it will be not amiss to examine every detail. The Porta all' Arco consists of a double archway, twenty feet in height and thirty feet in depth and united by parallel walls of Etruscan masonry consisting of long blocks of stone without mortar. Over the outer arch are three stone heads, the features of which are almost obliterated. Although you can scarcely discern a distinct feature upon their time-battered heads, the pose of them is suggestive of deities vigilant over the destinies of the City.

They seem to demand your mission. If such were their purpose their functions have been superseded by the inevitable "dazio consumo" or "douane" never absent from a city-gate throughout the wide lands of Italy.

Those who have written upon Volterra have supposed these heads to be those of the Etruscan triune deities; Thalna, Tinia, and Menefra.

And this idea seems to be corroborated when you inspect a cinerary urn in the Museum. The reliefs upon this urn represent a combat—supposed to be that of the "Seven against Thebes," (it adorns,

curiously enough, the sarcophagus of a lady) and on which an artist in favour of local colouring has introduced this very Gate.[1]

That the Gateway has been reconstructed there can be no doubt, for into many of the Etruscan blocks tiles have been inserted. Three kinds of stone have been used in the construction of the Arch. The door-posts and the parallelepiped blocks within the Arch are of panchina (a yellowish stone much in request in Volterra work). The voussoirs of the Arch and the imposts are of travertine, and the three heads over the Arch are of a greyish peperino. Inside of the Arch may be traced the channels for a portcullis. An ancient invention certainly, for it can be seen in many old gateways, at Pompeii, *e.g.* But as we find it in Roman times and also in the mediæval epoch, it cannot be regarded as peculiar to the Etruscans. Although the introduction of the Arch in Italy is attributed to the Etruscans, it is doubtful whether that people availed themselves generally of the Arch in the construction of gates. But that it was known to them and practised in bridges and works of drainage, such as the Cloaca Maxima in the Roman Forum, and in the Arch at the Gravisca Port of Tarquina discovered by Mr. Dennis, there can be little question.[2]

The Porta all' Arco is then the only Gate which may be attributed to the Etruscans, and the absence of others certainly proves that the present walls do not follow those of the Etruscan *enceinte*. Certainly

[1] A cinerary urn precisely similar to this is to be seen in the Etruscan Museum in Florence, and there is another (wanting the arch, however) in the Inghirami Tomb at Volterra.

[2] At Perugia, *e.g.*, another famous Etruscan City, where much Etruscan masonry remains, no arched gateway of the Etruscan epoch can be seen. The Gateways that may be attributed to them are, or were, Square. Arches have been subsequently added.

Photo] [*Brogi.*

VOLTERRA. REMAINS OF ETRUSCAN WALLS WITHOUT THE CITY.

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we know that the mediæval wall which may be referred to the times of Otho I., broke off from the Etruscan to the South of the present Porta S. Francesco (upon the South-West) and running due North, turned to the East so far as the Porta à Selci, where may have been an Etruscan Gate, and at which point there is a great deal of Etruscan masonry preserved in the walls. The great Fortezza here was doubtless constructed upon the Etruscan Arx and conceals all that primitive stronghold.

The imposing appearance of the Walls of the City, the introduction into them of large and massive blocks of Etruscan masonry, and above all the famous Etruscan Porta dell' Arco, have so strong an influence upon the mind of the newcomer that at first sight he is led to believe that he is contemplating an Etruscan *enceinte*. But he is undeceived, not only by the general character of the masonry of the walls themselves when he comes to go round them, but by the information that the modern *enceinte* has the modest circuit of but 3,209 yards, and that the Etruscan periphery was more than double that figure, viz., 7,280 yards. (I give the Italian metro as a yard.) That at once explains the large remains of Etruscan walls so far without the present perimeter, especially in the direction of S. Giusto, Santa Chiara, and the Badia Churches.

The position of modern Volterra, though lofty, is a very defective one for defence. Built upon a long, narrow hill, it has—(viewed from the South)—an imposing appearance, but any idea of its apparent strength is instantly dissipated when you get round to the back of it. You find (a good point to study it from the North is the Church of the Seminario) the northern side of the hill split up and intersected by ravines, and the entire City exposed to the view of

an enemy. You find, too, at the weakest point upon this side a Gate, the Porta della Docciola, planted down in the Valley at an angle formed by two converging slopes. It forms no protection at all to the City, which seems here to be bodily falling into the valley. The Gate is very small. As a defensive point it is ludicrous, were it not so picturesque you would be moved to laughter. You may be quite sure that the Etruscans had nothing to do with it. Not at this point would it have been possible to defy the army of Sylla for two years as they did from their own walls. Far to the North beyond this point were the Etruscan defences. And to ascertain what line they held you must walk to the so-called Porta di Diana, or the "Portone," as it is also called, which led to the Etruscan Necropolis. This quite modern gate stands upon the site of the Etruscan Gate. There are great blocks of tufa around and above which in themselves suffice to mark the site as having been the Etruscan Gate,[1] which led to their Necropolis. Hence the Etruscan walls extended on the East (slight remains can still be distinguished in the ravines, and more might be discovered were the dense undergrowth and brushwood removed) in the direction of the district known as the Buche dei Saraceni. Short of that point the Etruscan wall took a sharp turn to the South, and upon the line of the present wall, to the modern Porta à Selci. At this point probably the Rocca or Arx stood, and upon or near the site of the modern great Fortress-Prison. Thence the wall took a Western course, being here

[1] It is inexplicable that some writers should have dilated upon this gate as an Etruscan one,—and having, as they aver, the same proportions and measurements as the Porta all' Arco! It is a purely mediæval structure, and of recent construction, and much smaller than the Porta all' Arco.

broken by the Porta dell' Arco—the only Etruscan Gate existing. Thence running along the brow of the hill, and not upon the present line of walls,—the Etruscan line of defence arrived at the modern Santa Chiara, where some fine remains still stand. Further on to the West it is to be feared that much of the Etruscan masonry has been swallowed up in the gulf of the Balze. Taking up the line again in the S. Giusto suburb and near the Badia di S. Salvatore, the wall ran up again to the Porta di Diana which has just been alluded to. It will be seen, then, the general line of the Etruscan wall was far beyond the present *enceinte*, and also that, though far too extended and upon much lower ground, it held a less faulty position than the Mediæval one, and one much more capable of defence.

The frightful chasm of the Balze—(as we have been upon the brink—) needs here a few words of explanation. It forms an ever present, an incurable and gaping wound on the right flank of the City. The geological formation of Volterra is composed of a thin layer of sandstone-rock resting upon a bed of the blue clay, which we have seen denuded and bare, cropping up along the steep ascent to the City. The waters above the earth and below the earth in the course of centuries percolating through this unstable clay, undermine the more solid formation above and cause these terrifying landslips. Never was there a more unreliable geological formation for the foundation of a City. Once upon a time,—as late as the 7th Century A.D.—there was a populous suburb here, highly cultivated, and bearing every appearance of prosperity. It has utterly disappeared into the abysses. Foolishly enough subsequent buildings were erected and have since been erected upon this deceitful promontory. San Giusto, a church dedicated to one of the earliest

Saints of Volterra, and judging by relics preserved in the Museum, containing valuable architectural ornaments, plunged into this fatal abyss, and has no more been heard of. And another Church also, that of S. Clemente. The adjoining Badia of San Salvatore, so lately as 1895, collapsed as though stricken by an earthquake, and is now a desolated ruin, and it seems evident that other edifices in the neighbourhood may meet with the same disastrous fate, although from time to time efforts have been made (by one of the later Dukes of Tuscany for example) to check what is, *au fond*, uncheckable. The inherent deterioration of the soil is past cure. No Curtius,—no number of Curtii—would avail. Not all the genius of an Archimedes could arrest the evil, for who could underpin the foundations of the world?

But let us leave these sombre regions of Erebus and Dîs for the more cheerful paths of upper air,—for the Museum at least.

CHAPTER III

THE MUSEUM AT VOLTERRA

IT is in the Museum where the greater portion of the Etruscan art of Volterra is to be found. The treasures here displayed will leave an indelible impression upon the minds of those who here, perhaps, obtain their first glimpses of artistic Etruria.

It is certainly startling to find yourself in a sort of cemetery, confronting and confronted by some six hundred recumbent figures. It is well-nigh solemn, but that you are reassured by the affable countenances and dignified demeanour of these representatives of Etruscan aristocracy. Judging from the universal pose of expectancy, they are all quite as curious as to your errand as you are to theirs. For they all,—ladies included,—seem to have just started up, with their large serene faces fixed upon yours, all supporting themselves upon their left arms, and demanding your motive for breaking in upon their eternal repose. All of them dwarfs it would seem, so great is the disparity between their life-size heads and their stunted, cramped limbs. The artist,—no Greek evidently,—unmindful of the restricted space allotted to him and regardless of the laws of proportion, thought only of making a life-size portrait head of his subject, leaving the trunk and limbs to follow as best they could.[1]

[1] At a later period this disparity disappears from the cinerary urns, and you meet with graceful little curled-up figures quite in proportion.

But it is quite otherwise with the scenes represented below the recumbent figures, upon the fronts of their sarcophagi-urns. These reliefs,—often in very high relief—are both in workmanship and design manifestly Greek. They are almost always representations of some Grecian historical event, poetic legend, or myth.

That being so, it follows that the scenes depicted can have nothing to do with the biography of the individual whose cremated ashes are contained within. Very few life-size sarcophagi have been found at Volterra. In this Museum there are but two. Cremation of the dead was here the rule. It is still a matter of dispute whether inhumation or cremation be the most ancient mode of disposing of the dead. In many places in Italy they seem to have been contemporaneous. And the discovery in Rome of the very ancient "Sepulcretum" in the Forum certainly is in favour of that opinion.[1]

A large majority of the cinerary urns are of alabaster,—that material being peculiar to the district, a substance easily worked and one especially favourable for the artists who executed the reliefs. There are many cinerary urns also of tufa, probably these are of a more ancient date. Urns of terra-cotta, so abundant in most of the Etruscan cemeteries, are scarce in Volterra. I think that I noticed but three in this Museum. Many of the urns are gilded, and almost all are,—or have been,—coloured. As has been remarked, nearly all the reliefs represent subjects drawn from Greek poets and historians. Amongst the most familiar scenes are Helen and her brothers ;

[1] A German archæologist, Rohde, believed that the custom of burning the dead arose amongst the Indo-Aryans, from the desire to effect the separation between body and soul more completely, and thus to banish the soul once and for all to the underworld.

the Dioscuri ; Pelops and Hippodamia ; the expiation of Orestes and Pylades in Tauris ; Perseus ; the Flight of Medea from Corinth ; the Hunt of the Calydonian Boar ; Dirce bound to the Bull ; Ulysses and the Syrens (often represented) ; Œdipus and the Sphinx ; the Sacrifice of Iphigenia ; Paris fighting with Menelaus and Philocretes ; the Death of Clytemnestra and Ægisthos. And more frequently represented than any other story is that of the "Seven before Thebes," and the duel of Etcocles and Polynices. The former subject is of especial interest in Volterra, for the artist, (probably one who has worked on the spot,) has, as we have seen, indulged in local colouring so far as to introduce into the scene the famous Porta all' Arco of Volterra. He has placed over the gate, too, those three heads, just as you may see them to-day. A vigorous combat is being waged in this relief, and Capaneus is represented as falling headlong down the ladder which he had just succeeded in fastening on to the wall. Yet his fall was not caused by the hand of any mortal enemy. Jove, as the legend goes, had hurled his bolt at the warrior. These bassi-rilievi-slabs which we have been considering, with their representations of Grecian history, myths, and legends, do, I think, largely confirm the opinion that some of the Etruscans not only originally came from some district of Greece, but that they preserved in Etruria much of their original belief in Grecian mythology. Why, otherwise, this passion for Grecian Gods and heroes as expressed in their sarcophagi? "What's Hecuba to him or he to Hecuba?" And that idea so largely carried out as to exclude generally the subjects of their own faith, and certainly those of their own heroes.

Several of the cinerary urns, however, are purely Etruscan, and their reliefs are expressive of their

peculiar beliefs, and have nothing to do with subjects drawn from the Greek Pantheon. Those especially are interesting which represent the journey of the soul to bliss or woe hereafter. I sorrowfully observed that the latter scene seemed to preponderate. For Charun (thus the Etruscans wrote Charon) seemed ubiquitous. A frightful monster with bristling ears and grinning jaws, and invariably armed with a ponderous hammer. It is most suggestive to us moderns that these ancient Etruscans should have possessed themselves so early in the world's history of our great dogmas of life beyond the grave and of a judgment to come. And it seems to have been no esoteric doctrine of the priests but one publicly professed by the people. For the origin of this creed of the Etruscans we must look to Egypt rather than to Hellas. Upon one cinerary urn you may see a soul, on horseback, starting on his final journey, the while his child seeks to detain him, and the emissary of Pluto, (I suppose he is,) endeavours to urge him on to a brisker pace. Upon another urn the soul drives in a more comfortable manner and attended by some of his friends, upon a "carpentum" —the Etruscan low two-wheeled carriage—drawn by a pair of horses, whose heads are bent low with fatigue, or perhaps with sympathy. And as the chariot or car arrives in Erebus (the horses so fatigued generally) the soul is welcomed by the ancestors. Meantime the winged Genius is never absent. One is happy to observe that Charun is not always present in the reliefs; although on the frescoes he is very much to the fore. Some writers have thought that the heavy hammer with which he is represented was used for punishment of the wicked. To me it seems rather the natural emblem appropriate to the closer of the tomb. For hideous

as the representations of Charun are,—with fangs and grinning jaws and savage ears, (and he is half negro also,) I do not think that he is intended to be very much more than an excessively churlish sexton. I daresay, too, that he may have been a comic note, introduced to supply a comic element. The Etruscans were full of contradictions of the kind. So un-Greek, in short. At times the soul is attended by a good Genius, although Charun is rarely absent. Some of the Etruscan reliefs are of lighter and more cheerful subjects. Banquets, horse-races, boar-hunts, and games. And anon you are depressed by something that looks very like a human sacrifice. But we must not assume that the Etruscans were in the habit of sacrificing their enemies.[1]

We must hope that the charge brought against them very frequently was an invention of *their enemies*, or if it were ever practised, that it happened "so very long ago," that, as some flighty believer once said of a stupendous event, "it probably was not true!" The two life-size sarcophagi here to which reference has been made, are likewise adorned, in one instance with a funeral-procession, and in the other with a wife and children taking leave of the *paterfamilias*. But these are Greek in spirit rather than Etruscan.

Some writers,—Dennis amongst them, upon the ground that one or two recumbent figures upon sarcophagi[2] are of an Eastern type of countenance

[1] With respect to this charge of human sacrifice, there is a painted vase in the Museum at Berlin, the subject of which was long supposed to be a proof that the Etruscans practised cannibalism also. The scene has now been proved to be a delineation of moulding statues in separate pieces.

[2] The derivation of the word Sarcophagus is worth noting here. Pliny says that a peculiar stone, found in the territory of Assos in Asia Minor (in Mysia), has the property of wasting the bodies

—have claimed for the Etruscans an Eastern origin.[1]

But, it may be asked, what is the general type of countenance when you survey, as in this Museum, a whole population of such figures? For you cannot found a theory upon the exceptional, as is clearly the case with the two sarcophagi noted below. The ethnological type is certainly a Caucasian one. All of them here, and in the Florence Museum, gathered from every Etruscan site, are quite Tuscan. Serene and comfortable patricians generally, or sleek burghers and yeomen whose experiences of life have certainly been pleasing. Men who never put to themselves any inconvenient questions as to the "whence" or the "whither," but solaced themselves with the contemplation of a jovial past and a pleasing future. Most of them holding on to the wine cup to the last like Omar Khayyám. Just the same Tuscans whom you may observe any market-day in Florence bargaining and dealing with their fellows. Just the same well-fed partisans of the Mezzeria-land-system,—cheerful and rosy,—superintending the ploughing, and the pruning, and the reaping, whom you have often seen upon a hundred glowing Tuscan hill-sides. It is to be observed that many of these cinerary urns bear inscriptions both in Etruscan and in Latin. The latter, of course, are of a later epoch. For the most part the inscriptions are deeply cut and coloured. They are therefore very distinct and easily deciphered. I suppose we may infer that those without any characters are of very early date, and

entombed; hence the term "sarcophagus," meaning "flesh-eating" (note in "Travels and Researches in Asia Minor," Sir Charles Fellows).

[1] One of these sarcophagi is in the British Museum, the other in the Louvre.

those that bear neither reliefs nor figures to be still earlier.

As an instance of the earlier type: that rude urn in which the ashes of S. Clemente were placed in the year 1140 A.D. may be mentioned. It is here.

Although, as has been said, the Etruscans of Volterra did not avail themselves of terra-cotta for their ordinary urns so much as the Etruscans elsewhere, the collection of terra-cotta plates, cups, and dishes (mostly undecorated) is very abundant. And of the black bucchero ware[1] which we generally associate more peculiarly with Chiusi and Orvieto, there is a plentiful supply.

There is certainly a deficiency of artistic vases in this Museum. Many of the vases are evidently of Etruscan artists who have been copying, unsuccessfully, Greek examples. The majority of the vases are of white figures upon a black ground. However, far the prettiest specimen of the fictile art here is a polychrome vase in the shape of a duck. It is singularly fresh in colour. Volterra was not very active in this field of art, and is surpassed in that respect by most of the Etruscan cities. In articles of bronze, Volterra can make a much greater display. In vessels of bronze,—especially in their highly wrought handles, in bronze mirrors ("specchii"), in razors, and in ornaments of horse-trappings her artists have especially distinguished themselves. Yet I see few instances of arms and armour, and of the larger vessels of bronze, or of tripods such as have been found at Populonia and Vetulonia. And here, as elsewhere, bells which you would have expected to find everywhere in Etruria, are conspicuously absent. Amongst the bronzes a most curious long,

[1] The peculiar black colour of this ware is supposed to have been produced by the introduction of bitumen into the clay.

lank, bronze idol is certain to attract attention. It is about 1½ feet in length, very uncanny, but quite artistic. It is a kind of embodied exhalation. "The Earth has bubbles, as the water hath, and I might be of either," it seems to say. The Louvre possesses one very similar, (I think from Vutci). There is a considerable show of small articles of gold; necklaces, ear-rings, and finger-rings. Also a large silver wreath, and a smaller one of gold. The rings are often of scarabæi, an ornament of which the Etruscans largely availed themselves. Some of these last may have been imported, but the Etruscans seem on sufficient evidence to have manufactured them for themselves. I should say certainly those which bear figures and badges peculiar to themselves. Many of their intagli here are very good, but the cameos shown in the Museum must have a Greek or Roman provenance, for the Etruscans do not appear to have made them at all. There are also many objects of glass; small vessels, phials, cups and alabastra,—of the kind we are accustomed to class together, (on insufficient grounds), as Phœnician. I failed to discover Etruscan coins of gold or silver, but I observed several copper examples of Volterra herself. "Felathri" they are inscribed, for that was the Etruscan name of the City. They had not the Greek "V," the Hebrew "Vau," but used the Digamma, the "F." I found it difficult to spell out the word in Etruscan. "I can scarcely make it spell 'Felathri,'" I complained to the Custode of the Museum. "Ah!" he said, in Italian, "you must humour the letters a bit!" It was quite Irish in spirit, that remark of his, and caused both of us to rock with laughter. It seemed to me that many of the curled-up-ones upon their urn-lids also rocked. And no wonder if they caught

hold of any chance of merriment. They could have had but a ghost of a joke for two thousand years and more. And as the *bon mot* under consideration had been loosed at their own dead language they would have rocked the more. Really I thought that one *did* sit up. All this did not accelerate my lesson in Etruscan, but between us both we got out a satisfactory rendering. Many of these *denarii* have in high relief a double Janus head, a sign which has been so often reproduced here that it has been accepted as the City Badge. Besides its Janus-heads, some of the Volterra coins are stamped with a Dolphin, which probably alludes to a seaport. Volterra had two ports, Populonia and Vada. A Dolphin, however, is not peculiar to the coinage of Volterra. The ancient City of Adria had also a Dolphin as its crest. In fact, there is scarcely any symbol that can be said to be peculiar to one Italian City more than another. In Greece the signs were more distinctive. Yet some regard a winged Griffin trampling upon a deer as the crest peculiar to Volterra. The figure is often to be seen in the City (and in the Museum) sculptured with great spirit upon a stone altar, or a cippus. I know not whether the Etruscans gave a start to this most ancient of Deities, Janus. He seems to have been a God common to all the ancient Races of Italy. Mommsen's opinion as to Janus being the only original Deity in the Roman Pantheon seems questionable therefore. There are philologists who have associated Janus with Japhet. I cannot pronounce upon that, but Jana,—for Janus seems to have been married,—is sometimes connected with Juno. And that name has been traced to a Lydian Jona or Iona. Here a halt must be called, for in such a disquisition we shall be shipwrecked on Jonah, or break ourselves up on

"Jah." And we must remember, too, that the Etruscans had no Juno. The Etruscans' substitute was "Thalna," a name untraced and untraceable.

To return to the Museum (it must be hoped that many will do so).

The most ancient relic is said to be a large flat slab of panchina stone—a stele bearing the full-length effigy of an Etruscan warrior in profile and armed from top to toe. In his right hand a spear, and his left resting on the scabbard of his sword. It recalls in rude, bold workmanship similar reliefs at Athens. It is of very primitive art, almost of an Egyptian type. Some antiquarians consider that it formed a door slab to a tomb.[1]

It would be extremely rash to give a date to this relic. I will not venture to do so. It may be of an epoch co-eval with the foundation of the City, and for Volterra the hoariest antiquity has been claimed. One writer (Amidei) goes so far as to assign her apogee to the 13th Century B.C.! Yet we can scarcely admit that, if we accept Strabo's dictum that the Etruscan invasion of Italy took place more than four hundred years before the Foundation of Rome. In truth, the relative antiquity of the various Cities in Etruria rests upon very slender foundations. One writer says, Cortona, another says, Cære was the most ancient. Another holds out for Tarquinii, a fourth writer for Veii. We really possess no historical data. The only inference that can be drawn, I think, is from a previous occupation by Umbrians or Pelasgians, and even then our dates are tremulous.

[1] A replica is to be seen in the Etruscan Museum at Florence. That was found at Pomerance, near Volterra.

CHAPTER IV

THE NECROPOLIS AND THE TOMBS OF VOLTERRA

THE chief Etruscan Necropolis hitherto discovered lies to the North of the City in the district now known as "I Marmi." As has been mentioned, it would be approached from the Etruscan Gate, now occupied by "Il Portone," or Porta di Diana. That gate is just beyond the modern Cemetery, which, in meritorious imitation of the old Race, also lies without the present Walls. And beyond the burial-place of to-day you come upon the site of primæval sepulchres. The site only, buried now in wooded ravines. For the Tombs have long ago been closed, and nothing above ground is to be seen that could give a hint of the archaic wealth once stored beneath. These tombs have yielded up almost all the treasures of Volterran art which we have been admiring in the Museum. Yet, although there is nothing visible or tangible here, I think even the denuded sites where great or beautiful objects have been found are most suggestive. It stirs the mind something in the same way as the study of backgrounds of pictures by Albert Durer or Mantegna or Peter de Hoogh.

It does not seem, however, that the Etruscan sepulchres were limited to one district only. Tombs have been discovered in many parts, always, of course, without the *enceinte* of their City. Near

S. Giusto, *e.g.*, in that part called the Guerruccia, and, perhaps, some there are of an epoch preceding that of the Etruscans. Prehistoric, unornamented, and often of that type of which you see several instances in the Museum, known as "à Pozzetto." A sort of large, long terra-cotta amphora, the mouth of which is closed by a slab of stone, and containing within a smaller jar with ashes of the deceased.

Ancient and populous as Volterra was, the Tombs that have been discovered cannot be anything like in proportion to her population.[1]

I imagine that the City—or rather the habitations of the dead—have been hitherto inadequately explored. Of late years an apathy has prevailed here as to exploration. I suppose it is that the small landholders are always in fear that their crops or their copses are going to be endangered. Yet, even if archæological enterprise be slack, the "auri sacra fames" would never, one would suppose, require stimulating in Italy.

It was certainly very insatiable in Etruria in the middle of the last Century.

Large portions of the ancient Necropolis lie upon the Eastern side of the City, and it is precisely to the north of the Church of S. Girolamo and in the district called the "Buche dei Saraceni" that we come upon the only two tombs now accessible to visits. These are known as the Inghirami Tombs, situated upon the property of that family and adjacent to the Villa of the name. They are fortunately under lock and key, and, though plunged in

[1] It may be of interest here to glance at Tarquinia, although probably she had a far greater population than Volterra. The famous Avolta of Corneto was of opinion that the Necropolis of Tarquinia might be computed to extend over sixteen square miles, and that the tombs might be reckoned as two millions in number.

Cimmerian gloom, the gardener of the Villa, or other employé, who will open them for you, will supply you with candles. They are excavated out of the tufa rock on the side of a hill, and though undecorated and not possessing any architectural distinction, like those of Cære, *e.g.*, deserve notice as instances of the Volterran type of tomb, and also for some of the contents which have been suffered to remain.

The larger of the two has four small chambers without any decoration, and is still crammed with alabaster cinerary-urns ornamented in relief with the subjects now familiar to us drawn from Greek myth and legend. Paris taking refuge at the altar of Venus; Ulysses bound to the Mast; and so forth. And, above all, the scene of the Porta all' Arco with the Battle of the Seven before Thebes, as repeated in the urns in the Museum. The smaller tomb is supported by a column hewn out of the rock. The larger portion of the contents were carried off by the Government and placed in the Etruscan Museum at Florence. A few terra-cotta plates and dishes and vases have been allowed to remain here; as also a heap of smashings, representative of works that were once artistic. These tombs were formerly surmounted by tumuli of earth, characteristic generally of the Volterran Tombs and of the majority also of those of Tarquinia, and, in a lesser degree, of those of Cære. A replica of the larger of the two has been set up in the Courtyard of the Florence Etruscan Museum, as it existed when first discovered. The mysterious labyrinth of rocky caves, alluded to above as the "Buche dei Saraceni," probably served the aborigines as dwelling-places or as tombs. But they have served no known purpose, and have no associations of

interest, certainly not with Saracens. Probably the name was given by ignorant folk who knew no better in the wild days,[1] when a large part of Italy had Saracen on the brain. It may well have been that the Saracens, who were always harrying the Tyrrhenian Coast, and who had even struck terror into the Vatican itself, would have made a raid upon Populonia, the Volterran Port, and thence upon Volterra itself. But it was fully improbable that that people, so very susceptible to the comforts obtainable here below, would have put up in these caves, or have put up with rocks here or anywhere else. And there is nothing about these caves to attract a visitor.

It may be that some of the smashings we have seen are attributable to the Saracens. We know that works of art representing the human figure were always anathema to them. Yet one fancies that if they had ever come here, their smashings would have been on a more extensive scale.

It is a matter of history that some of the barbarians after the fall of Rome plundered and devastated the sepulchres, which the Romans, with their respect for the dwellings of the dead, never did. Precious materials, gold and silver, were what the barbarians were after. And in mere wantonness or in disappointment they broke to pieces the things to which they attached no value. And in the last century, when exploration was a mania, the more modern inhabitants destroyed and pillaged from the same motives. Thus we cannot tax one race more than another with blind, ignorant, reckless destruction in their hunt for the precious metals.

Before altogether leaving the subject of the Tombs

[1] Populonia, nevertheless,—the Volterran Port—is said to have been sacked in the 9th Century by Saracens.

and their furniture, let it be noted that the two life-size sarcophagi which we have seen in the Museum were occupied by two of the Vlave family. This name was Romanised into Flavius, and the Gens Flavia, as we know, was one of the most distinguished in later times, and upon which "gens" Vespasian shed fresh lustre. Possibly that Emperor's ancestors were the occupants of the sarcophagi in question. We have already glanced at the ancestry of the Ceicnas, or Cecinas. Another great Etruscan family, some of whose urns have been found at Volterra, was that of Cracne, afterwards Romanised into Gracchus.

It is curious how the ancient Etruscans neglected their stores of Alabaster. Except for their urns and the reliefs upon them they made no use of it. No vases or vessels of the material have been found, and at the present day the manufacture may be said to be the only source of wealth in the City. Quite half of the inhabitants are engaged in the works. One would have expected that the luxurious people of Etruria would have built themselves houses out of the rich and easily-worked material. Or at least some of their Temples. We know that the Egyptians, to whom the Etruscans are erroneously said to owe so much, were lavish in their employment of Alabaster. The Temple of the Sphinx, *e.g.*, and at Abydos, that of Rameses, are almost wholly of alabaster, and other Temples in Egypt possess massive blocks of it. And it may be mentioned here in connection with the non-employment of a material so available for purposes of building, how the Etruscans also neglected the stores of marble so close to them. At one period of their history at least, they were certainly in possession of Spezia (Luna) and of Pisa, and of the inexhaustible supplies of the marble of Carrara in the neighbourhood. Yet we find no traces of their

having ever availed themselves of marble for either Temples or dwelling-places. Indeed, excepting for some remains of Temples at Civita Castellana (and even those are attributed to the Argive settlers)—and some details in terra-cotta elsewhere, all suggestions even of the architecture of Etruscan temples and houses are wanting to us. I have sometimes thought, so elaborately worked are many of their Tombs, that these may be fac-similes of their habitations. I have been inclined to believe even that they dwelt in them. In such of them at least as were devoted to the cremated remains of their families, and perhaps even those where the entire bodies reposed. Or why those elaborate censors and fumigation-braziers and the powerful disinfectants which have been discovered in such tombs? Why, too, may we ask, the elaborate paintings, the artistic carvings in the spacious chambers? To what end the priceless vases of terra-cotta or of bronze, and above all the magnificence of gold ornaments and of jewels? Were all such things heaped up in darkness and in gloom to do honour to sightless eyes and to crumbling forms? Why should the Etruscans have built eternal habitations for the dead and so unsubstantially for their luxurious selves?

These may be only conjectures, yet it is otherwise incomprehensible that all traces of any Etruscan dwelling-place should have so completely vanished. I do not suggest, of course, that the *people* generally made use of tombs as dwelling-places. They would have had no habitable tombs. They lived, no doubt, as other peasants in Italy. In wattle huts or in circular capanne. The hut-urns are models of their huts.

CHAPTER V

ROMAN, MEDIÆVAL AND MODERN VOLTERRA

VOLTERRA in its Etruscan aspect is so engrossing that it is possible that many visitors may have come here and not have found time to acquaint themselves with its many other attractions ; with the streets, the architecture, and the churches and palaces, and the works of art therein contained. Yet even the hurrying tourist will be impressed by the massive character of the buildings and the architectural beauty of many of the palaces. If he has been in Perugia, Siena, or Viterbo, he will find much of a similar character here, although not to a similar extent. But for grandeur of position and for natural beauties combined with what man has built, we may assign a high place to Volterra. Old Italian Cities primarily shape themselves into two groups of buildings. There is the religious centre of the city-life ; the Duomo, the Baptistery, and the Archiepiscopal buildings, and often the Civic Hospital. The Duomo is the expression of the history of the City in all its phases. It is a Museum too of Art, where we find all that the sculptors and the painters of the province have wrought round about the resting-places of those who have been pre-eminent for good or for evil in the history of the City.

The second group of buildings is found in the Piazza where the Palazzo Communale, or Publico, or Municipale is seen to rear itself as the centre of the Civil life of the City. It has undergone a succession of metamorphoses. Hence the City has been governed or misgoverned. Here mobs have roared and tyrants have massacred, and here has pulsated the age-long fever of civic strife. Upon the same Piazza are also found the chief Palaces of the nobles, and often the Biblioteca and the University. (The two latter Institutions are elsewhere at Volterra.)

But the Piazza del Duomo is a very peaceful spot here whatever animation may still be found round about the Palazzo Publico, (or " dei Priori ") and the Palazzo Pretorio. In this sacred precinct an almost senile drowsiness prevails. Even the customary mendicant who haunts church-doors is absent. The Piazza, being hemmed in by lofty buildings, is almost always in shade. The Cathedral was consecrated in 1120, but the building as we now see it, and the façade especially, is to be attributed to Niccolò Pisano and is quite a hundred years later. It is a singularly small and low building as viewed from the Western front, and seems to be bodily " run into " the Palazzo dei Priori on the East, so that the Duomo appears to be part of the Palazzo or the Palazzo part of the Duomo. Although, as has been remarked, the great mass of the building is to be referred to the 13th Century and to the Pisan School, you have only to go round the building to observe upon the flanks thereof remains of much earlier work, and which may be attributed to the 10th Century. If you go into the Sacristy of the " Misericordia," abutting on the Duomo, you will see a remarkable heavy gateway quaintly ornamented, beneath a ponderous architrave ; better still, when you visit the Palazzo dei Priori

you will be able to look down from one of its windows upon many arches and lunettes traceable to an earlier edifice of the 10th Century. The Western door (too small to be effective) certainly does not prepare you for a really fine Romanesque interior of three naves and a transept. The walls are of the horizontal black-and-white stripes so familiar in Tuscany, and rest upon lofty Romanesque arches which are supported by a double row of massive columns. Leonardo Ricciarelli remodelled in the 16th Century the capitals of the columns, and also adorned the roof of the side aisles, and in the same Century, Francesco Capriani imposed upon the nave the highly decorated ceiling "à cassettoni." Otherwise decoration has been sparingly introduced and the artists have been right. For in a "striped" Church such as this, the style forms it own ornamentation, and details of gilding and carving seem to clash with the broad and simple lines of the stone or marble walls. The fine pulpit is the chief work to arrest attention. It is much more recent work than that of the Pisan School although evidently modelled on that style; the reliefs,—four of them which have here been enclosed,—are very fine, and so ancient that they are attributed to an artist antecedent to Niccolò himself. The subjects of them are: the "Sacrifice of Abraham"; the "Visitation"; the "Annunciation," with the name of each figure engraved upon them. The front relief represents the "Last Supper." The treatment of these reliefs is quite in accordance with classical tradition, but is already influenced by the new intensity of expression to which the Pisan Masters gave so much development later on. The Pulpit rests upon four columns supported by four lions, finely worked and also in the Pisan manner.

Greatly to be admired are the two works of relief

placed upon the Western walls of the interior. They relate scenes from the life and death of two famous Saints of Volterran story, Santi Regolo and Ottaviano. Santi Vittorio, Giusto and Clemente are also introduced in bust form. They are considered to be 14th Century work. Yet they might well, or most of them might, (for they are not all of the same date,) be attributed to an earlier date and to have been brought from an earlier building. The authorship of any of them is unknown. Sant Ottaviano, in the Chapel dedicated to him, rests in a superb marble sarcophagus executed by Raffaelle Cioli in 1525. It is decorated with a frieze of cherubin, and has an angel at either end by Andrea Ferrucci. It is the finest specimen of Renaissance work in the Cathedral. The people of Volterra subscribed for it in gratitude for the intercession of the Saint whose prayers had delivered them from the plague of 1522. An inscription borne by two angels records the fact on the centre of the sarcophagus.

A remarkable terra-cotta half-figure of St. Lino is to be seen upon the wall of the right aisle. He wears the papal tiara, for tradition has handed down this Volterran saint as the successor of St. Peter. Rarely have the Della Robbias thrown so much exquisite expression into the countenance of a Saint. It is generally assigned to Giovanni d. R. Another work of terra-cotta, though not of the Della Robbia, is to be found in the Chapel of the Madonna. It is a " Presepio " and probably by a Florentine Master and rests upon a background painted by B. Gozzuoli.

Upon either side of the High Altar is a spiral column of great beauty surmounted by a kneeling angel, each of them by Mino da Fiesole and remarkable instances of his artistic worth. Of this distinguished artist we shall find later on a consummate work in the Baptistery.

Entering now the Coro the admirer of wood-carving of the early 15th Century will not fail to observe the rich work of the stalls, the reading desk, and especially of the archivescoval throne. A throne indeed worthy to be occupied by San Lino himself! In the Sacristy also the carved double arches and the Baldachino are very much to be admired, and seem to be of the same date and by the same artists as those of the Coro. Not, however, the huge and elaborately worked "armadio"—(the word "cupboard" sounds flippant when applied to so vast a piece of ornamentation). It is supported by carved columns, and upon the front is decorated with eight panels of cherubim. It is surmounted by one of those "divided" pediments—dear to the 17th Century artists—and again completed by the addition of further carvings inserted between the broken pediment. It is, as has been said, of a much later period than the Gothic ornamentation around. It might almost be termed "baroque," but it is very splendid. And it is strong as it is splendid. And it needs be a "safe," for within is housed the Cathedral-treasure, of gold and silver chalices and reliquaries, and some of them the work of native artists. It would be a work of supererogation to describe them for they are rarely to be seen.

Many of the pictures that were formerly in the Cathedral have been removed to the recently formed Gallery of Paintings in the Palazzo dei Priori. Some remain here still, in many instances of great merit. I shall briefly allude to some of the best.

In the Gherardi Chapel, an "Annunciation" attributed to Mariotto Albertinelli, although from an inscription at the back of it signed "Bartolemeo" (Mariotto's Master) it would seem that a portion of the picture at least was from his hand. And

that view would appear to be supported by a design of this Angel preserved in the Uffizi, being the work of that Bartolomeo. In any case he was the master of Mariotto. Once upon a time the work used to be attributed to Domenico Ghirlandajo. The "Assumption of the Virgin" is by Il Volterrano (Baldassare Franceschini) a fine work and certainly the finest from his brush that I know. Adam and Eve are in the foreground and upon each sidè are Saints, amongst whom St. Peter is pre-eminent. For dignity of style, another fine picture is the "Raising of Lazarus," by Santi di Tito. I was also much impressed by a "Presentation in the Temple" by G. B. Naldini. He was a Florentine artist late in the 16th Century. His works are scarce. If he is not to be counted amongst artists of the highest rank, he must be allowed, as this work suggests, a high place amongst those of the second. A "Conversion of St. Paul" attracts you because it is by Domenichino. But time or neglect has made it very dark.

In quitting the Cathedral there is one humble but suggestive slab to be glanced at; one which in this Etruscan City evokes immemorial associations. The epitaph records the death in 1765 of Bishop Cecina, the last of the Etruscan family of Cecina. By his extinction was quenched the last spark of an illustrious family that had flourished in Volterra for certainly two thousand years. He should have at least been interred in an Etruscan sarcophagus! The last of the Cecinas! And yet who can pronounce with certainty that no Cecina may yet be lurking in some sequestered spot in Volterra—in vale or fastness? It seems so improbable that præhistoric blood such as that of the Cecinas should have run out. And who knows? The ashes of a stock supposed extinct have before now been suddenly relumed. A few years ago at

Florence in the Church of the Ogni Santi the frescoes by Ghirlandajo of the Vespucci family (Amerigo included) came to light, having been concealed for years beneath the plaster. The family was declared to be extinct. The Municipality said so, and in Italy the arbitration of the Municipality in all things is final. Yet a lady started out of the obscurity, and claimed to be a Vespucci. I forget whether she were an Italian or an American. She might have been either. I forget, too, whether her claim was allowed. Yet as regards the Etruscan family, so long as that river which has aroused so many Etruscan associations continues to flow in the Valley below, there will always be a Cecina at Volterra.

CHAPTER VI

THE BAPTISTERY AND THE VESCOVADO AT VOLTERRA

THE Baptistery is only a few paces outside the West door of the Cathedral. It is a small, rather uncouth hexagon of panchina relieved by a front of striped black-and-white marble. It does not impress you much if you have already seen Pisa, Florence, Siena, and Pistoia. Yet it has a forlorn air of detachment about it, that seems to appeal to your sympathy if it does not evoke the admiration called forth by the Baptisteries of the above-mentioned Cities. It is curious how almost all the Baptisteries of Italy are said to occupy the sites of heathen Temples. So far as this Baptistery is concerned the tradition that it occupies the place of a Temple of the Sun has no foundation. The architrave bears an inscription in very old characters,—if you have patience to decipher them, to the effect that the building was erected in the 13th Century. The entrance-arch beneath the black-and-white striped façade is of curious ornamentation, and the same may be said of the capitals of the supporting columns which are profusely carved with representations of animals and birds. Upon each hexagon there are two slits of the narrowest Norman windows, so that the interior,

which can boast of considerable treasures of art, is religiously dim. The three fine works of the Renaissance placed within are enhanced by the baldness of the walls. You are confronted by the magnificent arched niche in which the High Altar is placed. Arch, frieze and columns are splendidly decorated with carvings by the chisel of the Brothers Balsimelli of Settignano. Over the High Altar the arch enshrines a fine "Ascension" by Nicolo Cercignani, a Volterran artist, yet not sufficiently valuable to have justified the removal of a portion of the cornice of the arch in order to fit the picture in. The Baptismal Font of Sansovino (Andrea di Niccolò Contucci—a commission entrusted to that sculptor in 1502) and the fine panels thereof deserve more than a passing glance. The third work of Sculpture here is the Tabernacle or Ciborium by Mino da Fiesole. It formerly was in the Cathedral but was placed here in the last Century. It is remarkable, though not surprising, considering the propinquity of Florence, how many works there are in Volterra of the Settignano and Fiesole schools. It may be noticed as an instance of the great neglectfulness of the Volterrans in the custody of their works of art, that this Baptistery was without a cupola until the year 1506. For some years it had no covering even. It is not a matter of surprise, therefore, that the building and its contents suffered many things from the vagaries of the elements. The great Arch of the Settignano Brothers especially so. It was fortunate that the picture of the "Ascension" was not here before the arrival of the Cupola.

It is just worth while, the Vescovado being almost a portion of the Cathedral, to visit it.

The Pisanesque group over the entrance gives it at least a dignity wanting to the rest of the Building.

Yet for the sake of a singularly picturesque glimpse of mediæval architecture one should make one's way into the old brick cloister with a delightful garden around. And you can look up hence at a varied group of buildings, the Campanile of the Cathedral,—the Tower of the Palazzo dei Priori and the Archivio Capitale, and upon the venerable flank of the older Cathedral alluded to above. The Archivio Capitale is said to be rich in old and precious documents relating to civil and religious Volterra. I had not time to verify the rumour.

CHAPTER VII

THE PALAZZO DEI PRIORI (MUNICIPIO), THE PALAZZO PRETORIO, THE PIAZZA MAGGIORE AT VOLTERRA

HAVING seen the group of ecclesiastical buildings,—the religious centre of Volterra,—the Civil centre can easily be reached. For, as has already been mentioned, the Palazzo dei Priori almost constitutes the Eastern back of the Cathedral.

The Palazzo dei Priori (I shall continue to mention it by its historic appellation)—indifferently styled "del Commune," "del Municipio"—is said to have been completed in the year 1257 and was the head-quarters of an often-changing government and of the chief Magistrate in all such vicissitudes. It is a fine specimen of the 13th Century, and if less imposing than many of similar character in larger Cities in Italy, has many claims to the study and admiration of the traveller. It has chronicles,—if not sermons in its stones for those who desire to learn. It is still an imposing Building notwithstanding the many repairs and reconstruction of parts that it has undergone. For it has suffered in many ways, from the earthquake of 1826 especially.

The Tower in fact, which was then wrecked, has been so successfully restored in its old form that you would not suppose that it had been at all injured. The Norman windows are handsome and not too

numerous. The exterior is studded by the armorial bearings, some in coloured terra-cotta, of those who were eminent in their day, and by many an iron torch-holder and banner-holder, and by the names of the Florentine Commissioners too (not a pleasing reminiscence for Volterra), surmounted again by heraldic devices, surrounded by wreaths of fruits and flowers. The Marzocco or Florentine Lion, at each corner of the external basement again, are not calculated to evoke cordial feelings from a conquered City. The chief interest of the Palazzo dei Priori at present is a notable collection of paintings which have been gathered together out of the Cathedral and the Churches of the City. The Volterrans of the 15th and 16th Centuries, evidently like their Etruscan forefathers, were considerable connoisseurs. It is also evident that Volterra,—unlike the Etruscans,—has not been vigilant in safe-guarding her acquisitions. In many instances she has neglected them until rust and the moth and the damp and other forces inimical to human productions have wreaked their worst upon them, and their hasty restorations have completed their disfigurement.

Upon your way to see the Pictures of the Palazzo upstairs there is a fresco of St. Jerome dated 1490-1. It has no special merit, and resembles very much the hundred other St. Jeromes you have seen, and seems to be the work of some Florentine. Still, lively in colour it brightens up the sad-coloured walls. A little higher up we come across a "Crucifixion." In a room adjacent are two frescoes of Pier Francesco. In the Sala del Consiglio is a very large mural painting of the "Annunciation and Saints." It has been attributed to Jacopo di Cione Orcagna and to Pietro Lamberti. But in so many ways it has been damaged that whatever effect it had once, it im-

presses you but little. There is near to it a picture of very great merit, rich in colour and full of animation. A "Marriage in Cana of Galilee," by Donato Mascagni, a Florentine of the 17th Century.

When writing above of the negligence of the Volterrans in the custody of their pictures, I was thinking especially of the two fine works by Luca Signorelli in this apartment. One is of the Virgin with six Saints around her and two seated figures in the foreground; one head of the latter is completely obliterated rendering identification impossible. The second is an "Annunciation." The scene takes place in front of one of those decorative Renaissance-temples in which Signorelli delights. The restorer of this picture,—a very recent one—Cigna by name, as late as 1831, has been honest enough to have left a written declaration that he undertook the restoration "offended by the miserable stains upon it, *and* by the effects of a thunderbolt!"

These pictures, painted with all the power and masterful resource with which Signorelli was so abundantly endowed, though ruins, are splendid ones.

The picture first noticed came from the Church of S. Francesco. The "Annunciation" from the Cathedral. It will be pleasing to an admirer of the School of Siena to see here so many works of Sienese Masters. Pre-eminent is a singularly beautiful Benvenuto di Giovanni, the "Adoring Shepherds around the Virgin and Child," with beautiful predellas of scenes in the Life of the Virgin.

A fine triptych by Taddeo da Bartolo, and near this other works of his or of his followers. Of Baldassare Franceschini (Il Volterrano) there is a fine instance, "The Virgin and Saints," in which the figure of St. Francis is remarkably beautiful. Domenico Ghirlandajo is well represented by the "Redeemer in

Glory," with Saints Benedict and Romualdo, and in the foreground Saints Altinia and Greciniana, both of Volterran religious celebrity. This picture was saved from the collapse when the Badia of San Salvatore was wrecked by the landslip some fifteen years since. Neri di Bicci, a "Saint Sebastian between Saints Bartholomew and Nicola di Bari," upon panel. An inscription beneath gives the date March, 1476. Perhaps the picture by Leonardo da Pistoja of a Madonna and Saints, of all the works here, will be the most admired, and the more so, in that it has escaped both damage and restoration. The Infant is of infinite sweetness, as are also those of two Cherubim in the foreground. The four Saints are masterpieces. The two upon the left of the Madonna especially.

Volterra, with her somewhat fitful appreciation of art, and although claiming names of distinct mark amongst her painters and sculptors, can in no way be regarded as having originated a school. I suppose Daniele Ricciarelli to be her most distinguished artist;—certainly his fame is known throughout the world by his great picture of the "Deposition from the Cross," in the Convent Church of the Trinità at Rome. Pomerancio (Rancalli) and Franceschini (Il Volterrano) have already been noted as other lights. A Francesco of Volterra seems to have been the earliest artist of any mark. Vasari calls him Francesco di Maestro Giotto. There is no specimen of his talent in Volterra, but at Pisa in a fresco of "Job" in the Campo Santo he is said to have acquired some reputation. And another painter, a Jacopo di Francesco,—sometimes styled of Rome and sometimes of Volterra, is mentioned as having been of the earliest. We may add to the names of Rancalli, Ricciarelli and Franceschini, those of Annibale

Nicolaj, M. A. Gourgoncini, Camillo Incoutri. Pomerance is so near to the City that besides Rancalli, Nicola and Antonio Circigniani may fairly be included as Volterrans.

The Palazzo dei Priori is faced on the East by another Palace, a portion of which is arcaded, known as the Palazzo Pretorio. It is surmounted by a Tower, called the Torre della Piazza, and has three rows of Gothic windows. In this Palace are established the Tribunals, the Prettura, and the Sottoprefetture. The third side of the Piazza houses the inevitable Monte Pio and the Cassa di Risparmio, and occupies the site of some old palaces.

Nothing of any note is to be seen in the Palazzo Pretorio nor in the more modern buildings. Whatever animation is to be observed, however, in Volterra is to be found in this Piazza. Upon a market day the Piazza is cheerful and gay and bright with colour. Huge baskets and long stalls crammed with fruit and vegetables are presided over by chattering women—all wearing a grey or white wide-awake hat, which is the traditional female head-gear in Volterra. They are a civil-spoken lot, all the Volterrans, both men and women, respectful and self-respecting.

You have the same difficulty, however, in coping with the Tuscan dialect here as you have had at Florence and Siena and in other parts of Tuscany. We know, or we think we know, that the Etruscan dialect was unmercifully aspirated in every other letter of their sixteen. Here it seems to me that the Volterrans are even more aspirating,—shall I say exasperating? But they may aspirate as much as they like—so long as they do not beg. And for an Italian town Volterra is quite comfortably exempt from mendicants. You may discern from the Piazza,

—you certainly will be able to do so with a pair of glasses, perched high upon the Tower of the Piazza a strangely barbarous stone creature. Why there I know not. It has been called a rat, a pig, a wild boar. I thought it to be a badger. In its extreme old age it has finally received the appellation of Il Porcellino or "little pig." A true son of Volterra would call it Il Porhellino.

Volterra, as we see her to-day, may be considered generally to be of her Communal epoch, very much in fact what she has been for centuries. That arrangement has not been altered; no modern innovators have been here to substitute new piazzas for old ones, and with their regularities and rectangularities to "improve" out of all recognition the mediæval irregularities so dear to the tourist's soul. So that you can still wander about Volterra unvexed by municipal manias or ædilic-megalomanias. Neither has it been thought incumbent to erect towering factories for the needs of the alabaster workmen, numerous as they are—something like two-thirds of the inhabitants. These are generally established in old, unaltered, and now superfluous palaces. The vaulted chambers and deep alcoves which have been occupied by the workmen are often fine and always picturesque. All the streets, too, leading to the numerous gates of the City, reek with mediævalism. And each Gate is a picture.

I will very briefly point out a few of the salient features observable in some of the houses. The Case Torri-Buonparenti and Buonaguidi, joined by a lofty arch, beneath which the street passes, form a grand group. Quite worthy this of Perugia, and a fine instance of the ability of the Volterran architects in domestic architecture; if domestic it can be called where defence if not defiance has clearly been the

predominant principle. Yet considerations purely domestic have often been present, as evinced in certain tiny windows, sometimes with iron gratings, sometimes without. These were the nursery windows, so small that infants could occupy them without danger of falling out. Instances of these may be found in the Case Collarini and Miranceli in the Via Guidi, and in the Palace Pilastri-Borgiotti.

Another feature in the streets is the abundance of the carved " sigle " of " Jesus " and " Maria " placed over the doors. These are often of alabaster. Other noteworthy old Palaces are those of the towered Allegretti (now Guidi) and Caffarecci (now Brancacci). The latter near the most beautiful church door in Volterra, that of San Michele.

The Palaces of Inghirami, Ruggieri (now Maffei) and Viti, or Incontri, are amongst other notable houses in Volterra. The last is partly occupied by the modern Theatre upon which the Volterrans have conferred the name of Persius Flaccus, for that Poet was certainly born in Volterra, although he seems to have passed all his life in Rome. I do not think that he has ever referred to his birthplace in his writings. We can, however, understand that the Volterrans should be proud of him as the only Roman name honourably connected with the City.

The Casa Ricciarelli will, of course, be visited not only for its own sake as being still in the possession of the family, but for the pictures (still there) by their celebrated ancestor. The present representatives of the family are most amiable and courteous in permitting strangers to enter. Daniele's chief picture here is one of Elijah lying upon the ground with a gourd and a cruise by him and in a pretty landscape most notably un-Eastern. Although small it is a masterly work. His other picture is a Madonna with

the Infant and St. John. But Daniele's fresco, "La Guistizia," in the Pinacoteka at the Palazzo dei Priori, is much the best instance of the painter's ability. Though much damaged—(in Volterra, "ca va sans dire!") it is quite in the grand style. A Sodoma is also here, a "Marriage of St. Catherine." It is undoubtedly his, but not one of his best productions. One or two other pictures by Daniele Ricciarelli are to be seen in the Palazzo Inghirami. I think no work of sculpture by him is to be seen in Volterra. The only work of his I can recall, in that branch of art, is a bust of Michael Angelo at Florence.

Leonardo Ricciarelli who executed the finely carved and richly decorated work of the aisle-roofs in the Cathedral was a nephew of Daniele.

A fine massive house in the Palazzo Inghirami. The proprietor belongs to an old and famous Volterran family, and the Etruscan Tombs—already described, are situated on his property. He is of that family to which Fedra Inghirami, the immortalised subject of Raphael's picture in the Pitti Gallery—belonged. Every one who has been to Florence remembers that superb portrait of the Secretary to the Conclave, with his eyes cast up as though he were inspired. A replica of that famous picture remained here in this ancestral house from Fedra's times to a year or two ago. I believed it still here, and besieged the Palace somewhat too persistently. I learned my error before I had gained a suffragette-character for ringing bells. I found that it had recently gone to Boston; had been, in fact, sold to an American.

Alas! for the "res angusta domi." I don't think that I could have parted with an ancestor,—even if he had not been by Raphael. Like Charles Surface, I could have jogged along somehow. But to part with Uncle Noll, never!

Upon many of the house-walls are to be seen stone brackets, seeming to serve no particular purpose. In many cases these supported balconies,—now removed, yet in many instances they were merely props for beams and boards for masons and builders in their works of repair. The object of the rings and hooks observable above and beneath the windows suggests the insertion in the former of flag-poles, and of fastening on the hooks draperies and curtains, or even of drying the household linen. Such small details are not peculiar to Volterra. They are common to most old Italian houses. The Churches generally, of Volterra, do not demand any great attention. There are certainly two that should be visited, not for any extraordinary architectural merits, but for the fine things they contain. San Girolamo, *e.g.*, outside the City walls, is "de rigueur." It is a pleasant stroll also from out the Porta à Selci down the hill to the East. The Porta à Selci is the gate that opens upon the great Fortress,—and one that you will have visited to see the fine blocks of Etruscan masonry which are so conspicuous in this part of the *enceinte*. The arched Colonnade in front of the Church seems to have been an afterthought. It probably was added to enshrine two fine works of Giovanni della Robbia. One is of the "Last Judgment," the other represents St. Francis consigning the rules of the Order to St. Louis and to his beloved disciple Santa Chiara. The large picture upon the right of the High Altar, "The Madonna and Infant," with a large Company of Saints, is attributed to Domenico Ghirlandajo. Corrado Ricci, however, considers it a work of Zanobi. Crowe and Cavalcasetti attribute it to Giusto di Andrea, a pupil of Neri di Bicci. It is a fine work, whoever be the artist. More precious,

however, and, indeed, the particular gem of all the pictures in Volterra, is the picture opposite. It is by that pride of the Sienese school, Benvenuto di Giovanni, and represents the "Annunciation." The Virgin, awed yet serene, holy and calm, and with a remarkably long neck, is girdled about by heads of cherubim. A vase of lilies (the Virgin's flowers) stands between her and the Announcing Angel, Gabriel. San Michele, in full armour, transfixing a dragon, so gently, as it were, inadvertently, is just behind Gabriel. A very fair St. Catherine of Alexandria stands very erect behind the Virgin, and has her shattered wheel at her feet. The Almighty, surrounded with Cherubim, contemplates from above. And, finally, the donor of the picture in the midst of the inscription, "Benvenuto Joannis, 1466," is below in profile. It is a lovely vision.

The Franciscan who went round with me informed me that San Bernardino brought this picture with him from Siena in order to present it to this Church. That must heighten the interest of this beautiful picture for all who come here.

No apology can be needed for the introduction of St. Francis in the Della Robbias and in the large panel of the Madonna and Saints mentioned above. The explanation is that the Church was formerly dedicated to the Saint, and that there was here a confraternity of St. Francis (and still is), though upon a much smaller scale.

The present Church of St. Francis is celebrated for the Gothic Chapel dedicated to the Holy Cross, and for the frescoes commemorative of the famous Legend. Damp and neglect and then abundant restoration have played havoc with the original painting. Gianni di Francesco di San Gianni da Firenze, who has left inscribed a portion of that

portentously long signature, with the date of 1410 upon one of the frescoes, has been supposed to have been a pupil of Agnolo Gaddi, who himself painted a series of the same subject in a chapel of the Santa Croce at Florence. Some writers have been of opinion that the Volterra frescoes are free copies of the Florentine ones. Be that as it may, these frescoes, despite the plentiful reparation and the vivid modern colouring, form a remarkable illustration of early 15th religious art, and also of the costumes of that period.

Jacopo da Firenze (1410) has a share in the decoration of the Vaults and the Lunettes of the Chapel. It is not claimed for him to have illustrated any portion of the frescoes upon the Walls. Work of this kind is very scarce in Volterra, in fact this Chapel is unique.

The modern Church of San Giusto, a heavy and bare edifice of the 16th Century, is scarcely worth visiting for its own sake, yet it contains one or two paintings not devoid of merit. A Martyrdom of Saint Catherine, for instance, authorship unknown. It is rather for the platform or terrace without the church that I should counsel a visit to be made there. Here stands a row of rude mediæval statues, placed upon antique columns, of Saints Lino, Agostino, Clemente, and Giusto. These statues give a character and a dignity to this quaint terrace, while the whole scene commanded by it is of romantic beauty and interest. Certainly one of the most characteristic in Volterra. It could be wished, however, that, after the first Church of San Giusto had been swallowed up in the fatal Balze, the second Church had not been erected in a position still so perilously near to the scene of the disaster. For scanty remains recovered from the ruins of the old Church we must go to the Museum. There, an ancient cornice and

three or four arches of a slightly later date will give us an idea that the Church must have possessed much that was valuable of an extremely early period. A part of a frieze, *e.g.*, representing our Saviour between Saints Peter and Paul and flanked by cinerary urns, sacred to Saint Giusto and Clemente, and in which the ashes of those Saints probably rested, forms the rudest and oldest relic of mediæval art that is to be seen in Volterra,—and quite suggestive of Etruscan influence.

The Roman occupation of Volterra endured from her complete subjection by Sylla until the downfall of the Roman Empire, and as she had been previously reduced by Fabius and Scipio, it is strange that we should meet with so very few outward signs of the Roman occupation. The Piscina, a massive building, and still in excellent preservation, must be attributed to Roman times. For its style of masonry is quite in the Roman manner. A vaulted roof, supported by three naves of squared, even-laid blocks, with high and spacious openings between the columns. Remains of an amphitheatre, too, near the Porta Florentina, would seem to prove that the Romans settled down here for no transitory stay. There are traces of baths, some of the ornamental details of which are preserved in the Museum. Another evidence of Roman work—a very slight one, is the mutilated statue of one Prato-Marzio (Prete Marzi, as the people call it). It is passed on one's way to the San Giusto suburb. An arch near the Fonte S. Felice is also attributed to Roman times. Also the Roman work about and above the Porta all' Arco. These few remains are all, I think, that we can connect with the Roman occupation of Volterra. The Roman rendering of Etruscan names upon certain cinerary urns in the Museum have been alluded to.

CHAPTER VIII

NOTES ON THE HISTORY OF VOLTERRA AFTER THE ROMAN PERIOD

WE know nothing authentic of Volterra after the fall of Rome for many years. She seems to have sunk into utter insignificance, and, perhaps, into ruin.

When she once more returns into the partial light of history, it is as a sort of shuttlecock. Flung about by the shadowy hands of those who exercised an ephemeral supremacy in Italy. By Gallia Placida, Odoacer, Theodoric, Justinian, and, finally, by the Lombards. Annexed, subjugated, occupied by every one in turn, and with no history of her own, she could scarcely have known who or what she was, or by what name she was to be distinguished. At length, rather by the exhaustion of others than by any rejuvenescence of her own, she found a breathing moment wherein to recognise the dominion of Charlemagne. It seems that she was possessed of some small power of initiative at this moment, for she was the first among Italian Cities to do so.

As matters turned out, however, her choice,—if she had any choice in the affair, did not prove very fortunate. Volterra was never fortunate. For upon Charlemagne's death, the great Empire which he had

got together fell into the hands of many claimants and pretenders to his power. And Volterra for many years to come thenceforward was to be at the mercy of Saxon and Suabian Emperors, and to be governed by such representatives as those Rulers thought fit to send her. That Volterra must have been converted to Christianity in very early times is proved by St. Lino having been the first recorded saint in her history. Tradition asserts that St. Lino succeeded St. Peter in the Papal Chair about the year 67 A.D. It is in the connection of Volterra with Christianity that one of the most picturesque episodes in her history took place. It was, further, a momentous event that seems to have been of considerable effect upon her religious development.

It was early in the 6th Century that Volterra found herself hotly besieged by some of those ubiquitous barbarians, to whom in those enterprising times the aspect of a City set upon a hill immediately suggested plunder and assault. At the very moment when the City was most hotly pressed from without, and that famine within her walls was urging her to surrender, a small and quite unwarlike brotherhood of holy men suddenly arriving from Africa happen to land at Populonia, the ancient Port of Volterra. This apparently trivial event was destined not only to save Volterra from the fate which seemed to await her, but also largely to influence the course of her after-existence.

The immediate cause of the timely arrival of this band of Christians upon the shores of the Tyrrhenian Sea may be very briefly related. Thrasimundus, one of the Vandal Sovereigns of Africa, had come into conflict with some of his Bishops and Priests upon the subject of the Arian schism. These men found themselves unable to accept the faith as promul-

gated by the Arian Ruler. The names of these men were Bishop Regulus, two of his chief followers (Cerbona and Felice), two priests (Giusto and Clemente), and a devoted layman (Ottaviano). Most of these names have become famous in the religious annals of Volterra. They were all banished from Africa as contumacious heretics, and commanded to leave Africa forthwith. Making common cause together they set sail for Sardinia. A severe tempest arising during their voyage interfered with their journey thither and drove them far out of their course, and finally, as the winds would have it so, they found themselves one day smoothly gliding into the placid waters of the little Port of Populonia. Scarcely had they landed when they were informed that Volterra, the famous City of Saint Lino (and but a few hours distant from the Port) was in imminent danger of falling into the hands of a pagan horde. Here was an opportunity, it seemed to them, of succouring a Christian City in dire distress, and also, perhaps, of converting a heathen rabble.

These holy men were not slow to avail themselves of thus distinguishing themselves. Saints Giusto, Clemente, and Ottaviano at once set forth upon their pious enterprise, whilst Regulus and his disciples decided to remain for the present at Populonia.

Notwithstanding the close investment of the City, the Saints seem to have found themselves unhindered by the besiegers in their attempt to enter Volterra. Men, without weapons as they were, might have been considered as too insignificant to arouse suspicion even. Once within the walls, they appear to have reanimated the citizens by their courage, and to have astonished them by their miraculous powers. For the exhausted granaries were miraculously re-

plenished, and stores of food multiplied themselves throughout the City. It was the besieging Force now that was to experience the pangs of hunger. Goaded onwards, then, by the fear of famine, the besiegers made one supreme effort to capture the City. As they advanced to the attack their progress was checked, not by any counter-attack proceeding from the town, but by the unwonted appearance of the fields they were occupying. The ground was thickly strewn with loaves of bread. A shower of manna could not have surprised them more. Suspecting some artifice, or fearing some magical devices to be concealed beneath this show of plenty, at first they hesitated to avail themselves. But at length the temptation to eat proved stronger than their suspicions. And yet, further, as they approached the battlements, a torrent, not of arrows, but of loaves, rained upon them from the walls. Of what avail, they thought, to attempt the capture of a City manifestly protected by the Invisible Powers? How could they hope to prevail in a contest with such odds against them? So reasoned the barbarians, and, without waiting for the chance of further miraculous provisions, they incontinently fled from Volterra to pillage some other less impregnable stronghold.

Volterra thus delivered, St. Ottaviano took leave of his companions, and went off to devote himself to the life of a hermit in the vicinity. St. Clemente remained, and, yielding to the entreaties of the Citizens, consented, in 530 A.D., to become their Bishop. And here he remained, they say, for thirty years fully occupied, now in crushing rebellion, now preaching, now proselytizing. Yet he found time to be mindful of his old associates and to visit them. He was accustomed to withdraw himself to

a grotto close to that of his saintly brother St. Ottaviano, where he could, like him, reinvigorate his moral forces by solitude, privations, and prayer. It was in this grotto, indeed, that he passed away, upon the same hour of the very same day on which St. Ottaviano also drew his latest breath.

Thus much the legend. The reader will accept as much or as little of the miraculous element, according to the measure of faith that is in him. The substance of the story there is no reason to doubt. And Volterra has continued to this day to cherish the memories of all these Saints who had come from Africa not only to minister to her necessities, but to defeat her enemies.

Volterra's later experiences of bishops were to be not at all in consonance with those of her earlier times. A large part of her mediæval history, indeed, is taken up with struggles with these ecclesiastical viceroys, as they in reality were, of the Saxon and Suabian Emperors. These Bishops became the real governors of the Volterran district, and had quite usurped the functions of some shadowy counts who had preceded them and who still claimed some share in the government of the City, until they were altogether abolished by the Emperor Henry II.

Frederick Barbarossa still further consolidated the power of these Viceroy-Bishops, and Henry VI. even conferred the title of Prince upon the Viceroy of his time, Hildebrand Pannocchieschi, and gave him a much more substantial privilege, that of electing the two Consuls of the City. An unwise demonstration of despotic power, this last, and fruitful of future troubles. For Volterra, who had contrived to establish her Commune in this century,—the 12th—was not likely to acquiesce in the nomination of the two heads of the popular party by an irresponsible Viceroy.

Thenceforward for many years to come the history of Volterra becomes merely a record of incessant struggles between the Bishops, (aided by the feudal-lords of the district) and the popular party. Upon the whole the Commune gained ground. The feudal-lords were, though slowly, subdued, and eventually made their submission to the Commune.

The Episcopal Palace was upon more than one occasion besieged. And so much had the Commune got the better of their oppressive rulers that Bishop Galgano is said to have been put to death upon the threshold of the Cathedral itself.

The gradual assertion of their rights by the popular party and their acquisition of power in Volterra is very similar to other Italian States.

Yet in Volterra popular rights asserted themselves earlier than in Florence, and we may regard the year 1253 as the date of the virtual independence of Volterra, although the Bishops continued to exercise some very much modified rights even to the 14th Century. Differences had arisen between Volterra and Florence some years previously to the year 1253 upon the ever-agitating subject of Guelph and Ghibelline, and had been brought to a head in that very year by a great disaster inflicted by Florence upon the Ghibelline cause espoused by Volterra. Heavy as the blow undoubtedly was, it was repaired six years afterwards by the defeat of the Florentines at Montaperto by the Sienese. The Ghibelline cause being in the ascendant again, King Manfred took the opportunity of conferring upon Volterra a Ghibelline representative of his own. But King Manfred's death shortly afterwards reversed the order of things, and again a further misfortune was to decrease the influence of Volterra in Tuscany. San Gimignano, over whom she had always

asserted a sort of overlordship, invoked the aid of Florence.

Florence espoused the cause of San Gimignano rather too warmly, for in ousting Volterra she appropriated San Gimignano to herself.

Volterra and Florence had never been upon friendly terms. If not actually at war, Florence was ever seeking to humble her or to espouse the cause of any City with whom Volterra might be at variance. The prestige of Florence had always been great in Italy, even when she was not in possession of so much strength and wealth as she was in the 15th Century. She had partisans, open or disguised, in many Cities of Tuscany, who were ever working for the increase of her influence and for the extension of her dominions. It seems to have been so in Volterra also. Although Volterra did not suffer as much from the rivalries of great families as was the case in Perugia and in Florence herself, she was not free from them. And, in fact, it was from the disturbances and agitations caused by the predominance of the Belforti family, in her later history, that Volterra dates the rapidity of her decline. It was in consequence of the ascendancy of this family that Walter de Brienne, Duke of Athens, then at the head of affairs in Florence, took upon himself the "protection" of Volterra. That certainly denotes that Volterra was not wholly independent of Florence. Walter de Brienne signalised his brief tenure of power by the commencement of the great fortress early in the 14th Century. His misgovernment of Florence, however, caused his removal from both Cities very soon afterwards. Volterra, thus left to herself, was unwise enough to entrust her fortunes once more to the Belforti. This step was of no assistance to her in recovering her former status.

She appears to have lost all faith in herself and her fortunes. She was humbled so far as even to seek the aid of Florence in adjusting some difficulties which had arisen with the neighbouring City of Pisa. Florence eagerly embraced the opportunity of arbitrating, for it gave her the admirable idea of occupying Volterra for Volterra's own benefit.

It did not prove to be a permanent occupation, it is true, and Volterra was still permitted a thin veil of autonomy. But the end was not far off. Florence from that time, and until the final siege by Federico, Duke of Urbino, was virtually the ruler of Volterra, and in 1472 Volterra lost even the semblance of independence.

A strange fortune, indeed, that a great City which in times past could bid defiance for two years to all the efforts of a great soldier like Sylla should have been unable to withstand the assaults of a City not bigger than herself.

Time must have sapped the vitality of the old stock. The Volterrans, as they crouched round their desolated hearths and averted their gaze from the hideous scenes of ruin and pillage round them, must have realised that. Now all such scenes and considerations have passed away, for in modern Italy one City is as another, and rivalries no longer exist.

Perhaps, (it seemed to me so) the *joie de vivre* is not the dominant note in Volterra as it is in many an Italian town. I do not know that the conditions of daily life are harder here than elsewhere, or that the problem—a very insistent one in poverty-stricken Italy—of keeping body and soul together is tougher. I should say that provisions are quite as cheap here as elsewhere, and that unemployment is rare, and that, in a great measure, thanks to the inexplicably buoyant condition of the alabaster trade.

Perhaps it is that their aloofness from the bustle of the world gives a sombre tint to their spirits, or that the " remembering happier things " affects them.

It may be that constitutionally, unlike so many of the Latin Races, they find a difficulty in taking with a " frolic welcome—the thunder and the sunshine." Their clouds have no silver linings.

And, indeed, were it one's lot in life to be confronted hourly by the hugest, and if splendid, certainly the most obtrusive of prisons upon the one hand, and upon the other extremity of the City to have to contemplate the ravages of a sort of chronic earthquake—well ! one might observe, such a spectacle *is* rather calculated to " eclipse the gaiety of nations," as Dr. Johnson wrote when Garrick died.

CHAPTER IX

GROSSETO FOR RUSELLÆ—RUSELLÆ DESCRIBED

GROSSETO is but a few hours' railway journey from Cecina. For those who wish to explore the many Etruscan sites of the Maremma, this City will be found a very convenient and central headquarters. "The Queen of the Maremma" (as Grosseto is termed) offers the attraction of a comfortable hotel (Stella d'Italia). Therefore, unless the malodorous name of Maremma should perturb you, (and really here it need not do that) you may quite make yourself up for a stay. It is not in the inhabited Cities of the Maremma that the malaria is to be feared. It is in the sparsely populated districts around, "Lontano da Città, lontano da sanità," says an old Italian proverb. Indeed, since the Paludi di Castiglione e di Grosseto were drained, the health of the whole district around has undergone a great change for the better.

Although it was late in May, I was not under the impression that I was doing anything very adventurous in descending here. Nor was I deterred by sundry sombre jocularities from fellow-travellers as to the expediency of hurrying up my testamentary arrangements, and so forth. It may be allowed that the title of which Grosseto is proud, "Queen of the Maremma," is not a cheerful appellation. Rather

suggestive of a mephitic dominion, as of Proserpine and gloomy regions of Dîs. "Better to reign in hell than serve in heaven," Grosseto thinks, I suppose. Yet Grosseto and her surroundings *are* rather cheerful. A fortified town, also, with brick bastions and two gates, and possessing quite an imposing statue to Grand Duke Leopold II., who deserves well of his whilome subjects for having carried out great works of drainage around and planted the pretty groves and woods which much embellish the surroundings. A Cathedral, too, a work of the 13th Century, small, but extremely pretty, reminding you somewhat of Siena or Orvieto, (very much in miniature), possessing also a very good Madonna by the Sienese Matteo di Giovanni. And the little Museum, which contains "roba" from adjacent Rusellæ, and other Etruscan sites, will, of course, not be overlooked. Grosseto has no other association with Old Etruria, for her date is little earlier than her Cathedral. Rusellæ—the name has undergone no change—lies upon a spur of Monte Leone, and overlooks the valley of the Ombrone (anc. Umbro). It is an easy drive of four or five miles on the main road N.N.E. of Grosseto to the so-called Bagni di Rusellæ. Here you must descend, as the rest of the excursion has to be performed on foot.

A jovial-looking stripling emerging from a populous building at this point, (a sort of straggling Agricultural School has been here established) declared himself to be a quite competent guide to the ruinous stronghold of Rusellæ. Not only to guide, but to protect, for he appeared armed with a massive pitchfork. This formidable-looking weapon suggested that some difficulties were ahead, or that somebody or something hostile was to be encountered.

The enemy declared himself immediately after that

we had struck off across the fields to the right. A charge of white and very suspicious bulls, with threatening horns, disputed our most peaceful advance. The bearer of the pitchfork was not at all dismayed, and had no difficulty in stemming their advance by a few deft passes of his weapon. A few cries and a little more brandishing of the pitchfork sufficed to scatter them, and we were free to enter the copses through which the path to Rusellæ lay. You pick your way through these umbrageous though stony paths along the flanks of the hill of Torre Moscone for about half an hour, and then, turning to the left, you emerge upon the famous site. The general shape of the City may be roughly described as that of a truncated cone, enclosed by walls of huge blocks of masonry of various shapes and sizes, about a mile and three-quarters in circuit.

From the spot where you have arrived the City seems to divide itself into two fairly defined plateaux. The slightly lower one where you are standing is at this season of the year a dense field of wheat. So high it is, in fact, that you can discern little else for the moment, and you scarcely know where you are or upon what you are treading until you are brought to a standstill by some remains of brick arches ruinous and much overgrown. These vestiges are Roman: in fact, you have unconsciously been through the Roman theatre, now a sea of wheat. Broken tiles and fragments of pottery have been clattering beneath your feet, and you are dimly conscious that you have been avoiding some rather ominous holes during your advance. Wells, trap-doors, drains, cisterns, who knows? Fortunately the honest youth who guided had no archæological pretensions, and so made no suggestions whatsoever. Clambering upon a mound beneath which the Roman

arches are more or less buried, it was easy and interesting to acquaint oneself with the general appearance of Rusellæ.

You perceive in the first place that the walls are of two distinct styles.[1] The more ancient, of polygonal blocks, and the less so of horizontal and rectangular masses.[2] That is apparent, the latter style often surmounting the former.

Upon the Northern and Eastern walls the polygonal masses, and very huge some of them are, predominate. The insertion of small stones between some of the blocks is noteworthy. Yet it must not be regarded as a return to the oldest style of wall, called Cyclopean. For here the blocks have been smoothed and shaped for position, which is in itself a proof of a later civilisation. Most of the gates—

[1] First and oldest style is known as Cyclopean. Of Polygonal masses piled upon each other without any artificial adaptation of their sides, but the interstices occurring between each block filled up with small stones.

Second style Pelasgian, or more generally Polygonal. Still polygonal masses, but the sides of the polygone are shaped and fitted to each other, so that the exterior walls present a smooth and solid surface. This style in general appearance much resembles the paved stone roads of the Romans.

The third style, or Etruscan, as it is generally called in Italy, is that where you have horizontal courses, often irregular, of cut blocks of varying sizes, and the joints therefore not vertical.

It will be understood that in none of these styles has mortar or cement been used. Of the so-called Cyclopean there is no instance in Etruria.

Of both second and third styles together instances are to be seen in Rusellæ, Cosa, and Populonia. Of the third, or Etruscan proper, the best instances are those of Volterra, Perugia, Cortona, and Fiesole.

[2] Likely enough that this statement as to "polygonal blocks' may meet with cavil. Yet it will be allowed that much of the masonry here consists of blocks, "non-Etruscan," certainly.

six of which can clearly be made out—are upon the Northern and Eastern fronts.[1]

They are massive, lofty, and all of square form. So far as my examination went I observed no instance of an arch. It is difficult, of course, in the case of dilapidated walls such as these, to speak with any authority as to their original height. Upon the Western side the walls have been most damaged, and here in parts the repairs seem to be even of Roman work of horizontal blocks and of smaller size than we attribute to the Etruscans. On this flank, too, there are traces of a second or inner wall to strengthen and to support the higher ground. Much of this has slipped down. Upon the North side the walls are far higher, reaching to a height of 25 or even 30 feet, which is very high for an Etruscan wall, and upon the East to 15 or 20 feet. Upon the South and West, where the polygonal blocks are in considerable evidence, the walls seem to have been always less high, chiefly of a "retaining character," as in the wall at Populonia. The wall of Cortona, *e.g.*, which presents the best and most continuous series of Etruscan masonry in Italy, certainly does not anywhere exceed 15 feet in height. I should say that the average height there would not be more than 12 ft. The stone employed throughout—whether of the polygonal masses or of the Etruscan style—is of travertine and limestone, both stones inclining to a horizontal rather than to a vertical cleavage. The Pelasgi, then, must have had harder work than the Etruscans in shaping their blocks. I imagine that the stone was quarried in the neighbourhood, although I did not learn the exact spot. Micali

[1] I believe Mr. Dennis spoke of many more gates. His authority can never be disputed, but he was here many years ago, when the ruins may have been in a less pronounced condition.

Photo] [*Alinari.*

RUSELLÆ. PART OF ETRUSCAN WALLS.

[To face page 146.

detected diggings both of macigno and travertine within the precincts of the walls. If that was so, the Etruscans would have had little labour in the transport of their stone.

The reader who has seen the fine remains of the Republican period upon the Palatine will remember that the Romans were likewise enabled to draw their supplies of stone in the immediate vicinity of their buildings.

You can wander at will over the Northern and Eastern portions—the site, I suppose, of the Arx. But upon the other sides your progress is much impeded by the bristling bush and briar which has clothed the huge polygonal blocks. It has been so for centuries, for Polybius relates that during encounters betwixt Romans and Gauls in these districts, the Gauls, who were accustomed to fight almost nude, suffered severely from the prickly character of the bush and briar through which they had to penetrate. I could sympathise with the Gauls, although I was clad rather more in the Roman style than in the Gaulish, and yet the penetration of the thorns was severely apparent. I imagine that Rusellæ has been but little investigated in recent years. There is, however, a valuable map to be seen in the Museum at Grosseto in which the excavations made about one hundred and twenty-five years ago can be traced. The Roman theatre was then to a large extent disclosed. No tombs appear in that plan, and I believe but very few have ever been discovered. The site of the Necropolis is known, and lay unusually far off from the walls in a Westerly direction. Some tumuli are visible there, which might be perhaps profitably examined. If they be not,—as I suspect,—tombs which have been opened and reclosed.

Rusellæ by common consent has been designated

as one of the Twelve Cities of the Etruscan confederation. Yet the close neighbourhood of Vetulonia, one of the greatest of the Etruscan cities, seems to render the point doubtful. Livy, according to some commentators, having used the word "oppidum" and not "urbs" (in speaking of Rusellæ) meant to imply a certain degree of inferiority. But that is still a moot question. And really the notices of Rusellæ are very scanty indeed. Rome captured Rusellæ in the year 294 B.C., and Dionysius has told us that Rusellæ, in league with other Cities of the Etruscan Confederation, made war against Tarquinius Priscus.

It has been authoritatively stated that Arezzo suffered defeats upon two occasions here,—presumably in alliance with Rusellæ, against Rome,—and upon one such occasion Arezzo was in alliance with the Gauls.

In the second Punic War Rusellæ was still possessed of sufficient importance to be able to furnish supplies to Scipio. "Invited to contribute," I suppose would have been the euphonious term. One supposes that Rome, having her hands fully occupied by that war, did not care to drive the people of Rusellæ to extremities. Having captured the City, she probably left to it a semblance of autonomy until a more favourable period should arrive of entirely subduing her. In mediæval times Rusellæ is still found to be a place of some note, and even possessed of a bishopric. Nevertheless in the 11th Century it had dwindled into such feebleness and insignificance that it had become a mere shelter for bandits and outlaws.

Having no *raison d'être* for civilised existence, the sparse inhabitants were ordered to betake themselves to Grosseto, and Rusellæ, as an inhabited place, ceased to be.

The Monte Leone range of hills—upon one of which, as has been noted, Rusellæ was built—has of late years aroused much attention amongst Archæologists as having been the scene of some remarkable prehistoric defensive works.

So primitive, indeed, that Mr. Stillman, who some twenty years ago explored the district in order to convey to us some idea of their extreme antiquity, has styled them "pre-paleolithic." The particular portion of these lines which he investigated appears to be about eight miles in length, of a double wall, *i.e.*, sixteen miles of construction, and of 10 feet in width. The blocks of which this wall consists are simply piled one on another in such order as will enable them to lie solidly. "The blocks are not in the least shaped, and though in some cases of Cyclopean dimensions, they are as distinct from the earliest and Cyclopean walls as those are from the latest and most elaborate Pelasgic."

He proceeds, "On the summit of the mountain I found the remains of a Citadel, circular, and about 150 yards in diameter, and still preserving the form and extent of the original structure. . . . Excavations, moreover, showed only fragments of pottery of the rudest hand-made type, and corroded by the elements in a manner in which I never saw pottery before. Investigation of a tumulus in the enclosure gave the same results, corroded pottery and a few fragments of bones shapeless from corrosion. . . . We may safely conclude that these works antedate the indications of the Pelasgic, which has been the earliest determinable work of collective human effort known to us in Italy. The unique character of these extensive lines of defence seem to me to suggest that the dwellers on Monte Leone were a *sea-borne* colony from some foreign country invading Italy as permanent colonists."

The passage alluding to the supposed purposes of this work, and of the extension of it, and of the value of the Ombrone River, which in the defensive scheme washed the bases of the mountain-range, are too long for quotation, yet I have desired thus to point out to a traveller in these parts the suggestive character of these prehistoric remains in the neighbourhood of Rusellæ. "Remains so ancient, that in comparison with them the Pelasgic and Etruscan walls of this city take up almost a modern position."

It is curious in these antiquarian rambles over lonely hills and dales, how quickly you establish friendly relations with your peasant-guides and protectors. It is very much so, I think, in the case of Italians and Englishmen. A kind of "simpatia," it is (they say so themselves). There is some mutual attraction that they feel, as we feel, one for the other. They have heard some things of us not to our discredit, and Italians are pleasing companions, attractive in so many ways in countenance and bearing. Thrown together for a few hours out of the storm and stress of cities, in wild and solitary landscapes, having need, momentarily, of each other, you become friends. You like the glimpses of him which a few hours have given you. There is a whiff of mystery in the air. He may have been Pelasgian, Etruscan, Lydian, Assyrian, Amalekite, who knows? It is all very suggestive and agreeably problematical. Be that as it may, you have been friends for a brief hour or two. Then the cart drives up, and you drive away. The honest youth—he could do no more, waved a salute with his pitchfork—smiling and satisfied with us. Perhaps just a shade of annoyance on his countenance that he had not been able to make of that pitchfork an avenging weapon. Spirits! Perchance? "Oh, yes, he had

heard there are plenty of spirits in Rosella." "No! he had never seen one." "How did he know then?" "Oh, everybody says so." "What are they like, have you heard?" "Ma! qualche cosa terribile." I think now that he had brought his pitchfork with some hope of transfixing "qualche cosa terribile." Perhaps he was not wrong. For it has very lately been said by an Englishman, one who has been investigating ghosts and their haunts, in his native land, that "it is always a prehistorical place that is productive of spirits." In a modest village in Northamptonshire, *e.g.*, this ghost-seer had run down two Spirits. One wore the head of a pig,—the other was more terrible, he was headless! His theory was right, this gentleman declared, for he had ascertained that this modest village in Northamptonshire occupied a prehistorical site. What terrible things, then, may logically be hoped for, or dreaded, to issue out of the ruins of Rusellæ, where all dating must be left to wild conjecture.

I so wish that I could have told my Rusellæ lad of this ghost-seer's experiences. I think it would have cheered him upon his daily path, or, as "Tilly Slowboy" wished to have been, I could have "frightened him beautiful."

A small collection of Etruscan roba will be found in the little museum in Grosseto. Much of the collection has come from other sites, and there being no catalogue it is not easy to discover what things here are peculiar to Rusellæ.

But one article there is which common consent assigns to a Rusellæ Tomb, and which prouder collections would gladly acquire. It is merely a rude, terra-cotta pot or vase, inscribed with an archaic alphabet. This is a precious relic, and would be still more valuable could it guide us to an interpre-

tation of the tongue of which it should be the key. The letters may be either Pelasgic or Etruscan, for both races made use of similar characters. But upon this black bowl are inscribed 22 letters, which number is Pelasgic, for the Etruscans very provokingly limited themselves to the more archaic number of sixteen. In the Gregorian-Etruscan Museum of the Vatican there is a bowl or pot very similar to this. That was found in the Regolini-Galassi Tomb at Cerveteri (Cære), and contains many more letters than the Etruscans packed into their alphabet—it has 25. It is true that the instance before us has the two forms, Q and K, and also the Digamma, or later form of the F. But we are not helped much by that.

One would give a great deal to ascertain why these enigmatic men of old took their alphabets to the tomb with them. Was it for a course of winter-study in case they chanced to have some waking moments again? Had their education been so neglected in this life that they hoped to have a chance of repairing the deficiency in some other stage of existence? The only solution I can pretend to advance, not a very satisfactory one perhaps, is, that these tombs were at times occupied by the living, and that in one of the apartments therein, education may have been given to children. A schoolroom in short.

CHAPTER X

VETULONIA

IT is a long drive to Vetulonia from Grosseto, and you must make an early start, especially if you have any suspicions as to the intelligence, good-will, and energy of your vetturino. Should he break down in any one of these respects, he may endeavour to supply the deficiency by a display of obstinacy which will neither shorten nor enliven the journey. The first part of the journey is plain sailing enough, and traverses the no-longer dreaded Maremma, over the now drained "Palude di Castiglione e Grosseto," and on a good road. The country around has quite a verdant appearance, and is crossed and intersected by dykes and canals of the drainage-works which have already done much to counteract the evil influences of the formerly pestilential marshes. The number of men employed in these works of reclamation gives a civilised appearance to the country, and is quite after the heart of the old Etruscans who were so great in works of drainage and agriculture. It is not to them, indeed, that blame is to be attributed for the long spell of desolation and negligence that has brooded over these once fruitful plains. It cannot be, I fear, unattended with risk to the labourers, this work of grappling with marsh and swamp. Yet

the work is not allowed to continue during the summer months, and the men are paid highly (for Italians), five francs a day, one of them informed me, during the winter and early spring.

It is when you get out of this country and begin to ascend the wooded districts beyond, and find yourself on country roads and tracks intersecting one another that you may find, or rather, your driver may find himself in some confusion as to the country where Vetulonia is situated. For, the site of the old City—or should I say the site to which Vetulonia is now assigned—is not yet a familiar spot, and tourists are few and far between. It is only very lately that the site has been officially recognised. Here is the name as now authoritatively approved: "Vetulonia nell' agro Grossetano à Colonna sui Paludi di Castiglione della Pescaia." Certainly a lengthy inscription!

A liberal education in itself, and quite beyond the capacity of any one Vetturino to mark, learn, and inwardly digest, even had he learned to read and write. Yet he might have held on to the blessed name of "Colonna," which seemed to be the clue to the mystery, especially as the place has been known as "Colonna di Buriano," for some time past. Colonna (anc. Colonia) is supposed to be a part of the scene of the famous battle of Telamon, where in A.U.C. 520 the Gauls were routed by the Romans. As we shall see anon, in noting the ancient remains unearthed there, the place has suffered extensively from fire and pillage. So many hills and dales in the vicinity of this place have from time to time yielded valuable remains of archaic art that it is evident that the Etruscans have occupied very many towns along the coast whose names have perished. And almost every discovery that has been made of

tombs, vases, and other Etruscan remains, Vetulonia having been known to have existed *somewhere* in these parts, has been hailed with a shout of "Eureka!" It is not surprising therefore that archæologists should have so long been baffled. Mr. Dennis was persuaded, (some remarkable discoveries having been made in 1844 by an Engineer—Signor Pasquarelli) that the site of the ancient Vetulonia was in the vicinity of Magliano. The writer of Murray's Guide for Central Italy appears to have confirmed the soundness of Mr. Dennis's views. The present writer will not pretend to examine the pros and cons with regard to the claims of the site alleged. He will merely say that he cannot reconcile the views of these writers with those that have given Vetulonia to Colonna. The real discoverer of Vetulonia, and of the very extensive and valuable Necropolis of the City, has been Signor Falchi. It is under his supervision and personal direction that the work is daily yielding such valuable results. However far these doctors may disagree, the antiquarian will experience much archæological fervour when he finds himself mounting to this ancient site upon an ancient road. For around your path you will behold traces of ancient houses and columns and old masonry and fragments of old walls. Every evidence is around you of some old perished City, and a great thickly-wooded valley beyond upon the right, whence have been brought to light many an ancient tomb stored with archaic wealth. At first, as I glanced upon the old remains of houses and walls, I believed in the way of those inexperienced in things Etruscan, that here I had come upon the vestiges of an Etruscan City. A little closer examination and reflection made me see that I was looking at traces of a Roman occupation.

I suppose the cheerful and elevated village where

your journey ends to occupy the site of the Arx or Citadel of the City. It was startling to me to see the sea some hundred feet below on the West and South washing the base of the Village. Hence you could throw a stone down into the Tyrrhenian Sea. I have used the word "startling," for both Pliny and Ptolemy place Vetulonia amongst the "inland Colonies of Etruria," a description which certainly will not answer to this sea-girt hill-town. But a greater surprise was at hand. For turning myself round towards the valley of the Ombrone I perceived, —not more than six or seven miles distant apparently —glinting in the noonday sun like a castle of quartz, the venerable and now familiar walls of Rusellæ! Had only one earnest investigator of Etruscan sites been able to say "Vetulonia is situated upon high ground seven miles due West of Rusellæ,"—how much rummaging and ransacking of ancient sites we should have been spared!

At present, in this clean and interesting little hill-town, a great deal of animation prevails as fresh discoveries are daily being made in the adjacent dales and farms round about under the guidance of Signor Falchi at the head of the Government Archæological Department. Farmers and the contadini are assuming airs of importance scarcely dreamed of formerly. One feels that one would swell with justifiable pride if in one's own little farm one had unearthed an ancient helmet, as happened here yesterday. Not to mention some twenty helmets that were discovered a few weeks ago, all heaped together in a pit with no traces at all of the heads which they had covered,—how many hundred years ago? I went with a contadino to his cottage where these and other spoils of the past were on view. Naturally I was anxious to possess myself of one or

even two of these precious Gaulish or Roman relics of the past. But the present owner of them would not sell except "en bloc." Thus I had to forego my desire, as I was journeying to other ancient sites, and I could not well go jingling about with twenty helmets on my tour, and many of them, too, had suffered. I suppose the explanation of so many having been found together (not in a tomb) may be that as the tempest of battle swept over the district, —some of the slain—(one hopes that they *were* slain) were hurriedly disposed of in this way. One supposes that helmets were of so little value that those who buried the dead did not even pause to appropriate the head-gear of the slain. However that may be, now they have passed into the hands of those who may profit by them. The present proprietor told me that the owner of the land wherein such valuable objects are found, is allowed by Government to retain two-thirds of his finds—the other third going to the Government Museum,—in this case at Florence. This little town possessing no museum, and the owners of the subterranean wealth being generally disposed to sell their lawful share, it may be supposed that in the long run Florence manages to make larger acquisitions than her original title gives her.

It is very curious that the site of Vetulonia should have been so utterly lost for so many centuries, for although the notices of ancient writers are scanty we have learned that she was a large City and of sufficient eminence to rank amongst the twelve cities of the Confederation. Some writers, too, have claimed for her a peculiarly Lydian character.

She owed her foundation to a Lydian Colony, so they say, whether or not that claim may be extended to Etruria generally. And her Lydian origin is based upon the peculiarly distinctive character of certain

institutions, symbols, and inventions, and which at a later period she passed on to Rome.

The *lictors fasces* with axe, the curule chair of ivory, the regal purple robes, the sceptre surmounted by an eagle, the bronze war-trumpets; all these things are first heard of in Italy as at Vetulonia. These insignia were sent from Vetulonia either as tributes to a Suzerain or in token of alliance to Tarquinius Priscus, or, (for their accounts differ,) to Tullius Hostilius. Dionysius of Halicarnassus and Silvius Italicus have made these statements. Ptolemy called the City Vetulonium. The Etruscan name was Vetluna. Upon some coins the sign is merely a "V" they say, but I make out the letter to be a Pelasgian "S," and certainly "V" is not Etruscan. The well-known Via Clodia must be near here, for it has been traced to the adjacent City of Populonia. It is very possible that it ran also to Vetulonia and that I traversed it to-day.

Mr. Dennis was much in favour of Talamone[1] being the ancient port of Vetulonia. Yet I think Talamone too distant, and it must be remembered that that author placed the site of Vetulonia at or near Magliano.[2]

I think that Telamon (modern Talamone) might more plausibly be assigned to Rusellæ as her Port. The River Ombrone,—which was navigable in old days,—and which can be said almost to wash the walls of Rusellæ, would have connected that City with the Sea very near Talamone. To Vetulonia,—if we accept the present site,—having no harbour of her own, might be assigned a small Port now known as

[1] "Telemon" was called by the Etruscans "Tlamne," after the Argonaut Telamon, it is said. From this place some remarkable remains of a Temple, *vide* Etruscan Museum at Florence.

[2] *Vide* Murray's "Guide to Central Italy." Albegna, p. 218.

Castiglione della Pescaja—or even Populonia itself. But I must make no further conjectures of the kind for the data are quite insufficient. As regards the site at present assigned to Vetulonia, one fervently hopes that the award may be regarded as final, and that we shall not again have to start upon a further quest; or this village will have to take legal proceedings against a new pretender to the rights which it has lately taken over, and whether this be the genuine Vetulonia or not, we are undoubtedly upon the remains of a great and wealthy Etruscan City. The very extensive Necropolis, the number and importance of the Tombs, some of them bearing traces of painting, and the rich and varied nature of the bronze objects discovered in them are sufficing proofs.[1]

If the abundance of the "hut" cinerary urns and the archaic style of much of the pottery found here be proof of great antiquity, Vetulonia should be one of the most ancient of Etruscan Cities. Another evidence pointing to the antiquity of the City would be, I fancy, the absence of inscriptions.

As regards the great number of the "hut" cinerary urns, I might add that I regard that as an argument against the alleged Lydian colonisation of this City, for no such type of cinerary urn has ever been found in Lydia, and I believe that people there were generally in favour of the burial of their dead.

Unless for a chance discovery during your day at Vetulonia, or for the sake of visiting some cleared-out tomb in the vicinity that may yet remain open,

[1] In some of the passages above which seem to suggest doubts as to the present site, I have had undoubtedly passages from Pliny and Strabo in my mind. One of these passages says that Vetulonia was an "inland colony," another says that "Populonia was the only Etruscan City situated upon the Sea."

you will find little to detain you. The bulk of the archaic wealth of the City and the environs has gone to Florence, and it is in the Etruscan Museum there that you will be able to study it. The spoils of each Etruscan City have a room or two assigned to them, almost every article is labelled and ticketed so that you can inform yourself quietly and without hurry upon the nature and character of every branch of Etruscan art.

Such being the case I will proceed to point out the more remarkable objects to be seen in the Museum, and will designate in some cases the farm or tomb whence the trouvaille comes.

And pre-eminent amongst such discoveries are two large bronze vessels of that form which is known as "Lebes" of a type well known in terra-cotta, and frequently to be met with in collections of ceramic ware. I believe these bronze specimens to be unique, and of a style and character not to be matched elsewhere in Etruria. They were found in 1905 in a Vetulonian Tomb, which has been appropriately named "Tomba dei Lebeti." The larger of the two bowls seems, says Professor Milani [1] to have been dedicated to (Etruscan) "Tufetha" (Hera-Gea) the consort of Tin, or Tinia,—or Jove. For her head,—in duplicate, appears upon the top of the bowl to which she is fastened by her wings. Rings are attached closer to the mouth of the vessel, evidently for suspension by chains (the chains are deficient). Around the bowl and fastened by their necks are six heads of lions, each with gaping jaws and with enamelled eyes to intensify their savage expression. The smaller lebes is similar in treatment, though six heads of gryphons are substituted for those of lions. Two heads of Tin or Tinia, in form and fashion of

[1] Professor Milani, Director of the Etruscan Museum at Florence.

head-dress of the Assyrian type (Ahura-Mazda, says Professor Milani) answers to that of the Goddess—also of the Assyrian type upon the larger vessel.

The gryphons are as formidable in appearance as the lions, and like those are fastened by their necks to the bowl. This lebes has also rings for suspension. These vases are supposed to have been awarded to victors in the games. The masterly style and superb workmanship of these very fine vessels—all hammered work be it noted—fully bear out the traditional fame of Vetulonia in the arts and crafts.

Yet great as is their artistic merit, the peculiarly Assyrian decoration of them seems to me of even greater value, as establishing a connection in the theogonies of the two countries. If, by means of these remarkable vessels, we may be able to trace out that the Assyrian deities were not unknown to or unworshipped by the Etruscans, we shall have made a great step forward in the science of Etruscology. There has been of late years an increasing tendency to deny to the Etruscans any art-faculty at all. The fame of her bronze-work at least has been vouched for by the Greeks themselves, and so, notwithstanding the Assyrian character of the details of these vessels, let us trust that the Etruscans may be credited with their manufacture, and that we may never see them labelled as "made in Assyria."

Another bronze article, although of quite a different character, is a "Kottabos" found recently, not in a Tomb, but outside the City-wall near the Arx. This is a bronze rod or thin column of about 7 feet in height surmounted by a saucer or shelf with a larger shelf or saucer in the centre of the rod. The "Kottabos"[1] was an Etruscan game in which a coin

[1] This Kottabos must not be confused with the "game,"—so often illustrated upon the Greek vases. That was a game of casting wine out of a cup at a given and rather remote spot.

was thrown up and was to be lodged upon one of these receptacles. The top is surmounted by a dancing Satyr. Other "finds" lately made are of bronze candelabra—one being of four branches of four burners each. From such a specimen we learn how liberally the Etruscans were accustomed to illuminate their sepulchres. One wishes that these were suffered to remain in the tombs and that we could benefit by them still instead of groping through these dark abodes with the tallow dip—which is all the light that is vouchsafed to the investigator of to-day. One understands now that the artists who painted the walls of the tombs were very much better provided with light than we are to-day. Indeed, how could they have painted at all had they not been amply supplied with torches or candles?

The contents of the so-styled "Tomba del Duce" are amongst those which will chiefly claim your attention, and not only as proofs of the great skill of the Vetulonian artists in fashioning bronze, but as showing the violence of a great conflagration which must have swept over the entire City. A large bronze cinerary bowl, *e.g.*, containing charred *débris* of swords and shields, pateræ, horse-trappings, couch-decorations, candelabra—some of which are fused together by the fire—is in itself a suggestive spectacle. It is curious to note that the helmet of the warrior has escaped uninjured. The long bronze cinerary urn which contained his ashes (twice cremated one fears) was decorated with silver ormentation also in the Assyrian style. It still retains valuable portions, *e.g.*, winged monsters, gryphons and sphinxes between boldly executed scrolls of the anthæmion pattern. From these and other instances here, ornamentation in the Assyrian manner seems to have prevailed in Vetulonian art. The action of the flames must have

been very fitful *there* to have destroyed so much that was solid, and *here* to have spared so much that was fragile. A small bronze boat, decorated in similar fashion, was found in the same tomb. The warrior, perhaps, may have been an Admiral or a Pirate: a synonymous term in those lawless times, for in those irregular early days of Etruscan maritime supremacy piracy seems to have been more than winked at. One portion of the silver plating of this boat is of an astounding design. It is simply a flowing pattern of Norman arches intersecting each other and thus forming Gothic arches in the precise mode in which the Gothic style is said to have originated. It is startling to find ornamentation such as this turning up in the tomb of an Etruscan. Here also are to be seen the remains of the warrior's bronze Biga and of the bronze trappings of his horses. The horses' bones, if they were placed here—(the precedent is not unknown)—have vanished as completely as their master has done. Much, too, of this bronze work has suffered from the flames, some portions being completely fused. Many other remarkable articles in the vicinity of the above may be noted. A three-pronged pitchfork (this portentous-looking implement recalled to me my youthful guide at Rusellæ !) ; more horse-trappings of good twisted open work ; and fibulæ in great abundance. Many of these last are strung together like necklaces (this has been done by the authorities here to keep such numerous articles of the type together). The extraordinary abundance of fibulæ in gold and bronze, and often of terra-cotta, is explained by the fact that such articles were made use of not only in Etruria but all over the world by both sexes in fastening their draperies. And now we can examine some of the articles in gold, and the Vetulonians were fine goldsmiths. As an example, regard

a plate or band formed of a procession of sphinxes and winged lions in repousée work. This, again, is quite Assyrian in style. Gold necklaces, too, are plentiful, one with pendant heads representing monkeys' faces. Some of them were obtained from the Tomb, "à Tumulo—della Pietrera,"—wherein were discovered some remarkable and rude sculptures of the stone called "pietra fetida." These are of very primitive art and are attributed to the 7th Century B.C. The Tombs, known respectively as "degli Aquastrini" and "Milastroni," have produced finely decorated gold bracelets and fibulæ.

Another Tomb from the Poggio (Farm), "alla Guardia," has yielded up five or six prettily worked thin gold bracelets and some gold fibulæ worked in slight relief with wolves or foxes. The "Tomba della Pietrera," alluded to, was situated beneath an earthern tumulus, as was the case with most of the more important tombs throughout Etruria. This Tomba della Pietrera was one of the Necropolis proper and was unearthed in the excavations of 1891-93. A type of cinerary tomb frequent in Vetulonia is that known as "à pozzetto," and I should suppose,—as the cinerary hut-urn is often found within the jar,—of a very early epoch. The mouth of the jar or bowl is closed by a cover of stone, or sometimes of bronze, often of the shape of a shield. The same type is found elsewhere—at Volterra *e.g.* Here, I think, it is more common. A few words upon the cinerary hut-urns of terra-cotta may be allowed. For it is beyond dispute that they do represent the humbler dwelling-places of the early Races in Italy. I say Italy,—because the discovery at or near Albano a few years ago of some beneath the lava, which had flowed from the old volcano of Monte Cavo, shows that the style was familiar in Latium too. One

Photo] [*Alinari.*

TOMBA DELLA PIETRERA, ENTRANCE. VETULONIA.

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supposes that the original habitation was formed of wood. Be that as it may, the skill with which these terra-cotta models have been wrought is very remarkable. Every detail of the original habitation has been minutely rendered. In form more generally elliptic than circular, the roof which forms the cover or lid is decorated by beams and rafters. It has a square door and a square window both defined by three lines of moulding; over the roof lengthways, and exactly in the centre, is a raised pipe no doubt to carry off the smoke of the fire, which in ancient times blazed upon the floor. Three pairs of twisted ornaments shaped like horns stand out upon the roof. These probably were introduced as ornaments for the purpose of concealing the pipe which the inhabitants may have considered unsightly. The hut is often incised or scratched outside with mere lines, just as the ruder and earlier vases are scratched. One curious feature of this urn is that the door has a handle affixed in the interior. One supposes that the hut was thus closed from the interior before the cover and roof were finally placed in position. Generally with the ashes within are found little terra-cotta vases.

Possibly the oldest of all relics yet discovered at Vetulonia is the stele of "Aulu Elusker." A warrior heavily armed, he is scarcely more than incised upon the stone. The value of it lies in the inscription which goes all round the square slab—merely scratched also. But any signs of writing in this part of Etruria being so scarce are suggestive. The stele is of a ruder style than that of Volterra or of Pomerance.

I noted here also some good terra-cotta figures with pateræ in their hands of a style superior to the general terra-cotta work of Vetulonia, and also two

or three heads of the same material of quite a Greek type of the kind found at Taranto and other places in Magna Græcia. It is possible that they were imported thence, although I do not agree that Etruria owed much in that way to Magna Græcia,[1] for I believe that her early trade-routes were quite other than from the South.

Whilst we are engaged upon the terra-cotta work of Vetulonia the reader will permit me to draw his attention to a quaint example. It is a terra-cotta boot elaborately worked with tags and bosses, laced round the ankle, and with a thick sole. It is quite our modern shooting-boot. Another instance that the Etruscans were very nice in their mode of shoeing themselves. It is just possible that this also was used as a cinerary urn, for there was no limit to Etruscan ingenuity in startling exemplars of the kind. You will notice in the glass cupboards arranged round these rooms an infinite *olla podrida* of "objets" generally of bronze. Daggers, axes, censers, rings, bracelets, beads, intermixed with articles of glass and ivory. Bronze razors, too, are very much in evidence. These are often in the shape of three-quarter moons. Much jagged their edges are now, and queer articles to be found in tombs. But that they were generally used by the Etruscans is proved by the smooth chins and faces to be observed in the portraits upon the sarcophagi. Some writers say that the large number of the small terra-cotta pierced whorls to be seen in this Museum served for passing the threads through when engaged in spinning. Others are of opinion that they were attached as weights to keep down the garments of the dead. Few coins that can be

[1] Although many vases found in Etruscan Tombs bear the name of artists known to be of Magna Græcia, I believe that these were of later importation.

assigned to Vetulonia have been found, and those few like the bronze idols do not come from tombs, but from scavi. I do not think that the Etruscans coined silver freely, and gold much less. I think that generally they confined themselves to copper.

I do not suppose, as the Vetulonian coins are neither numerous nor sufficiently interesting, that the visitors to the Museum will devote much time to them. I think that the reproduction of certain Tombs from Vetulonia and Volterra in the courtyard of the Museum will prove of far greater interest. Indeed, it is possible to learn much more here of the Etruscan mode of constructing their sepulchres than upon the sites themselves. For in some cases the tombs and their actual materials have been bodily transported and re-erected here.

So varied and important have been the discoveries at Vetulonia that we seem even to have added a little more to our small stock of knowledge about Etruria.

The strong influence that the art of Assyria, even a religious influence too, seems to have had on Vetulonia at least, sets ones thoughts Eastward again. Perhaps after all it may be in the City of Vetulonia where the Etruscan sphinx will have to "climb down"!

CHAPTER XI

POPULONIA

IT is but little over an hour's railway-journey from Grosseto to Piombino—where you will descend for the drive to Populonia. You have to change trains at Campiglia for the branch line to Piombino, and thus you may have a few minutes to admire the fine and lofty position of that small hill-town. It is crowned by the ruins of a mediæval Castle. Here, formerly, some archæological authorities were wont to place the site of Vetulonia, chiefly because some ancient tombs and remains of old buildings had been unearthed in the vicinity. In the 16th Century indeed, there lived an imaginative archæologist, named Leandro Alberti, whose "inward eye" was on so enlarged a scale that he conjured up a wooded amphitheatre crowded with shattered columns, broken statues, tombs, ancient masonry, wells, Etruscan inscriptions, and so forth. These things he declared to be portions of the long-vanished Vetulonia. No man living has ever beheld this *fata morgana* conjured up by that wild and wandering eye.

It was alleged subsequently by Inghirami (an archæologists of Volterra), who was writing about ninety years ago, that his imaginative predecessor had not even visited this romantic site, but had boldly copied a MS. written by a preceding and equally

imaginative author, a certain Zaccaria Zacchio of Volterra.[1]

This phantom of a Vetulonia having been long ago laid to rest by the discovery of a more substantial City we may resume our journey to Piombino. I think that Felice Bacciochi, the brother-in-law of Napoleon, must have rather grimly contemplated this portion of his principality of Lucca and Piombino presented to him by the great warrior, when he first came to look at it. And one can imagine how Eliza his wife—"the Semiramis of Lucca" as she got to be termed—would have regarded it! For it is certainly a miserable straggling townlet upon the seashore. Featureless, dirty and unsympathetic, entirely given up to two thousand charcoal burners, boatmen, fishermen, and porters. It is merely an appendage of Porto Ferrajo, neighbouring Elba's more lively harbour. I endeavoured to soothe myself by recalling that Piombino has one association with the classic past. Once upon a time a Greek Statue of Apollo, with a Greek inscription, was fished up in the harbour, but I know not where it has gone to.

No one could seek shelter (it was bad enough to eat there) in any one of the low and dirty inns to be found in the wandering, long street which makes up Piombino. The limited resources of Piombino proved equal to the production of some sort of ramshackly vehicle,—feeble beast and tattered harness inclusive,—equal to the effort of compassing the five-mile drive to the famous site of Populonia.

It is a pleasing excursion, the grimy buildings left behind, mounting through copses and young woods fresh and smiling in their renovated May verdure, and sonorous with the songs of birds. As you approach Populonia, the lofty, bold headland

[1] I have extracted the above story from Mr. Dennis's "Cities and Cemeteries."

beyond, you have first to descend to the deserted seashore of the Bay of Baratti, once so busy with life and activity, and then you enter a real forest of young trees. Ascending through these woods (it is a steep ascent) you find yourself upon the commanding height upon which Populonia stands. It is a magnificent position, and a very strong one in those ancient days when the City had always to keep a watchful eye upon her valuable possession of Elba—Æthalia, as its name then was (Ilva in Roman days), and seems upon the authority of Servius to have belonged in still older days to Corsica and wrested from that island by Volterra, to which Populonia formed the port. Upon Elba Etruria chiefly depended for iron and copper, which were smelted at Populonia and then passed on, chiefly to Volterra, who derived much of her wealth from these materials.

It does not appear certain that Populonia was reckoned amongst the Twelve Cities of the Confederation. Indeed, being subject to Volterra, which was one of the Twelve, it would have been highly improbable. Yet her importance was great and her antiquity undoubted. Virgil, whose fame as an archæologist is ever increasing, describes the City in his Æneid as being one amongst others that furnished six hundred warriors in aid of Æneas. In very much less ancient times Populonia is heard of, like Rusellæ and other Etruscan cities, as complying with the demands of Scipio for contributions to aid him in carrying on the war with the Carthaginians. In her case it was to be iron. The classic archæologist speaks of a famous temple of Juno here. I suppose it to have been a Roman temple, for the Etruscan name for Juno was Thalna and sometimes Cupra. Pliny refers to a curious Statue as existent here in his day, of a Jupiter hewn out of the trunk of a vine. It should have been Bacchus rather, or Phuphlans, as the

Etruscans called that god. For the Etruscan name for the City was Pupluna, evidently derived from Phuphluus,[1] or "Pup," "tout court," as is found upon some of the coins, but I have not seen "Pup." The circuit of the City is but slight,—I should think barely a mile. Portions of the Etruscan wall are still *in situ*, chiefly upon the Western side. They are called here "I Massi." The arrangement is of the customary Etruscan style, parallelopids in horizontal courses, the horizontal being irregularly maintained. The blocks, though often imposing in size, are inferior in length and breadth to many of the Etruscan walls elsewhere. The character of the rock is not of a very solid nature and the blocks have often split. Thus it is difficult to ascertain their original measurement. The height of the walls also is slight, I should think not averaging more than 12 feet, and to be regarded rather as a retaining embankment than as an *enceinte* for protection. Traces of the Etruscans, other than their walls, there are none whatever. And the Romans also, who rather unaccountably thought fit to colonise, temporarily at least, every place they captured, have left us but little. Some half a dozen vaults known as "concamerationes," a fragment of a mosaic, and some reservoirs just serve to remind us of Rome's irrepressible ubiquity.

The last thing we hear of Populonia in Roman times is that she was snuffed out—like Volterra—by Sylla. And we have a later note of Populonia in the 9th Century. The Saracens who were for ever darting about the Tyrrhenian coasts during that period, are reported to have expunged whatever remained of any value. But they could not have found

[1] It is said by ancient authors that Populonia was once in possession of Corsica and also of Elba. Corsica was a Phocæan Colony. The famous battle between Agylla and that Colony is referred to in the account of Cære.

very much, unless they dug on the chance of finding buried valuables.

The position of Populonia has never been, I believe, quite abandoned. The site has proved too attractive. And here accordingly the old family of Desiderii have long been in possession of an ancestral castle and exercise such feudal rights as the 20th Century permits to them. I suppose, too, that the very sparse inhabitants around the castle walls may be regarded as not having much more occupation than they may find in ministering to the needs of the present lords of Populonia. My needs, were I one of them, would rather be those of incessant excavation, or—when the condition of the crops did not permit that—to add yet another chapter to the great volumes of Napoleonic chronicles. One of the Desiderii dwelling upon this suggestive eminence might well inhale inspiration for such a work, as his glance takes in from this fine headland some of the scenes for ever connected with the great Conqueror's career. Corsica,—Napoleon's birthplace, the mountainous and straggling looking island upon the far South, and the nearer and more modest island of Elba a patch of colour upon the South-East.

It scarcely needs a great effort of imagination to behold the "King of Elba" on board that boat yonder, fleeing from his tiny and transient dominions for Frejus and thence to Paris, until the thunderbolts of a wearied Olympus struck down the Man of Destiny at Waterloo. But let us shake off the associations of yesterday and return to our Etruscan realms withdrawing our glance from these historical islands. Turning to the West, and with a pair of glasses, you should make out Leghorn and beyond that the Gulf of Spezia. Upon this gulf lay Luna or Luni, the extreme North-West boundary of Etruria, and in the very ancient days of her fame, her most

important naval possession. Although the name of no City has come down to us, the frequent discovery in modern times of Etruscan Tombs and other ancient remains along the coast between Populonia and Luni attest the wide dissemination of the Etruscan Race along those shores.

Much exploration of the site of Populonia has been made, and many Tombs upon the Southern slopes, and also upon a hill to the East, have come to light. Yet it is probable that future excavations may bring to light a great deal more when the Necropolis proper has been further investigated. Nevertheless, the discoveries that have already been made prove that Populonia had either manufactured or imported articles of artistic worth not inferior to those which have been found in cities such as Volterra or Orvieto. Most of these discoveries are to be seen in the great Depository of Etruscan art at Florence. These will be alluded to at the end of the Chapter.

Very silent, deserted, and solemn is the little harbour of Baratti now. Yet a meditative half-hour passed upon the sands as the curvetting waves play upon the deserted shore will not be without many suggestions. For this was Populonia's harbour. Here in Etruria's prime were the dock-yards in which her argosies were fashioned. Here her fleets started to overawe the adjacent seas, to reduce the Phocæans to obedience, or to bring back from Æthalia (Elba) those precious ores of iron and copper which were so great a source of wealth to the Etruscans. Hence, too, it is to be feared sailed most of those purely piratical excursions for which Etruria was so famed. Nor did she incur much obloquy in such lawless ventures, for in those rude times public opinion did not discriminate too nicely between corsairs and admirals. Here were the great

smelting furnaces in which Æthalian iron and copper were to be fashioned and distributed throughout the land. I do not know if any remains of these great furnaces have been traced, but I think if we could clear some of those copses which clothe so richly the slopes of Populonia and to excavate we might discover some pits, and likely enough the traces of roads which went up to the City. But now not a sail is to be seen in the Port, not a hut upon the shore, not a human being! I have been too hasty. There is one low, modern tower, and there is one individual. The low tower serves as a *douane*, or coastguard,[1] and the individual is the *douanier* (doganiere), who is dissimulating excessively to be on the *qui vive* for a smuggler. Yet, as no one comes, or hath come since the beginning of a month or two ago, the *douanier* is but too glad to have a quarter of an hour's chatter with the rare tourist and to receive from him the rarer journal, such as the "Secolo" of Grosseto or the "Corriere" of Piombino, and to know the latest horror. There is certain to be something in either journal to curdle his blood, or to stimulate his fancy, and to divert his eternal contemplation of a deserted port. A "coltellata" at Grosseto, for example, or a "donna tagliata in pezzi" at Piombino. For Italian journals depend much upon their circulation in disseminating the sensational. And so, leaving our doganiere to spell out such startling announcements and amidst repeated cries of "buon viaggio" from him, we leave the historic shores of Baratti and drive away upon our return homewards. And by a sudden and happy inspiration direct the driver to make for a handier station (it could not be a humbler one),

[1] Near this little tower was unearthed some years ago a mosaic, evidence of Roman occupation at all events. The Etruscan arsenal is said to have been situated about the centre of the bay.

called Poggio d'Agnello, and so avoid altogether Piombino of recent and squalid memory. And Poggio d'Agnello is really the best and nearest station to alight at for Populonia. But in that case you would have to order a vehicle to meet you from Piombino, for the resources of this village are not equal to the production of a carriage.

In the room in the Florence-Etruscan Museum assigned to Populonia are to be seen the most valuable examples of the trouvailles. Yet, as I have noted above, the number of them seems small considering the fame and importance of the City. The small number of vases hitherto obtained from the Tombs suggests that the Necropolis has been imperfectly explored, yet the style of those here is exceedingly good. That is faint praise indeed for the two large hydriæ which were found two or three years ago. I do not think that at Vulci itself, that treasure-house of Greek ceramic art, finer instances of the grand style of the 4th Century have been discovered. For brilliancy of patina, for graceful forms, for refinement of design, for perfection of drawing, they seemed to be unique. The figures are red upon a black ground. One vase tells the story of "Phaon," the other that of "Adonis." Both lovely stories, told as only a Greek artist in love with his subjects could tell them. What grace of attitude, what loveliness of forms, what beauty of heads and features, what refinement, and yet what "abandon" in movement and pose! And the exquisite simplicity of the draperies! A purist might perhaps take objection to the introduction of gilding into the decoration. Yet gilding has been very sparingly introduced. A wreath here, a necklace there, has just been touched with gold; no more, you scarcely remark the employment of gold until you look closely into the details. Another marvel

reflects upon the skill of the artist of to-day. For these vases were shattered when found. Yet they have been repaired with such skill and ingenuity that you have to examine closely to see where the pieces have been joined.

Then two *small* vases of white figures upon a black ground of singularly brilliant patina. These also seem to me of quite the best style. Some of the gold work, the brooches especially, is highly artistic. The bronze articles are, of course, numerous, though inferior both in number and variety, to those of Vetulonia. Amongst these are two very well-preserved bronze "dippers." These were used for transferring wine from one vessel to another. Populonia can boast of one article that so far as I know is unique. It is a horse or mule collar set round with bells. Not, however, the form of bell which is to be seen in modern instances. These are more of the form which we see in tambourines. I was glad at length to have seen any form of Etruscan bell.

A leaden tablet, inscribed with Etruscan characters, the purport of which has not been deciphered, is worthy of note, so few examples of writing having been found in this portion of Etruria.

It is with the coins of Populonia that we seem to get in touch with the City as a commercial centre. These are numerous in proportion to "finds" of that kind in Etruria. It is suggested that many of these may have been wrought by Greek Artists. Certainly the type of the silver coins generally is a Greek one. But in those cases where the emblem is clearly Etruscan the work may be attributed to a native artist. And certainly so when inscribed with Etruscan letters. Most of this latter class are of bronze or copper.

The so-called "Gorgoneion," for instance, is

clearly of Etruscan design. This is supposed to be the head of Medusa,[1] with huge open mouth embellished with frightful tusks and a protruding tongue. "Quam mutata ab illâ!" the formidably beauteous Gorgon; that child of destiny, harassed of Athene, beloved of Poseidon, and slaughtered by Perseus. As represented upon this coin, she is just one of the ruthlessly realistic monsters with which Etruscan fancy was so charged. Some see in this presentment a symbol of the lunar disc. And perhaps this terror may represent the Etruscan idea of the Man in the Moon. There is, however, a rocky islet visible from the headland of Populonia, known as Gorgona; and it is possible that this Gorgoneion effigy may bear some reference to that rock.

Other coins relating to Populonia bear helmeted or wreathed heads on obverse, with owls on reverse—inscribed in Etruscan characters with the name "Pupluna." Others have a head of Mercury or Hermes wearing a winged petasus, ("Thurms" was the Etruscan name for that deity,) with a rude caduceus twice repeated upon the reverse. Often these coins, upon one side and another, are stamped with two, three, or four little balls. These, it is said, denote the value. Mercury being regarded as the God of Commerce, his symbol would be appropriate to a commercial City such as Populonia. Those curious in historical analogies may be pleased to observe in those "balls" a foreshadowing of Medicean rule in Tuscany. The Medici shields with "balls" meet us everywhere in Tuscany.

[1] The Etruscans have freely introduced heads of Medusa in their tombs. The best instance of the kind that I can recall is in the famous tomb of the Volumnii a mile or two distant from Perugia. Yet perhaps the most masterly representation of a Medusa's head may be seen on the base of the famous bronze lamp in the collection at Cortona.

CHAPTER XII

COSA

WE have done now with Grosseto as a centre of Etruscan Cities, and to visit the site of ancient Cosa we have to betake ourselves to Orbetello. An accessible station enough on the main line, but the town, where perforce we have to lodge, lies some distance away, and it will be necessary to order a carriage to meet you at the Station from the little Della Rosa Inn in Orbetello, otherwise you may find yourself stranded for an hour or so in a very inhospitable and dreary spot. Orbetello itself is not an inviting town. It must be allowed that it does not pretend to be. Yet as it possesses an Inn quite equal to the needs of a night or two, and as commanding the approach to the attractive and even beautiful Monte Argentario, there is a certain degree of animation and interest visible in the streets of the town. Yet if not an inviting town at present, two hundred years ago only the Spaniards found it so desirable a possession that they made of it a very strongly fortified position. The defences still remain, and coming from the station along a narrow and most dreary road you at length drive through an imposing gateway of Charles II., or Philip III., surmounted by an escutcheon with the Spanish arms

Photo] [*Alinari.*

PELASGIAN WALLS. HARBOUR OF ORBETELLO.

[To face p. 179.

finely carved, boldly designed, and of singular freshness. It is certainly a sidelight upon Italian history to learn that the Spaniards were here in possession so recently as 1707. The Spaniards here must have been so often reminded of Gibraltar as their eyes fell upon Monte Argentario. A sorrowful retrospect it must have been for them latterly, for Rooke captured Gibraltar in 1704 and the Spaniards were still here in 1709.

This gateway cleared you pass through the town to another Spanish Gate, and find yourself upon the shore of a large salt-water insalubrious lagoon connected with the great picturesque headland of Monte Argentario by two long narrow tongues of land. So thin and slight are these bands uniting Orbetello to Monte Argentario that you wonder how time has allowed them to remain. They are, however, so effectually protected from the inroads of the sea by the great Gibraltar-like mountain in front of you, that little labour is required to keep them in working order.

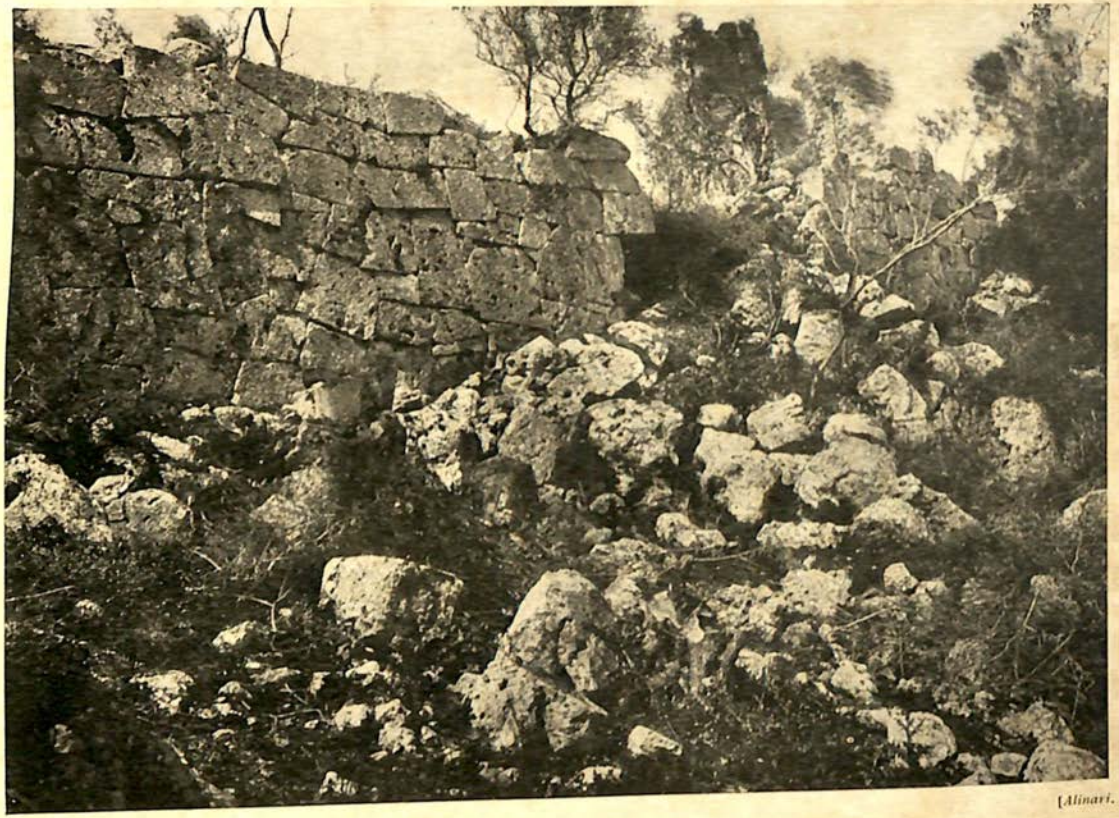
It is at this Southern point of Orbetello that you come upon the famous Pelasgian walls,—the sea-walls which protected the ancient City, whatever may have been its name, upon the Lagoon, from any possible attack proceeding from Monte Argentario. This, then, is the position of Orbetello.

I do not observe any traces of ancient remains other than these extremely aged walls within the City. Nor are there signs of mediæval occupation, excepting the Gates and also a pretty Gothic Arch of the modernised Cathedral, which proclaims itself to be of the 14th Century in an inscription in Latin "to the magnificent Lord Palatine Nicholas Orsini." The ancient Pelasgian walls referred to deserve special attention from those curious upon

the subject of ancient masonry. They consist of massive polygonal blocks piled together in the ancient manner without cement. I believe them to be the only instances of the pure so-called Pelasgian style in this part of the country. For at Cosa and Rusellæ we find the style accompanied with Etruscan masonry. Here that is not the case.

That Orbetello was ever the Port of Cosa, or the site of the Etruscan Necropolis of that City is, I cannot help thinking, most doubtful. Yet Mr. Dennis, whose authority in assigning sites and cities to the Etruscans can never be disregarded, was of opinion that Orbetello was an Etruscan site. Mr. Dennis, in forming that opinion, was influenced—and very logically so—by the fact of valuable discoveries having been made in Etruscan tombs upon the mainland upon that narrow dusty road which we traversed when driving from the Railway Station. It is possible that the Etruscans may have been here before they built their great City of Cosa some five miles away, yet it is not very probable. It is possible also that they may have built the Tombs referred to after they were in possession of Cosa. Yet I think it more probable that it was the Race that built the Pelasgian walls which occupied Orbetello, and that Race to be also responsible for the adjacent tombs. Shall we hazard another conjecture and suggest that the Etruscans may have been here for a very short time, and then scared away by the pestilential air of the lagoon went off and erected Cosa upon a more salubrious site, for the Etruscans were nothing if not hygienic.

Cosa, or rather "Cusa," as the Etruscans would have called her, or Cossa, as Strabo and other writers of old time called her (Ansedonia is her present appellation), occupies a hill 600 feet in height about



[*Alinari.*

Photo] COSA (ANSEDONIA). ETRUSCAN WALLS.

[To face page 180.

five miles to the South-East of Orbetello. A very modest height that, in comparison with the grand promontory of Monte Argentario, but sufficiently high to give the City a distinctive and prominent character, and above all to place her far above the malarious zone. You can either row across the lagoon or drive to the ancient site. It is more convenient to take the latter course, for thus you can be put down at the base of the isolated hill on which the City stands. Some sort of guide to the ruins will easily be found here. It is on the Civita Vecchia Road, and therefore fairly frequented by the inhabitants of the district. Without some one acquainted with the paths through the copses through which you thread your way, you might possibly get on the wrong track. The willing countryman who presented himself was quite competent not to do that, and conducted us to a singularly well preserved paved road [1] leading directly to one of the gates of the ruined City. The general form of Cosa is that of an irregular quadrangle, the walls being of about a mile in circuit. "These walls"—I quote from "Murray's Guide" [2]—"exhibit two distinct kinds of masonry, the upper portion being in horizontal courses like those of the Etruscan Cities generally, the lower being of huge polygonal masses of limestone fitted together with the utmost nicety (as at Orbetello) and without cement. The walls vary in height from 12 to 30 ft. and in thickness from 5 to 6 ft. At intervals they are strengthened by towers from 20 to 40 ft. square, fourteen of which can still be traced, no less than eleven occurring on the two sides which

[1] Micali wrote that this road connected with the Via Aurelia.

[2] Murray's Guide, "Central Italy," p. 219. I think that Murray has over-estimated the number of traceable towers.

faced the sea, and were therefore more open to attack."

It may be added to this note on the Towers that they consist of horizontal masses generally, and that the walls rise several feet above the enclosure. Upon the Eastern side as much as 15 feet. That is unusually high for an Etruscan walled City. In some portions, the walls have an inward inclination, which perhaps may have appeared to some writers as an argument for a later construction. The City had three gates apparently, each of them double. One upon the Northern side and one upon the South and Eastern sides respectively. Careful investigation would very likely discover one upon the West. These gates are in no case arched, nor did I perceive any sign of an arch anywhere in the ruins. These massive gates rise to a height of quite 20 feet and are perfectly perpendicular. The lintels are quite gone. Some think that they were of wood. I should doubt that, considering the massive and substantial character of everything here. And to the Etruscans a lintel of stone, where the space to be covered was not excessive, would not have been a serious consideration.

The Arx or Citadel must have occupied the plateau upon the South-East, and at this point the extent of the city and the strength of it, and the varied style of the masonry can fully be taken in. The ground has been much cleared in this part, and there are many traces of excavations—pits and trenches now overgrown with bush and shrub. Here I suppose the Romans built also, for I observed fragments of buildings which may be attributed to them rather than to the occupiers of the site in the middle ages. It is rather strange, the site having been occupied up to comparatively recent times, that so little of the history of Cosa is known to us.

Yet it is with Cosa as with all the Etruscan Cities. The Romans, with the exception of some of the more cultivated writers, seemed to have decreed that Etruria was not only to be pooh-poohed, but scarcely to be mentioned. To be put into Coventry like an improper relative. Their predecessors in the occupation of Italy were to be ignored and tabooed. Nothing existed or had any right to exist before Rome was. It is from a Greek writer, Dionysius of Halicarnassus, that we have learned most of what we can be said to know about Etruria, although I do not think that he has told us anything about Cosa.

Pliny has certainly mentioned the City, which he styles "Cossa Volcientium." The City is supposed, therefore, to have been a Colony from Vulci (I suppose not more than fifteen miles away). We get more information about her great antiquity from Virgil (what should we do without Virgil merely as an antiquarian !).

The Poet in his Æneid represents the City as sending six hundred men to assist Æneas. He has also mentioned other Etruscan cities in the same connection. Cosa is generally enumerated among the Twelve Cities of Central Etruria, yet her importance as such is much qualified by the supposition that she did not attain that greatness until after the fall of Falerii.[1] If that be the case she had not a long reign, for we find Cosa a Roman Colony, A.U.C. 481, or 272 B.C.

Much dissension has prevailed—chiefly among the Italian[2] Antiquaries—as to the antiquity of the City.

[1] Falerii was reduced by Camillus, 394 B.C., and destroyed by the Romans, 241 B.C. The second event was accelerated by the Battle of the Valdimonian Lake, which virtually decided the fate of Etruria.

[2] The reasoning starts thus. Cosa is of comparatively late date as an Etruscan City, yet the walls—the lower portions—are of the

Those supporting a less ancient construction urge that the polygonal masonry employed does not necessarily imply the presence here of pre-Etruscan builders. That there is no proof that the Etruscans never availed themselves of the polygonal style. That the nature of the stone must often have determined the shape of the blocks. The stone employed here—it may be answered—is just the same, limestone and travertine, as that at Rusellæ. Those materials there certainly did not determine the shape of the blocks, for the Etruscans then worked them into vertical masses, which implies the less obvious and more laborious method. And it has been so here in the greater part of the walls. And that it was the older Race who preferred the polygonal masonry is an argument I think very apposite in the nearly contiguous instance at Orbetello. All the information we possess upon the subject of ancient walls in Italy, and every analogy that can be deduced from experience, point very clearly to the Etruscans having worked stone in one mode and their predecessors in another mode.

Cosa may be considered topographically as a sister-city to Populonia. She enjoyed natural advantages similar to those of the latter City. She, too, stood upon a height and commanded a lagoon which

older or polygonal construction. Micali hence argues that the polygonal walls cannot be considered necessarily anterior to the Etruscan style. "Yet" (it has been answered to that argument) "it seems easier to suppose that Cosa was an ancient Pelasgian City, re-occupied and added to by the Etruscans, than that they should have retrograded from a more advanced to a less advanced style of building. It is, I think, very clear in the instance of Cosa, that there were here two distinct races of builders. And it would not be exceeding the fair limits of an assumption to suggest that it was that same people who built the Polygonal walls round Orbetello who commenced the City of Cosa."

may be regarded as her Bay of Baratti. Her true Port—the Portus Herculis,—it is true, was further away. You may catch glimpses of it through the young copses which surround the City, over there upon the South-East of Monte Argentario. Cosa thus was so happily situated, that from this Port she could carry on a trade in copper and iron with Elba just as Populonia did from her Port of Baratti. And just as the Portus Herculis does at this hour. I do not know whether Cosa was equally absorbed in the tunny fisheries which at present largely engross the energies of the modern fishermen and boatmen of the harbour. I have said but little of Monte Argentario, for these pages are chiefly concerned with the antiquities of Etruria, and it is not considered that Monte Argentario came into the sphere of Etruscan settlements. Yet for the tourist Monte Argentario offers a delightful field for excursion upon horse or on foot, and also, had you time and inclination, for sailing round about the promontory. The lie of the ground, the varied scenery and the richness of the soil. In many ways I was much reminded of the Island of Ischia. The rich and verdant pastures embosomed amid wooded vales, the undulating hills here clothed with abundant and varied timber,—and there cleared and already green with crops or swelling into eminences of more than respectable height and finally uniting into the two fine peaks of Monte Argentario at a height of over 2,000 feet.

The two Ports of Monte Argentario are also well worthy of visits. The Etruscan Port—the Portus Herculis upon the South-East of the Promontory—has been referred to above. The other Port, known as that of Santo Stefano, is upon the North. The latter was chiefly in favour with the Spanish occupiers and fortified by them.

At Santo Stefano, in fact, one could put up much more enjoyably than at Orbetello. It possesses twice the population, has a much more varied and cheerful outlook,—enjoys picturesque views, and, above all, good air, and with all apologies to Orbetello, one cannot deny that her breezes are not of the purest.

And to have been at Cosa! That, if not a liberal education is to have inhaled a more liberal air: a traveller here will have experienced that. Few places anywhere more powerfully stir the imagination. It is so isolated, so lovely, so ruinous, and yet so fresh. The stone is so white that the workman's tool seems still upon it. The Place seems even to give a responsive note to the blackbird's pipe or to the throstle's joyous quaver as their melody shoots out of yon thicket. Time has shaken and man has defaced, yet their combined efforts have not effaced the noble simplicity of the design. The strenuous efforts of two races of builders are visible yet. One could people it with shadowy forms of citizens and soldiers.

And to the present writer Cosa seems, if pathetic, as every considerable mass of solitary ruin must ever be,—the most imposing monument in Italy that has been left to us as a witness of the vivacious but too silent Past.

CHAPTER XIII

VULCI

THE site of Vulci is easily accessible to us now. When you are visiting the much more famous Etruscan City of Tarquinii (Corneto-Tarquinia) you have only to remember that Vulci is within a drive of sixteen miles. Or, if you prefer keeping to the railway line, that Montalto—the station nearest Vulci —is next to that of Corneto-Tarquinia. Montalto is not exactly a centre of civilisation, and rarely if ever visited by a vetturino, but you will find the morning mail-cart quite at your disposal to transport you to the village of Montalto three or four miles distant. There, the obliging official who has already driven you, will again place his services at your disposal He will provide a light country cart and rattle you along over the Piano di Vulci in less than an hour. The road is not much to speak of. It is indeed but a country track. Yet unless it has happened to have rained heavily, no difficulties will have to be encountered.

"Easily accessible" now! But it has not been always so. Little more than eighty years ago Vulci had vanished out of all human recognition, as completely as Vetulonia and Veii, and had it not been for a fateful pair of oxen slouching perhaps more than

usually beneath that irksome yoke of theirs as they were ploughing one morning in the year 1828 A.D. Vulci might still be to us as Mars. These predestined bullocks aforesaid, sons of Apis himself they must have been, by this historical stumble of theirs, crashing through the light arenaceous soil of which these plains are formed, revealed to the dazed masters of the wain a Tomb. Strange if we think of it, that so fateful a stumble had never been made before. For over these incessantly-ploughed plains the wains of some two thousand years had passed. Thus to a pair of struggling bullocks are due the honors of the discovery of Vulci. Strange, yet not unprecedented or unparalleled elsewhere. For in similar fashion it came about that the famous painted Tombs near Orvieto known now as the "Sette Camini" were revealed. And one remembers, too, in tales of the "Arabian Nights," how great subterranean treasures were brought to light through the humble agency of the bovine race.

Strange it was, as I remarked, that to two such unreasoning ministers of fate was confided the mission of recovering for us a long-lost City! One involuntarily recalls the humble ass that recognised the angel when Balaam the prophet could not. And moreover, we never had been altogether without a clue to Vulci. The wind-swept moor which we are surveying had long ago been styled Piano di Vulci. And a great monumental tumulus,—an indestructible witness to the Past,—had always dominated the plain as it dominates now. And the science of Etruscology being as it was, by no means in an inanimate condition at the commencement of the 19th Century,—quite otherwise, indeed, and becoming a very fervid, not to say a very fast and furious tournament amongst professors,—one does marvel

that no potent, grave, and reverend Signor should ever have settled down here and drawn forth his pick and shovel. It may easily be surmised, how this chance stumble of a bullock sent thrills through the veins of all the Archæologists of Europe. And thrills too, and spasms of quite another kind,—an epidemic rather, of the "auri sacra fames" throughout the district. Of picks and shovels now—and wielded by the hands of the ignorant and greedy and grasping —there were enough and far too many. For as tomb after tomb was laid bare revealing the inestimable treasures of Greek ceramic ware, surpassing the dreams of Archæologists,—but very far beneath the just expectations of the avaricious,—such scenes of rabid destructiveness were displayed as seem quite incredible to our more civilised and enlightened generation. A sort of crusade of smashing and crashing terra-cotta wares was developed. Vases and other articles of a fragile nature were wantonly smashed,—not only because they were valueless in the eyes of these modern barbarians, but also from a dog-in-the-manger spirit that none should have the benefit of them should they prove valuable in the eyes of others. The greediness of these excavators demanded gold, silver, gems, and such like;—objects prosaically and immediately negociable. An ancient tomb meant a gold-mine, what was the use of those other things there? Rubbish that had been placed there to put them off the scent; to mislead or to conceal. Away with everything that stood in the path of the gold-hunter!

Fortunately, the then owner of Vulci—the Prince of Canino—was a man of enlightenment, and also, being a Buonaparte, not without his share of energy. And so far as in him lay he was able in some measure to curb the destructive propensities of his ravening

navvies. But not Lucien Buonaparte, any more than his masterful brother, could be ubiquitous (one remembers the great Conqueror saying—when a marshal of his had failed to achieve success, "I cannot be everywhere"). What we,—what the men of artistic proclivities may have been deprived of by these insensate ravages of half-demented workmen will never be computed. But that the work of plunder and devastation was effectually checked in time is attested by the extraordinary abundance of the beautiful vases that have been rescued. Excavations were continued for forty years, either under the family of Canino or their successors (for the property long ago passed to another family). During that period more than six thousand tombs were exposed (there is not one open to inspection at the present moment) and the result has been that there's not a Museum in European Capitals that has not been enriched—not to mention private collections,—by specimens of every epoch of Greek ceramic ware. From its commencement to its culminating point and thence again to its decadence.[1]

The Potteries of Corinth and Athens and Rhodes, those also of Magna Græcia and of Etruria herself, all of them contributed to the inexhaustible demands of old Vulci. Vases purely Etruscan have nowhere been numerous, yet more specimens have been found here than in any other Etruscan site.

Our drive over the plains of Vulci has already traversed much of the Necropolis, and upon arriving in sight of the great tumulus of the Cucumella Tomb we naturally descend to take our bear-

[1] A majority of the Vases unearthed at Vulci consists of the Archaic Attic severe style. Those of the black figures upon a yellow ground. There are fewer of the Doric style, but many of those are painted with the "eye" sign.

ings and to obtain a general idea of Vulci and its surroundings. And to do so best is to clamber up the much damaged but still dominating tumulus of the Cucumella Tomb. You are there in the centre of the Necropolis, with a wide and rather grim expanse of scrub-grown plain around you, yet diversified by many a hillock and by small tumuli. Each excrescence represents a filled-up sepulchre or a forsaken excavation. To the East a sea of wheat surrounds, and sometimes encroaches upon this territory dedicated to the tombs and somewhat warms up a scene that seemed to lack warmth—if one could say that of any scene in Italy beneath an Italian sun in the month of May.

"At about two hundred yards from the Cucumella-tumulus the Western limits of the Necropolis are very unmistakably defined by the headlong career of a river called the Fiora (the Arminia of Etruscan and Roman times). This clamorous river, bursting its way through precipitous cliffs, and washing the base of the great headland over there to the North-East,—six miles distant—called Monte Canino, rushes down through its picturesque gorges to the Piano di Vulci and exactly bisects the plain; the rather higher plateau upon the right bank being that of the site of the City of Vulci, and that upon the slightly lower level on the left bank being the Necropolis. The entire territory of the Piano di Vulci at the present day may roughly be compressed into three great holdings or tenures known as Tenuti di Ponte Sodo, di Castellucia di Vulci, and di Campo Morte. The Ponte Sodo, over the stream called Timone, was crossed two or three miles off upon your road to Vulci. The names of the other tenements explain themselves. The City of Vulci was about two miles in circuit. Her defences, such as they were, have

been traced, but no traces are visible now. The walls should have been higher and stouter than anywhere else, for a position weaker and more indefensible could not have been selected. When one remembers how very wary the Etruscans showed themselves always in the choice of sites for their Cities, when one thinks of Cortona and Perugia and Orvieto and Tarquinia, *e.g.*, one marvels how they could have settled down upon these defenceless moors. And a few miles off there were Monte Canino and Musiguano quite at their service. It is true that here they had the sea only seven miles off and that the Arminia may have been navigable,—but those considerations were quite secondary. One must attribute their having chosen to erect a City here to one of those temporary aberrations of intellect with which nations as well as individuals are sometimes stricken, "Quem deus vult perdere primus dementat." Was it so here?

If it be true that the happiest nation is that which has no history, Vulci should have been happy, for there seems to be but one recorded fact, and that one of her latest hour. She seems to have allied herself with Tarquinii in a defensive league against Rome. Tarquinii was the first to suffer for her presumption. The Romans having disposed of her, the Roman Consul of the day, Titus Coruncanius, appeared before the walls of Vulci, and not meeting, it seems, with any opposition summarily expunged her. From that moment her name ceased to exist. Cicero's euphonious words when he had disposed of the chief actors in the conspiracy of Catiline might form the epitaph of Vulci; "They have lived!" That the Romans settled here for a time at least is attested by the remains of some baths, a temple, and by portions of the fine bridges close at hand

called the Ponte della Badia. The Etruscans are represented only by their sepulchres: the only monuments that exist to tell us that there was an Etruscan people once upon a time, and those tombs have seen a Roman Empire die out, and how many more empires?

The Cucumella Tomb has always formed the "lion" of Vulci. Its exposed position and still considerable height render it so still. For ages it must have proved a very Pharos, lighting the nocturnal plunderer to his work of spoliation. When the Prince of Canino, the first-recorded investigator of the Tomb, took in hand the excavations, it was found that intricate and extensive as the chambers and passages were, very little of any value had been left within. In the heart of the mound were unearthed two towers or remains of them,—about 30 ft. in height. One of them was square, the other conical, both of rude masonry consisting of uncemented horizontal blocks. These two towers were surmounted by sphinxes. At the foot of the towers were two chambers to be entered by a long passage. Two stone sphinxes again guarded the entrance of the passage. The chambers and the doorways were arched in the "false" arch fashion of the Regolini-Galassi Tomb at Cære. A wall of masonry encircled the base of the sepulchre. Nothing was found within beyond some thin fragments of gold and bronze, which probably had been dropped or overlooked by the plunderers. As to the "false" arches which have been mentioned, when I was clambering over the grass-grown and irregular masses of this great ruin I came across, half-buried in the *débris*, the mouth of a small "true" arch. The entrance was half-choked by earth which rendered an examination of the interior impossible. So that I am inclined to believe

that that portion must be of later construction. The position of the Towers can still be defined and the remains of one of them, formed of tufa blocks, is still *in situ*.

At this moment (grass-grown and buried in briar) the Tomb presents the appearance of a much cannonaded and abandoned field-fortress, so shattered and undermined it has been from repeated excavations. And yet, so complicated its construction, so intricate its passages, so labyrinthine and so vast that it is very possible that the central chamber has yet to be discovered. It deserves to be called the Sphinx of Vulci rather than the "lion."

Mr. Dennis found a resemblance in this Tomb to that of Alyattes, King of Lydia at Sardis. The Tomb of Aruns near Albano is somewhat of the same type. Another analogy has been found in the Tomb of Lars Porsena at Clusium as described by Varro. Varro never saw that Tomb, it will be remembered; "nor was it possible that any man could ever have beheld a creation so utterly and fantastically impossible," as Niebuhr said of it in his wrath.[1]

Close to the "Cucumella" are the remains of another very much smaller tomb, a humble satellite it seems, for it was known as "La Cucumelleta," and contained five chambers. Some would derive the name of Cucumella from an Etruscan local celebrity, "Lavis Cucuma." Yet, as the word in Central Italy means a hillock or mound, we need scarcely seek further for the signification. Another small tumulus

[1] Very strangely and incomprehensively, a closer counterpart to this Etruscan tomb, and to others of the same type, may be found in the Buddhist Dagobas of Ceylon—of those especially at Anurhadapura. They have precisely the same conical earthen tumulus, and the same circular enclosure of masonry around the base.

in the vicinity,—named La Rotonda and also encircled by blocks of massive masonry, will not now repay even scrambling over, and yet it yielded some of the most beautiful vases discovered at Vulci.

A famous tomb in Vulci opened in 1839, and one that will especially interest an English visitor, the greater portion of the trouvaille having been transferred to the British Museum, is that named Polledrara or "Isis." "Polledrara" is the name of the farm in which it is situated, in the Tenuto di Ponte Sodo. "Isis" it was called because of the Egyptian character of most of the contents, some of them being fashioned in the similitude of Isis. Two flasks of a pale green porcelain form generally known as Pilgrim-bottles and decorated with Egyptian hieroglyphics may undoubtedly be considered as Egyptian work. Two bronze cars—used as incense-braziers—and similar to those found at Cære, upon the other hand, may safely be attributed to the Etruscans. Two ostrich eggs decorated with painted reliefs will be especially noted as importations from abroad, and also because similarly decorated eggs have been found in a Mycenæ tomb. They seem to have had a special attraction for the Etruscans, for other eggs have been found in Etruscan tombs. An Egyptian coin found in the Tomb will be considered to be very strong evidence that the contents of it were Egyptian imports. Possibly the two ladies, whose busts were found in the tomb,—(we may presume that they were the occupants of it)—were votaries of Egyptian art, or some admirer may have told one of them that she reminded him much of the portraits of Isis. Isis must have been singularly uncomely, for nothing in the way of unattractiveness could exceed the sharp prosaic character of the heads and features of these ladies. One statuette is of bronze, the other is of

stone—or it may be of marble. The artist has treated them both with relentless realism. Yet the bronze lady,—who is by the way extremely *decolletée*,—wears a self-satisfied smirk which must have proved quite exasperating to her admirers—if she ever had any. But the reader, when he goes to the British Museum, may be able to satisfy himself upon that point. It is the pedestal supporting this sad coquette which possesses the chief artistic interest and which must have proved a labour of love for the artist when satiated with trying to do justice to the features of the elderly flirt who was to be placed upon it for ever. This is formed of thin plate of hammered work in relief and then carefully finished off with the chisel. The reliefs represent a procession of lions and sphinxes and other mythological animals peculiar to Eastern art. It is very much to be noted that this style of bronze work was revived in Italy in the 13th Century. A notable instance is to be seen in the statue of Boniface VIII at Bologna. Mr. Dennis it was, who drew attention to this curious fact.

I rather think that a helmet encircled by a gold wreath also came from this Tomb. It is placed with the rest of the trouvaille in the British Museum. There were also some vases in the Tomb, the best of which was a Hydria in black ware with designs in red, blue, and white. The subject treated was that of "Theseus slaying the Minotaur." An elaborately carved ivory spoon was also one of the objects found. There being but one, causes you to think that spoons were objects of veneration rather than for daily use. I have no doubt but that the people of Vulci practised both cremation and inhumation of the dead. Yet there are grounds for believing that the latter process prevailed; several skeletons or remains of them have been found, and cinerary urns are rare.

In one tomb opened by Campanari in 1835 the skeleton of a soldier was found with his helmet on his skull, a ring on his finger, and his shield near him. In an adjacent chamber was found a child's skeleton. His toys were with him.

So busied one was with taking the field of operations and trying to fix the sites of the Tombs and their names that one was scarcely conscious of a battlemented mediæval Tower arising out of a field of wheat and close at hand. Lonely and picturesque, it seemed to demand some sort of recognition of its picturesqueness. It had, too, a sort of fame before the return from the dead of the Etruscans. It was a stronghold and frontier custom-house in the days of Papal temporal power. It stands upon the Fiora and keeps a tight grip upon that graceful Ponte della Badia. It has no mission now but to house, until the Malaria sweeps down and sweeps away all vestiges of life from the Plain of Vulci, some poverty-stricken peasants and their fleas of ages. It is a pity that it were not cleaned and washed and fitted-up for the accommodation of the antiquarian or the archæologist, as in any other country it would have been. Perhaps then it would have been less picturesque, for it is thought that dirt is one element of the picturesque. It is anyhow striking in its solitude and forlornness. It reminds you of the last faithful devoted retainer of a ruined family. We know how it has been with the ruined Sir Oliver, representative of an ancestral house upon whom disaster has fallen. He has to block up his windows and let out the park, to sell his horses and to let the garden get on as it best can without the gardener. All the servants are dismissed, everything is dismantled. Yet the most ancient retainer humbly craves that he may be permitted to stay on as a caretaker with the ghost of a

salary or with no salary at all. So the old faithful Adam hobbles daily into the stables, making a pretence that Jock, and Joe, and Jarvis are still there and eating their heads off in their stalls. Or he shuffles about the garden-walks and pretends to be plucking up the weeds.

And so this old Papal Warder makes a feint of still being a necessity and of being indispensable to the preservation of the Bridge,—the final arch of which he transfers to himself. And he even thinks that the foaming and rather impertinent Fiora (he never knew the river when it was "Arminia") owes much to the Tower for permission to flow beneath the arch at all. And as for the babble and chatter about Etruscans and Palæoliths and Neoliths and how many other races which the river is for ever dinning into his ears,—it's a pack of lies. For the Tower never heard tell of any such races at all, and there never was or has been any true and lawful possessor of the Tower and Bridge of Badia and the Plains of Vulci, save his Holiness the Pope!

Here we must leave the Tower and the River to settle their differences as they best can, and concentrate our thoughts for a few minutes upon the quite neutral ground of the Ponte della Badia. And as we loiter below the parapet, to spell out some of its story and a little more of the necrology of Vulci also. One lofty pointed arch of 62 feet in span and 96 feet in height supports a structure which is 243 feet in length, and carries the roadway far beyond the right bank, where it is supported by an archway. So, too, upon the left bank an arch fastens on to the Castle which seems here to be almost an adjunct of the Bridge. Upon the face of the Bridge upon the North are three massive piers of reddish tufo. These may be considered to be Etruscan and to have formed

part of the original Bridge, which, having been the chief means of communication between the City and the Necropolis, must have been incessantly traversed.

The mass of the Bridge built of small blocks of nenfro, as well as the high pointed arch of travertine, may be well attributed to the Romans. The parapets of the Bridge are singularly high, and unless the visitor be of unusual stature shuts out the river from him. Through the parapet on the Northern side runs an aqueduct which conducted water to the City. This aqueduct has been the means of producing a remarkably striking effect not contemplated by the engineer. In the course of years the water, which is charged with tartaric matter, has been gushing out of the channel and has flung festoons of stalactites over the Western side of the Bridge. Owing to the great height of the arch it is quite a tug uphill to approach the bridge from the road, which, of course, led to Vulci. Would that there was more to see upon the site of the City! But really there is no sign but a few fragments, and which do not repay the labour of seeking,—that a great and walled City once flourished there. And where also a second Necropolis was situated containing some very remarkable painted tombs. Not far, too, from where we are standing the site of a pottery furnace was discovered. Of course that does not prove that the beautiful vases found in Vulci were made here. But to run to earth such a rarity in Etruria seemed a coincidence in this particular instance of Vulci. Yet if we can behold neither furnace nor tombs to-day, we are well supplied by many writers with the details at least of the latter.

And, moreover, in many of the Museums of Europe very faithful reproductions of the most famous of these paintings may be seen. Notably those of the

Vatican Etruscan Museum, the Bologna Museum, and the British Museum. The painted sepulchre was situated high upon the Bank overlooking the Fiora and about 200 yards from the Cucumella itself. It was known as the François tomb from the name of the discoverer. It consisted of two chambers and was approached by a subterranean road or gallery of 100 feet in length, which was flanked by the tombs of children. It was the central chamber (it had a pyramidal roof) which was adorned by the most valuable Etruscan paintings that have ever been found. One wall was dedicated to a subject of Etruscan history, and that in itself gives an interest possessed by no other tomb,—the Release of Mastarna by Cœles Vibenna. The names of the Protagonists are written upon the wall. I suppose this painting threw a greater light upon early Roman history than any hitherto recorded fact. That Servius Tullius, if not an Etruscan, had taken part in Etruscan warfare, and that Cœles Vibenna may have been the man to give his name to the Cœlian Hill at Rome. It is supposed now that Servius Tullius brought him to Rome when that King succeeded to Lucius Tarquinius and bestowed the hill upon him for services rendered. I think it very clear that in this vigorous, simple, realistic painting it was an Etruscan Artist who was employed.

The subject which was represented upon the opposite wall seems also to be by an Etruscan artist, although the subject is a story from the Iliad: that of Achilles sacrificing Trojans to the Manes of Patroclus. He does so in no grudging spirit. There is no doubt of the savage joy with which Achilles carries out the mission entrusted to him by Ajax, who brings up the victims. And the victims receive their fate most submissively,—almost as if they liked it.

Over the "shade" of Patroclus a figure with flowing hair is writing the word "hinthial," which is supposed therefore to mean "Shade." This is quite as Etruscan in execution as the Mastarna. The name of Agamemnon also appears, but not written quite as a Greek artist would have written it. A Charun and also winged Isis appear in the composition.

An almost comic though very bloody duel (between Eteocles and Polynices probably), takes place upon another wall in the same chamber. The Etruscan artists were quite enthusiastic,—I know not why,—about this particular subject. Innumerable representations of the Combat upon urns or walls are for ever to be met with.

On either side of the door of this chamber was a Nestor and a Phœnix (with their names inscribed) each beneath a palm-tree.

The subject of another painting was Ajax and Cassandra at the Altar of Minerva.

There were other paintings also, but nothing of the peculiar interest which attaches to the Mastarna and Cœles Vibenna picture.

Also many inscriptions which may refer either to the subjects of the paintings, or to the occupants of the Tomb, and surmounted by a frieze composed of mythological animals, griffins, sphinxes, wild-beasts, bulls, horses, and such like, engaged in a wild procession of devouring each other. There are many writers upon Etruscan paintings who see in decorations of a similar kind a symbolical meaning. They refer,—so these writers have imagined,—to the eternal struggle between good and evil. Sometimes the powers of darkness prevail, sometimes the deer and the horses escape. I do not myself believe that the Etruscans generally were in favour of parables or symbols in art. I think them to have been a very

realistic people and at the same time a very superstitious one, quite believing in these monsters whom they figured forth in their paintings and their vases and in other productions of theirs. In this Tomb were found many sarcophagi and urns. So it is not apparent which form of disposal of the Dead may have been in favour with the people of Vulci.

Much Etruscan jewellery was discovered in this tomb, a large portion of it being now in the Louvre.

When the reader comes to study the reproductions of these most curious paintings and of others from Vulci and Corneto,[1] he will, I believe, scarcely have any doubts as to the Eastern character of them. The drapery of the women so plentiful and heavy, and yet the material so often transparent. Upon their heads the high conical cap (tutulus) in shape peculiarly Eastern. Their attitudes and movements exactly resemble those of the Indian nautch-girls.

In the representation of games, the wrestlers and boxers and even the horsemen are quite naked. The men who *are* draped have in some instances the right arm exposed.

The flute-players, or rather the double-pipe players, wear a sort of short dressing-gown.

The slaves waiting at the banqueting tables are also often entirely naked. One figure, a dancer, is quite white, and is very remarkable for gracefulness. His drapery is white also. In one painting (I am alluding to the reproductions in the Gregorian Etruscan Museum) a long "what-not" table with a collection of vases, ewers, and basins displayed upon it is introduced.

Other paintings[2] here represent men—quite un-

[1] Such reproductions are to be seen in Rome, Florence, and Bologna, and, I think, in the British Museum.

[2] I am not quite certain that these paintings are from Vulci, or

clothed—riding like women, on steeds without any saddles. Beyond is a chariot-race, ladies are upon a race-stand. Lads beneath applauding a preliminary canter of chariots, and the *beau monde*, ladies and gentlemen, picking out their selections and evidently backing them. Altogether a scene of a prehistorical Ascot.

Another painting from the Campanari Tomb at Vulci is reproduced in the British Museum. It represents an Etruscan family before the final Tribunal. This was the painting which fell to pieces when Campanari was trying to detach it from the walls. He was fortunately able to have it copied before it vanished.

Vulci has been found to be very rich in bronzes, bronze-mirrors, candelabra, and weapons, as well as in gold ornaments and in jewellery. One of the most famous discoveries,—because so rarely found in Etruria—was the bronze cista now in the Gregorian Etruscan Museum. Cistas have been found in numbers at Palestrina (Præneste), as any one who has been to the Barberini Palace at Rome can testify. Yet the most famous and beautiful example is among the Præneste treasure at the Kircherian Museum also at Rome. Another characteristic discovery at Vulci was of two horses' heads in volcanic tufa which formed the entrance to a tomb, and another, a most prosaic one, was a pair of bronze clogs with wooden linings. These "finds" are also in the Gregorian Etruscan Museum.

The extraordinary number of beautiful vases found in Vulci has been commented upon. Probably the Vatican Etruscan Museum contains the most valuable. A very splendid œnochoe is in the British Museum

from Chiusi or Corneto, but I here describe them as typical of Etruscan pursuits.

and was figured in Dennis's "Cities and Cemeteries." So extraordinary plentiful a supply of Greek vases has been obtained from the Vulci sepulchres, that some writers have claimed for Vulci the distinction of being a Greek Colony. And further, arguing from the special virtues of the clay native to Vulci, and also, perhaps, bearing in mind the discovery of a pottery-furnace here,—have declared that a Greek Vulci manufactured her vases for herself. It is very possible that Vulci did turn out a great many meritorious vases, and certainly thousands for domestic use, but unless we concede to her a Greek colony which there are no substantial grounds for believing, we must suppose that the bulk of these vases were imported. All known Etruscan Cities are puzzles. Vulci, from her absolute silence, is the greatest puzzle of them all.

There is no doubt but that Malaria is as great a pest at Vulci as elsewhere in Italy. But it should not be so here, this district being one of the most flourishing in the way of Agriculture in Mid-Italy. We are generally told that it is in waste places, not in those actually cultivated, that malaria obtains. I imagine that happy but voiceless Etruria had not this hygienic problem to solve. The entire site of Vulci, if not all of its Necropolis, is at this season a mass of waving wheat.

In the immediate vicinity of the Torre della Badia the present *genius loci* appeared to be a jolly sturdy lad of the name of Gennaro. He should have been in the Agricultural Age, but as a preference seems to have been accorded to him, he appeared for us as in the Pastoral Age. For, his wattle, round capanna, (an exact reproduction I have every reason to believe of the Casa Romuli upon the Palatine hill) was surrounded by goats, sheep, and oxen. These, or the

greater part of them, it was his lot to lead forth to the fresh pastures in the morning and to bring them back again to "Sepulchral" Vulci in the gloaming. There must be a great lack of native labour here, for Gennaro had come all the way from Parma with his bride Gemma to fulfil this mission. I suppose she kept hut for him and brightened up things for him upon his nightly return with his sheep and goats, &c. They were a bright, lithe, stalwart pair, and Parma should be proud if it can produce many of this stamp. And as for their tramp from Parma and their tramp back again, they thought nothing of it, and were coming again next year (D.V.). And very soon they would have to pull themselves together for the homeward tramp, because the malaria will soon be down upon Vulci.

There is not overabundant labour in Vulci. Enough only for Agricultural needs, the shepherds being imported as in the instance of Gennaro. When the crops are cut everybody decamps, and desolated Vulci will be left to the Spirits for six months. But Gennaro will be among the first to flee.

Upon your way back to Montalto, and if you are not benighted, and did not do so before, you should halt for a few moments as you cross the little bridge over the brook—"Timone"—at a small mill, Ponte Sodo, and see a cavern below hung with stalactites. The Ponte Sodo district, as has been mentioned, contains a large portion of the Necropolis, the Polledrara being the most notable of its Tombs.

When you find yourself once more at Montalto remember that you are very near the mouth of that joyously careering river, the Fiore or Arminia, which tries to waken into life the torpid Piano di Vulci.

CHAPTER XIV

CÆRE (CERVETERI) OR AGYLLA

To visit this famous Pelasgic and Etruscan site the traveller must descend at the Railway Station of Palo. This poor and abandoned little spot represents the Pelasgian and Etruscan Alsium. It lies on the Rome and Civita Vecchia line, about thirty miles from the former and twenty miles from the latter. The visit to the most remarkable Tombs of Cære can be accomplished in four or five hours, so that the whole journey is well within the day's work. Yet any one who has more time at his disposal and is desirous of studying more closely the topography of the City and the environs thereof should sleep at Civita Vecchia. He could not do so at Palo.

It is quite a six miles' drive from Palo to Cerveteri. The road is indifferent and the horse will probably be not much better, so that your vetturino won't set you down at Cerveteri much under the hour. As you will have to detain the vehicle for your return-journey it will give you future peace of mind to come to terms with him before making the journey, otherwise his exorbitance may give you a *mauvais quart d'heure* later on. You should ask him as you start to point out to you the site of the famous Regalini-Galassi Tomb, for it is some distance with-

out the City upon the right of you, and you will perceive (if you are warned) the rude entrance-arch glimmering at you from beneath a hill in the midst of vineyards. Nothing remains in it now, but fallen masonry and rubbish. What great things were in it once upon a time will be recalled further on.

Presently you will find yourself crossing an unpretentious stream,—not broader, for instance, than the shrunken but monumental ditch, known as the Rubicon, in quite another part of Italy. This humble thread of water, too, is historical. It bears the ominous name of Sanguinara. Your vetturino may be implicitly trusted to direct your attention to this stream without any promptings upon your part. Few Italians there be who will fail to try and curdle your blood (and their own too) when the word "sangue" is suggested. If he should succeed in giving you a shudder you may console yourself with the reflection that such sanguinary allusions are very frequent in war-worn Italy. A great battle was fought here, perhaps many, though history is silent as to the contending parties. The river was dyed with blood, hence the name.[1] And your nerve will be very speedily restored when, a few steps further on, you cross another streamlet bearing the very tame title of "Vaccina" ("cow stream"). Yet though tame its modern appellation be, it is a very Tiber in legendary and romantic association. For this is the "Cæritis Amnis" of Virgil, upon the banks of which Æneas took his first view of the Etruscan Camp which Tarcho—or in Etruscan phraseology Tarchu or Tarchna—had pitched. Here it was that the godlike hero of the Æneid received

[1] Another instance of such a river occurs near the Lago di Trasimeno, the scene of Hannibal's great Victory—"Sanguinetto," it is named.

from his mother Venus,[1] the glittering armour wrought by Vulcan. Virgil represents the City of Cære as recently governed by Mezentius, his subjects being then in open revolt against him.

The tyrant of Cære, expelled by his exasperated subjects, fled the City to join his ally King Turnus of the Rutuli. The combined armies of Tarchu and Æneas have assembled here to pursue the Tyrant under the leadership of the Trojan hero. It was upon this occasion that Æneas had called upon Cosa and Vetulonia of the Etruscan League to furnish him with assistance, as has been mentioned in the account of those Cities. One likes to think that Virgil himself came here to verify his topography and to give to his "airy nothings, a local habitation and a name." One wonders what manner of a City was before him in the Augustan age. One supposes but a shadow of that which he had had in his prophetic, prehistoric soul. And one likes to think, too, that there may have been students here not very much later and who may have delighted to pore over their Æneids and to mark what the great Poet had said of their forefathers in the great days of old. They would have blessed him for not having uttered one depreciatory word of the City of their Ancestors.

And even in Virgil's day it is improbable, although overshadowed by the Roman buildings, that the ancient Cære would quite have disappeared. For, the Romans even when goaded into reprisals, did not wreak their vengeance upon the monuments and temples of their foes,—never certainly upon the tombs. Virgil would certainly have not seen a squalid hamlet like that of to-day.[2] And he would

[1] Virgil's "Æneid," Book VIII.

[2] The reader may possibly have admired some fine Statues in the Lateran Museum, of Tiberius, Drusus, Germanicus, and

have been spared the pink Strawberry-Hill Castle-villa of the Ruspoli family, which presents itself as a burlesque of Etruscan greatness. Village, castle, and convent, (for there is also a convent,) occupy a corner on the South-West of the ancient site, and being enclosed together by a not very mediæval wall of their own, will not claim much attention. Yet we shall observe blocks and fragments of old Cære utilised in the streets and houses. I suppose also that were some of the red stucco with which Prince Ruspolis' Villa had been profusely plastered removed, we might have a sight of ancient materials. It was, when excavating for the foundations of the Convent, that the Roman statues alluded to below were found. I believe that no Etruscan remains, other than those of the Tombs, of course, have been found —two unimportant reliefs [1] excepted. The name of Cerveteri is merely a corruption of Cære Vetus or Cære Veteri. For some reason unknown to us the inhabitants of the ancient site in the 13th Century moved off to another spot about three miles hence, and gave the name of Cære to their new settlement. The retention of the old name misled the antiquaries, and for a long time it was supposed that the younger village occupied the site of the real Cære. But that error has long ago been recognised as such. As has been said, there is nothing to claim your attention in the village itself. Yet as you pass

Agrippina, without being aware that Cerveteri was the place of their provenance.

[1] One of these reliefs is also in the Lateran Museum. I note it because, if not Etruscan, it refers to an Etruscan subject. It seems to have formed one panel of an altar, and has the effigies of three Etruscan cities: Tarquinii, Vetulonia, and Vulci. It is curious—Vulci having always been shrouded in such complete obscurity—that here too, the first portion of the name has been expunged, the latter portion of the name only remaining.

through on your way to the Tombs you will involuntarily pause at one spot. Here you will see a little intensely modern terrace or belvedere built out upon the extreme Western point of the village as though some recent æsthetic mason had had in his mind's eye the famous story of the Pelasgic Sentinel and the origin of the new name of the City.

The old tradition—(it will bear repeating)—has been related by Strabo. A marching party of Etruscan troops approaching Agylla [1] (then the Pelasgic name of the City) demanded the name of the place from a sentry upon the walls. The sentry (it seems he was not the first to challenge) replied "Kaire"—"Welcome," or "Hail!" He must either have been a traitor or a very stupid sentinel. The Etruscans, whether they understood the Greek word or not, appreciated their welcome, and occupying the City forthwith styled it Cære, or rather Kære as it would have been. They certainly should have given high office to the accommodating sentry—although the story does not go further. But it is improbable that they would have allowed him to try his hand again at "sentry-go."

The plan of the ancient City and of its Necropolis is very clearly defined. Traces of the walls and even of the gates and posterns still exist. A ravine upon the North of the City divides it from the Necropolis which in modern parlance is known as the Banditaccia. This lies upon a ridge rather higher than that occupied by the City. An ideally defensive position for a City erected upon scarped walls,

[1] I have mentioned the derivation of the name of Cære as reported in the old tradition. Lepsius, on the other hand, thinks that Cære was the original name and the City Umbrian. Mommsen thinks Cære a Phœnician settlement, and that Agylla was a Phœnician word meaning "round town."

while the position of the chief sepulchres and their vicinity to the City rendered it very accessible to the mourners, as also to the modern pilgrims. Most of the tombs at present open are close to each other and really form a street, to visit which does not entail more labour—apart from descent and ascent—than you experience, *e.g.*, in the Street of Tombs at Pompeii outside the Gate of Herculaneum. As your eyes wander over the high tablelands, once occupied by this famous City, you are struck by the pastoral character of the scenes around you. Undulating and not unverdant downs, here and there diversified by hillocks and mounds, suggestive of tombs yet unexplored or of those already ransacked and abandoned,—dotting the long expanses of pasture, over which the sheep are grazing and on which the shepherd's pipe is heard—the only sound breaking the silence which weighs around.

Far away to the West the ground sinks down to the gleaming waters of the Tyrrhene Sea where the eye is arrested by one little round tower. It is that of Santa Severa,—the ancient Port—Pelasgic and Etruscan—of Pyrgi. Famous it was in very old days for a great temple of Eileithyia (Juno Lucina) and for its attack and pillage by Dionysius of Syracuse 384 B.C.

The ancient road that led from Cære to her port is not far beneath the soil, and portions of it are every now and then revealed by agricultural requirements.

Upon the other side of the Vaccina river to the East the downs and vales swell into the wooded range of "Monte Abatone." Groves most suggestive these, if Canina, assisted by Virgil, be correct in fixing there the site of the sacred Shrine of Silvanus,—the Pelasgian Deity of fields and herds.

What name this wooded site then bore who shall pronounce? The modern name is attributed to the fir-trees ("abietes") once surrounding it. To modern antiquaries it is more familiar and interesting as having formed a portion of an outlying part of the Cære Necropolis. Some of the most noteworthy tombs,—curious for arrangement, design, and contents,—lay here. Most of them were concealed beneath tumuli, and their entrances of complicated construction seemed to defy any attempts at entrance.

One opened by the Prince Torlonia of the day in 1835, and named after him, was remarkable for the number of the corpses. Fifty-four bodies, which for centuries had lain there, were found intact and entire at the moment of their discovery. Instantly upon the admission of the air, these extraordinarily-preserved bodies all vanished as though you had blown out a flame. It is almost incredible that bodies could exist intact for so many centuries, merely by the exclusion of air, and without the employment of materials that could preserve them from corruption. Yet the fact has been so authoritatively vouched for in this and other instances that it is not possible to doubt its authenticity.

A similar instance of a buried warrior at Corneto has been often related.

NOTE.—In case the reader may have forgotten or may not have come across the narrative, I will venture to insert it once more as related in Mrs. Gray's "Tour to the Sepulchres of Etruria, 1839":

> "Carlo Avolta of Corneto was conducting an excavation at Tarquinia, when he was rewarded by an enjoyment which he says was the most exquisite of his life,—The discovery of an Etruscan monarch with his crown and panoply.

> He entirely confirmed the account which I had received in Rome of his adventure with the Lucumo on whom he gazed for full five minutes from the aperture above the door of his sepulchre. He saw him crowned with gold, clothed in armour, with a shield, spear, and arrows by his side, and extended on his stone bier. But a change soon came over the figure, it trembled and crumbled and vanished away, and by the time an entrance was effected all that remained was the golden crown and a handful of dust with some fragments of the arms."

Upon Monte Abatone two other tombs, known respectively as "Della Sedia and Campana," were at that time also to be seen, but now no longer. They have long since been suffered to go to ruin and their earth and ashes have resolved into the elements. Their contents have passed into collections. Two relics, however, there were which were not removed. One was a fixture, an armchair of familiar shape with a footstool attached hewn out of the rock; the other was the skeleton of a horse. It was suggested that the horse had been slain at his master's obsequies. If it were so one wishes to attribute the sacrifice to the "untutored mind" of the Etruscan dignity who desired that "his faithful horse should bear him company." Of the armchair referred to there are other instances in Etruscan tombs. Most of the Tombs of the Banditaccia were surmounted by tumuli. In some instances the entrances into the tombs—in order to render them more secret,—were from above. At the present day it has been found more convenient in such cases to provide modern entrances with doors and stair-

cases. You are thus spared the performance of gymnastic feats in the descent of shafts from above. You will find groping up and down dark stairs upon a hot spring-day sufficiently fatiguing. You have scarcely emerged from out of a Grotta de' Tarquinii than you are plunging down again into a Grotta dei Rilieve. The term "Grotta" is generally applied to a Tomb here. It is quite as appropriate and sounds more cheerful. It matters not which "Grotta" you enter first, for the tombs are well together. Perhaps being the abode of ex-royalties, it would be more striking historically and more respectful to select that of the Tarquinii first. We should have expected to have come upon the last resting-place of the Tarquins rather at Tarquinii than at Cære, Tarquinia being the home of that Race. Yet we are fully grateful upon any terms for the privilege of saluting across long-vanished æons a name so illustrious and so familiar to the years of our boyhood. Tarchu himself, to whom we were just now alluding, perhaps may repose here. As you make your descent into this Tomb the enclosing walls should be noticed, for they are good and well-preserved examples of the Etruscan style of masonry.

The descent accomplished and the threshold clear, you find yourself in a chamber surrounded by benches hewn out of the tufa-rock. This room does not contain any relics of the Tarquins. You therefore turn to another flight of steps which lands you upon a lower level into a more spacious and loftier apartment: nearly square, with a moulded roof, and supported by two substantial pillars, all hewn out of the tufa. Upon each side of the Tomb is a bench formed of the rock, and slightly elevated above the level of the floor. Above these benches are thirteen recesses cut into the walls. Benches and recesses

alike were shelves for the dead. Walls, columns, and niches are all stuccoed, and upon the stucco thirty-five inscriptions in black or red paint have been deciphered, each of them being some form of the name Tarquin. Startlingly fresh these inscriptions are as though they had been traced yesterday, and written in those large sprawling Etruscan characters which remind you of bad stitching, or of the pothooks and hangers which adorn an infantine copy-book. Yet, if this be your first introduction to Etruscan caligraphy, your blood seems to be stirred, almost as if you were trying to decipher a "Mene mene tekel" upon the walls of a Belshazzar's banquet-hall. I thought that the tallow dip in the grasp of the familiarised Guide even seemed to tremble as he was showing off the resting-place,—perhaps of his own forefathers. You almost expect him to conjure up the shade of Tarchu who may have been reposing here,—if not in the flesh, in a fairly recognisable form of it,—not so very long ago too, for the sepulchre was only discovered in 1845. It is very worthy of note that some of these inscriptions are in the Latin form. Thus, "Aule Tarchnas Larthal Clan," in Latin characters, may be further Latinised into "Aulus Tarquinius Larthal"—"Born of Larthia." "Al" is regarded as "Natus" (Lanzi), "Clan" said to mean "son." Much stress is laid by antiquaries upon the supposed fact that the mother's name generally occurs in the epitaph.[1]

[1] From its frequent recurrence in funeral inscriptions "Clan" has been conjectured to be "son." The above "Larthal" is conjectured in the first portion to be a form of "Lars" or "Lar," signifying, as in "Lars Porsena," Lord. Here, then, it would be simply "lady" or "ladyship"—the other name to be assumed as one of the Tarquin family. The "Al," as has been mentioned above, is considered to mean "natus"—"born of."

Etruscan forms and derivatives from the original root-word of "Tarch," which have been found inscribed in this Tomb and in others, are very numerous. Tarchu, Tarchna, Tarchnal, Tarchi, Tarchio, even Tarchisa, which is supposed to be the feminine form, all, it is alleged, occur. It is possible, but then you must be sure of your letters. And Etruscan is, so far as I have seen, a rather shifty tongue, and time does alter the letters even of the best preserved inscriptions. There is but little ornamentation upon the walls of this tomb. A painted wreath here. A painted shield there. A few legs of couches or footstools introduced to give a more reposeful effect to the recesses wherein the bodies were laid. In the roof between the columns a shaft was introduced for the admission of the defunct Tarquinii, and finally closed with a stone slab when the tomb was considered to be full. Thus the tomb was entered in two different modes. It cannot be doubted that this tomb is of very great antiquity and must have been used for centuries. The Latin inscriptions in this tomb do not necessarily indicate a very late date. Moreover, even in Latin the name retains its Etruscan form of "Tarchu" and is a presumptive evidence of great antiquity.[1]

It is believed that Tarquinius Superbus and his family sought shelter at Cære after their expulsion from Rome. Probably after the first expulsion; for after the Battle of Lake Regillus which decided the fate of the family for ever, it seems agreed that Tarquini betook himself to Cumæ. It is easy to comprehend that the last Tarquins would have preferred Cære rather than Tarquinii as a residence. For Tradition affirms that the son of Demaratus,

[1] Dennis, "Cities and Cemeteries," vol. 1, p. 244.

who was to rule over Rome as Tarquinius Priscus, was either compelled to leave his native city or abandoned it in a "huff." So much for the Tarquins and their family-vaults.

Back to back with this sepulchre we find the so-called Grotta dell' Alcova lying beneath a tumulus. The Tomb has derived its name from the apse-like alcove which is the prominent feature at the extremity of the Grotta. Within the recess hewn out of the rock lies a couch resting upon decorated legs, with cushions and pillars and a footstool, all carved out of the rufa. Being wide enough for two bodies, it may be supposed to be that of husband and wife. They have left no traces of their existence but their skulls and their dust. The roof of the tomb is carved into beams and rafters and is supported by two fluted columns and by pilasters, all with capitals and mouldings of a peculiarly Etruscan character. The tomb, generally, gives the idea of being a reproduction of a dwelling-place or even of a Temple. It is therefore of extreme value in that way. Abutting upon these two tombs and similarly approached by a narrow passage enclosed by walls of masonry we find the "Grotta dei Sarcofagi." This Tomb is more than usually plunged in darkness. Yet as the two sarcophagi which it contains are of life-size, we can by the aid of a candle sufficiently inform ourselves upon their details.

One sarcophagus is of white marble and the other seems to be of alabaster. The experts have pronounced the latter material to have come from S. Felice on the promontory of Circéo. Why should the proprietors of the Tomb have gone to such a distance for alabaster with the resources of Volterra available to them? However that may be, the fine, recumbent draped figures upon these sarcophagi give

you a great idea of the Etruscan physical type. Both are crowned with chaplets of leaves. One figure rests upon his back, his right arm stretched along his side, and with his left hand touching the torque or necklace which he wears round his neck. Four small and very conventional lions are placed at the corners of his couch. To the other figure who reclines upon his left side, the artist has paid greater attention in the way of colour and ornament. His hair is stiffly curled in the archaic manner. His eyes and lips are coloured. The cover of the sarcophagus should receive much attention, being the representation of a tiled roof very carefully and artistically worked. Likely enough it was the representation of the proprietor's roof—or perhaps even of a temple. A sarcophagus of a similar kind is to be seen in the British Museum. That came from Bomarzo. In this Tomb there was formerly a third sarcophagus and of a higher and more elaborate art.[1] The sides were ornamented with coloured figures in relief. It has taken up a new position in the Etruscan-Vatican Museum, where so many of the art treasures of Cære are exhibited. From a portion of an inscription upon a wall of this tomb and also upon a slab, it is supposed that a family named "Apucus" were in possession. I presume Apucus to be the Latinised form of the Etruscan name. These walls were frescoed once, but of colour or design nothing now remains. I think it is fair to credit the Etruscans—whatever may have been their limitations in other branches of art,—with having created that of sarcophagal recumbent figures. It is an art unknown in Egypt or Greece. In Etruria,—especially in Tarquinia, Chiusi, Tosca-

[1] A detailed account of this work of art has been given by Mr. Dennis in his "Cities and Cemeteries of Etruria," vol. 2, p. 454.

INTERIOR OF THE GROTTA DEI RILIEVE, CERVETERI.

To face page 210.

nella, they abound,—both in marble and terra-cotta. And what a stride in the art the Etruscan artists have made here! They have altogether abolished the reign of the moon-faced dwarfs who dominated Volterra from their urns, as we have seen.

It is at the North-East end of the Banditaccia that you will enter the most interesting and the best preserved of all the Cære tombs. This is the "Grotta dei Rilieve." In general plan—though smaller,—it resembles the Tomb of the Tarquins. It has the similarly raised benches of rock with the same sepulchral recesses above. A ridged and raftered roof slightly slanting from the main beam is supported by two squared columns and all hewn out of the same tufa-rock. The architect proposed to himself, it seems, to present to us a symmetrical and well-proportioned saloon as a fitting sepulchre for the family of "Matunas."

A man of war, the head of the family must have been. And then the artist determined to surround the warrior, for the contemplation of his descendants, with an imperishable representation of all the symbols and signs of his profession and also of the articles and furniture which had adorned his patron's dwelling-place. The roof is supported by two massive columns about 20 feet square, each of which springs out from a raised terrace upon either side of the tomb, together occupying a space of about two-thirds of the apartment. The ornamentation of the capitals [1] of these columns is noteworthy as typical of the Etruscan order. The volutes of these are akin to the Ionic order, yet the ornamenta-

[1] A capital of a similar style at Mycene is figured in Schliemann's work on the Argolic Cities. The same motif of lotus-flowers, or buds, is often introduced upon the so-called Phœnician vases found in the Island of Cyprus, *e.g.*

tion consisting of pendant-curved flowers—seemingly of lotus flowers,—suggests an Egyptian derivation. This decorative detail is another instance of Etruscan artists having gone to the East for some of their designs.

The faces of these square columns are ornamented with coloured reliefs of divers weapons, shields, war-like instruments, and also with articles of a domestic character. Here, a pair of twisted rods—supposed to be peculiar to the office of an augur or an Aruspex, and near by coils of leather straps and ropes. There is sculptured an olpe or pitcher, a cyclix or drinking-bowl. Here, a bottle suspended by a string, a long curved trumpet (lituus), a sheathed dagger, a hand-bag, a club, an axe, and so forth. At the foot of one column is painted a spotted cat playing with a mouse, and on the inner base of the same column you see a goose picking up corn.

Upon the base of the right column is painted in high relief a large gong upon a stand. Above this is a mace, a small pot, an axe again, a wooden frame holding a pair of knives, and a bundle of seven spits(?) bound together. Another bundle of the mysterious twisted rods (as afore seen) and above and just below the capital a disc, or possibly a drum. The raised terrace supporting the columns to which I have referred is about a foot higher than the floor of the sepulchre, and cut into thirty-two beds for as many bodies. Raised again above these compartments are three recesses, containing altogether nineteen niched beds, each with a rocky pillow painted red. Each niche is separated by a fluted pilaster adorned with a capital of the same design as that of the two supporting columns. Each pilaster bears just beneath its capital a shield, coloured gold. Above, a double frieze runs round the walls of the

Tomb with moulded and coloured representations of every kind of weapon suggestive of Etruscan warfare.' A central niche at the top of the room and facing the entrance was evidently the resting-place of the head of the family, and of his wife also. For the "lectus" or double bed here plainly denotes that.

The place and position of the funeral couch and the carvings round about point out the occupant as the "Matunas" of the inscriptions, and the ornament of the lady's fan introduced may fairly suggest that his companion upon the couch was the wife of the head of the family. Upon either pilaster enclosing the warrior's couch is wrought a head—much disfigured now,—and it has been inferred that these were portraits of those who slumbered below.

Beneath, on the left pilaster, are sculptured two vases, and under the portrait-head of the other a string of beads and the lady's fan. Every article I have here alluded to is in relief and coloured. The ornamentation of the left pilaster is completed by the representation of a cupboard or safe with a keyhole. This decoration gives a domestic touch to the otherwise generally military character of the associations. The frieze, which I have described as surrounding the walls, exhibits over the warrior's couch two round painted shields, and between them a conical helmet and a suspended sheathed sword. Thus the military character of the decoration is again uppermost, and gives a finishing touch to the whole conception of the chamber, which is that of "When a strong man armed keepeth his palace his goods are in peace."

Everything that has been noticed is coloured to represent the original article, and generally in relief. I saw no marble work at all with the exception of

two small cippi, like inverted mushrooms, placed upon the raised platform,—one on each side of the entrance door. One bears the following inscription as interpreted by the learned: "Matunas Larisal du Cnevthikes Chunta." Let us trust to the words as denoting the style and title of the "strong man" and his life's partner. Over the entrance door of the tomb is painted a bronze patera between filleted bulls'-heads, and also a large dish, which together suggest the idea of a sacrifice. Upon each door-jamb is the representation of a bronze two-handled dish, and beneath each of them an Etruscan circular trumpet, called by the Greeks, "Keras."

Upon each of those niched beds which we have contemplated an Etruscan warrior once reposed. Each one of them probably a member of the family of Matunas. When the sepulchre was discovered in 1850 their helmets, greaves, and cuirasses were *in situ*, to attest to the earthly warfare of each man, although their very bones had crumbled. Yet there *was* one form,—a skeleton still clothed in his panoply. It was the head of the family himself, whose couch in the centre of the Tomb we have found so interesting. One knows not why he should have been more imperishable than his companions, yet it seems to us dramatically quite fitting that so it should have been.

The paintings around this warrior's couch should not be overlooked, for they are peculiarly representative of the Etruscan spirit. Two of their most obnoxious semi-divinities, Charun and a Typhon, together with an especially repulsive Cerberus, are engaged in a frenzied revel. Typhon squatting upon the serpent coils which terminate his evil form, brandishes a rudder in his right hand and a serpent in his left. The monster Cerberus wears a collar of

snakes to enhance his customarily amiable appearance, and has each of his three heads painted of a different colour—red, black, and white respectively. To form the infernal tricolour I imagine. He is glaring behind him out of one of his heads, annoyed with Charun, who does not seem to be "coming on" sufficiently quickly.

How curious it seems to us that such weird scenes were considered to soothe the couch of the departing or departed. And one wonders how the mourners could have derived any consolation from such grim imaginings. The entrance to the Grotta dei Rilieve is similar in character to the tombs already visited, differing only in that the approach is guarded by two tufa-wrought lions.

This Grotta dei Rilieve seems to me the best—I had nearly said the only—instance at Cære of a tomb of purely Etruscan work. Etruscan in spirit, Etruscan in design, Etruscan in all its details. We have good ground also to consider it to be of such very early date as to show no Greek influence at all. Had a Greek artist been called in to fashion this Tomb, should we not have met with Greek friezes and columns with the customary details of meanders, frets, metopes, guttæ, and so forth. The decorations here are all of Etruscan type from the capitals of the columns to the arms, shields, weapons, vases, dishes, trumpets, and the furniture generally. The Etruscan spirit prevails throughout the plan of the design both in its conception and in the details. And although a race of warriors was to be entombed here, each duly clad in the full panoply of war, the family-note breathes throughout.

Everything has been thought out and cared for—and taken due advantage of. No detail stinted or stunted. The architecture, the adaption of the means

to the end, the careful adjustment of each funeral couch to the due requirement of each individual corpse. All these things attest the high civilisation to which the Etruscans had attained, and also the symmetry and even methodical character of their minds. And here also has been an instance,—the solitary one it seems,—of a reforming spirit upon the part of the creator of a tomb; of one who took upon himself to break away from the traditions of his ancestors, from the ancient customs which demanded that the precious possessions of the family in gold or bronze, the jewels and the figured vases should be heaped around his corpse. That only the representation of such things—carved and coloured—should remain as evidences of what the family wealth had been, and that the originals should remain the property of the survivors and to gladden the hearts of his descendants under the family roof. And it can be supposed how very much the family would have appreciated the kindly tokens of such generous forethought.

The Grotta del Triclinio, which is close to that of the Sarcophagi above described, should certainly be visited as being the chief frescoed tomb of Cære, for painted tombs are rare here. Yet it is rather for its reputation as such than for actual possession of frescoes now.

"Triclinium" was the couch that enclosed the dinner-table upon three sides. The term came to include the dining-room itself.

The colours were laid on in distemper, not "al fresco"—strictly speaking.[1]

[1] Speaking of Egyptian and Etruscan wall-paintings, Mr. J. Hamilton Jackson, in his "Mural Painting" (1904), says that analysis of fragments of these coloured plasters always shows some form of glue or gum; he thinks that the word "frescoes" is only used locally when applied to such wall-paintings.

If faith be the evidence of things not seen a very large measure will be required to comprehend what may have been visible years ago. For myself I must confess that for a long time I failed to grasp the purport of the smears of colour upon the walls. And I was backed up by an assiduous cicerone with his lantern, dimly burning, and aided as well by the large suggestive passes of his hands which formed heads and shapes nearly invisible to myself. Even the white stucco whence the colours had fallen off had been darkened by the damp. "That the mighty maze of colours was not without a plan," the description of Mr. Dennis who was here some thirty years ago, (and how one must wish that one could have been with him then!) fortunately remains to prove.

"The tomb," he says to commence with, "has but a single chamber 24 feet by 16 feet. Upon the left hand you will perceive the heads of a man and a woman who are reclining together at a banquet, and beautiful heads they are with features of Greek symmetry. His head is garlanded with laurel and he wears a short beard," (the Etruscans were more in favour of beards than of moustachios), his flesh is of the usual red, the conventional colour (with that people) of gods and heroes. But her flesh is of the white stucco, though her cheek is touched with red. He pledges her in a bowl of wine, which courtesy she acknowledges with an approving glance. She is pretty and wears a variegated skull-cap and has a necklace and a torque, coloured gold. By their side stands a round table spread with fruit and eggs. A large round shield is painted on the walls. From their heads you may judge of the similar paintings upon the other walls where eight couples are likewise reclining. The men with their dusky complexion remain more distinct than the pale women.

The men are not half-draped as in the earlier tombs at Corneto, but are wearing white tunics, the women in yellow. Two slaves (in ancient Etruria servants were never lacking) are to be detected upon the inner wall standing at a table attentive to the vases and goblets thereon depicted. A tall candelabrum [1] stands near. Upon the side wall this scene is repeated. The couches, where discernible, are adorned with mythical animals. In the floor of this sepulchre is an oblong pit,—as in the roof of the Tarquinii's tomb. They may have been shafts connecting with other tombs below or above. The word "Junon" is inscribed upon one of the vases. That is said to prove the tomb of a late date which the character of the paintings had already suggested. That "proof" seems to me questionable. The deity "Juno" as such was never known to the Etruscans; but the term "Juno," the representative as it appears, of a certain class of mythical beings of the "Lares" type, was accepted by the Etruscans. Moreover, as the name here has been spelt out as "Junon," I do not think that we can regard the name as referring to the Latin or Roman goddess.

A Tomb adjacent to the Grotta dei Rilieve, known as the "Grotta delle Lastre Dipinti," should not be passed by, for it marks the site of a remarkable and unique discovery of a very ancient monument of art quite peculiar to Cære. Five painted terra-cotta slabs (Lastre Dipinti) each of about 40 inches in length and 22 inches in width. Slabs similar to these have been found nowhere else in Etruria. Fortunately for us they have now taken up a prominent position

[1] Candelabra are frequent in Etruscan paintings, and merit note as instances of Etruscan luxury. They are often adorned with small vases upon their stems, and crowned with fruits and flowers at the top.

in the British Museum, and the reader having seen the place of their discovery may perhaps wish to have a brief description of them before he studies them in their present resting-place. When the Tomb was opened they were found lying on the floor. Two of the five slabs, those bearing the figures of sphinxes, are said to have formed the entrance of the Tomb. The other three slabs bear three figures each, of about half the height of the slabs.

Seven of the figures are women, and two are men. The scene represents—upon the part of the women at least—a procession, for the two men are talking apart, as though they were engaged in criticising the ladies,—who although elaborately garbed especially as regards their shoes or rather boots, cannot be described as comely in face or form. The two men are bearded and have short hair, one wears a black cap and cloak and bears in his hand a bough of a tree painted red. The other wears a cap (petasus) and a black cloak (pallium) over a white tunic, and in one hand carries a chaplet and in the other a wand or sceptre. Both men wear buskins reaching half-way up the leg. Their shoes of some soft material are pointed at the toes. The women are heavily clad. Over the chiton they wear mantles red or black, and in one instance it is draped over the head, the lady with one hand raising it as though it were a veil. Two of these ladies wear buskins like the men, and their shoes are much pointed. The Etruscans were always extremely "nice" as to their chaussure. So much nicer than are the modern Tuscans. Shoes seem always to have been "de rigueur" in the earliest times, very much studied in form and decoration. That is always seen in vases and wall-paintings. These ladies are generously furnished with long tresses, one of them

having her hair flowing down beneath her waist. Each of them wears, too, that stereotyped meaningless grin so peculiar to archaic art. A triple guilloche pattern runs along the top of the slabs, and below them is a band of vertical stripes coloured red and white. Few colours are made use of in these paintings, only red, black, brown, and yellow.

Mr. Dennis, upon whose description I have chiefly drawn in noting these paintings, also says that "the colours are indelible, being burnt in with the tiles."

That these paintings represent a very ancient art-epoch cannot be disputed. Pliny has left on record that in his day were still to be seen at Cære paintings which might be dated as two centuries before the Foundation of Rome. One wonders if these slabs were those alluded to by him. They well might be the same, so excessively archaic is the style.

Other tiles of this unique character have been found at Cære. Notably a set now in the Louvre and formerly in the Campana Collection. They seem to belong to the same ancient epoch, but are of greater artistic value inasmuch as they illustrate an historical or mythical subject: the "Sacrifice of Iphigenia," or of some similar story. I have been minute in recording the contents of this Tomb delle Lastre Dipinti,—for the Tomb itself has long since been abandoned and filled up. And that has been the case with countless others, and even since Mr. Dennis was here.

Those Tombs which I have noticed (and to those may be added the Grotte delle Sedie and Scudi, and della bella Architettura) have been placed under lock and key. One trusts that they may always remain so.

Respect for Archæology—if not for sepulchres—has been a plant of slow growth in Italy. Yet it *has* grown during the last thirty years. Now that

there is a Government in Italy inspired by other considerations than those of the "auri sacra fames," it is to be hoped that Cære may still further be explored. Great as the finds have already been, we may be sure that the field has been by no means exhausted. As I have hinted previously, the extent of the City walls are still fairly recognisable. The City is said to have had a circuit of four miles, *i.e.*, some thirty times greater than that occupied by the modern village.

Cære having been a Pelasgic City, we should have expected to have found here blocks of the polygonal masonry peculiar to the Pelasgians. It is not so, however; what traces of the wall are to be found,—and those are scanty—consist of rectangular masses. It is generally admitted that Cære was one of the Twelve Etruscan Cities. Dion mentions the City as at war with Tarquinius Priscus. That is the first notice of her with regard to Rome. Later on she is found in alliance with Veii and Tarquinia, as fighting with Servius Tullius, and, being worsted, had to forfeit some of her territory. Perhaps that was the reason that she abstained from joining Lars Porsena when he took up the cause of Tarquinius Superbus.

It is in the year 220 A.U.C. that we have one of the earliest and most picturesque glimpses of Cære. She had in that year joined her navy to that of Carthage for the purpose of driving the Phocæans out of Corsica, of which they had possessed themselves, and with great difficulty, for the allies seem to have lost the greater part of their combined fleet in the attempt. The Phocæans were defeated. The soldiers of Cære brought their prisoners to Cære and there stoned them to death. For this outrage Cære was promptly brought to book by the avenging

deities. The Citizens, and even their flocks and herds, approaching the guilty neighbourhood of the massacre were seized with paralysis. The Cærites, thoroughly terrified by these consequences of their great crime, sent off in hot haste to Delphi to request forgiveness, and besought the oracle to pronounce how they could expiate this impious breach of the law of nations. The oracle directed them to perform the customary rites of expiation, and further to institute equestrian games and gymnastics to be periodically renewed in order to appease the Manes of their victims. So runs the story as told by Herodotus (Book I., 167).

The account is chiefly interesting to us as showing the connection between Cære and Greece.

Cære enjoyed the distinction, in the opinion of ancient writers, of being one of the few Etruscan Cities possessed of a harbour that abstained from piracy. Amongst other distinctions of hers was that she was generally upon good terms with the Romans. Indeed she was able to afford Rome a valuable and substantial proof of her friendship in one of Rome's darkest hours. For she is reported to have given shelter to the Flamen Quirinalis, and to the Vestal Virgins when the Gauls took Rome, and yet further when the Gauls were leaving Rome and carrying off much booty with them Cære attacked them and deprived them of their plunder. It is even said that the word "cærimonia" arose out of the former friendly transaction. After such services it would have been expected that the two cities would always have remained upon terms of amity. But in the year 353 B.C., Rome having attacked Tarquinia, Cære considered that it behoved her to assist a sister-city in distress. Both Cities were, however, defeated, and Cære had to pay heavily for her mistaken policy,

We scarcely hear of Cære again except in the inevitable notice that we have of her having assisted to victual Scipio's fleet in the Second Punic War. A remark that has been made of most of the chief cities of Etruria.

The Regolini-Galassi Tomb.

The position of this Tomb outside Cære has been already pointed out.

The now desolated and abandoned sepulchre formed, when it was discovered by Messrs. Regolini and Galassi, in 1836, Cære's "cheval de bataille." The discovery sent a thrill through archæological Europe much as the after researches of Schliemann at Mycenæ and the revelation of the treasures of Queen Aah-hetep at Drah-abul-Nekka in Egypt.

Great and abundant as the treasures discovered here were, they assumed a secondary position in the eyes of the archæologists in comparison with the immense antiquity of the architecture of the tomb itself. The entrance, at least, can still be profitably investigated by the archæological student. The rude convergence of horizontal blocks of tufo cut away and curved so as to form an arched doorway marks a construction of extreme antiquity, one previous to the introduction of the arch proper into Italy. The similarity of this construction to that of the primitive gateway of Tiryns has been noted by many writers. Tiryns was a Pelasgic City, and the repetition of the type here justifies the belief that this also was of Pelasgic origin. Agylla, or Cære, having been for long one of the principal cities inhabited by the Italian Pelasgians, it would have been singular had there been no vestiges of their dominion. I think that when we are going over the contents of the Tomb we may find other suggestions of a Pelasgic origin. This entrance of an embryo-arch is crowned by a block of nenfro-stone.

The Tomb formerly was surmounted by a double tumulus of earth, no remains of which exist. The base was surrounded by a wall of masonry enclosing unimportant tombs, probably for the inferiors belonging to the household. They served the purpose, if it were an intentional one, of misleading those who destroyed them, for those who did so were unaware that the valuable tombs lay far beneath.

"The doorway," says Mr. Dennis, "is the index to the whole tomb, which is a mere passage about 60 feet long, constructed on the same principle and lined with masonry, and consisting of two chambers communicating by a doorway of the same (pseudo) Gothic form with a truncated top. The outer chamber is 33 feet long, the inner 24½ feet, and the thickness of the partition wall 3 feet . . . No rifler had ever forced his way here, for the remarkable treasures which have made the name of the tomb proverbial were all spread out as though awaiting an inevitable destiny." At the further end of the outer chamber was seen a bronze bier 1 foot in height with a raised head-top, and upon it the corpse that had lain there had dissolved into nothingness. By the side of the bier stood a small four-wheeled bronze-car decorated with a relief of lions and with a basin inserted. This no doubt contained frankincense or other gums for the purpose of fumigation in "more Etrusco."[1]

Upon the other side of the bier rested some very primitive terra-cotta "Lares" (black terra-cotta); some of them in long robes and "chasubles," others

[1] Mrs. Hamilton Grey, who wrote a "Tour in Etruria," some seventy years ago, mentions the combustion, in her presence, of a lump of fragrant gum. She says that the extreme pungency of the odour drove herself and her party out of the door. I think it was in this very tomb that the stuff was found.

in plumed hats. A small iron altar was placed at the head and at the foot of the bier. A bundle of darts and a shield were also at the foot.

Upon the wall were hung six shields, large and round, 3 feet across, all of embossed bronze in relief. Near the door was a four-wheeled bronze car, large enough to have borne the body to the tomb in much the same way as we are accustomed to transport our dead at the present day. Upon two iron tripods, also close to the door, stood very large cauldrons with reliefs and ornamented handles of griffon's heads. A curious double-bronze vase stood near. One vase was inverted, thus forming the base, and was joined to the other vase by two spherical balls. Then, there were more bronze vessels suspended from nails upon either side of the recessed roof. Most of these vessels appear to have been for fumigating purposes,—a customary and perhaps necessary process in tombs where the corpses were suffered to decay without any special treatment. This tomb was regarded as that of a warrior. So far it seemed to contain nothing that might not have been found in many another sepulchre. The surprise for the discoverer was reserved in the inner chamber. The partition door was filled with masonry half-way up, and upon each door jamb was hung a silver vase.

Bronze vessels also were suspended on either side of the entrance, and others hung, as in the outer room, from the vaulted roof. Then as the explorer advanced he perceived two more bronze cauldrons. At the end of the room he was checked by a sudden array of plates of gold spread upon the floor whereon had rested a corpse of which no traces remained. The position of the gold ornaments indicated that they had rested upon the body.

There were further many fragments of gold fringes,

and of thin plates of gold which suggested that the body had been arrayed in a garment of gold. All the abundant ornaments around were also of gold. Conspicuous amongst them were a head-dress of unusual type, a breastplate of an Assyrian or Egyptian character (these very similar to the well-known Prænestе treasure in the Kircher Museum at Rome), two necklaces—one of very long joints; a pair of large ear-rings and a pair of bracelets of filigree work, eighteen fibulæ or brooches, and many rings. The head-dress above mentioned,—to go somewhat into detail—consisted of two oval plates united by two broad bands embossed with figures of ducks and lions. The "breastplate" had twelve bands of real or mythical figures. Against the back wall were placed two silver vases figured in relief. Some of the silver vases bore an inscription of "Mi Larthia"—"I Larthia"—or "I am Larthia," "Larthia"[1] being supposed to be the feminine form of Lars or Larth. The Assyrian or Egyptian character of these cups (gilt inside some of them were) was to be remarked. Amber brooches and bullæ were found in the same tomb. Other much less valuable objects were found in two small circular chambers, one on either side of the outer passage. In one was a cinerary urn containing calcined bones. It is noteworthy to find a tomb wherein two of the modes of disposing of the dead were practised. With regard to the above name of "Larthia" and the supposed feminine character of the gold ornaments around the corpse,—it has been argued that the latter personal

[1] It is quite certain that Priestesses were unknown to the Etruscans. It is also doubtful whether Larthia was the feminine form of Larth or Lars. The recurrence of forms of that name, or title, is so frequent in the Etruscan sepulchres as to suggest that we may not have arrived at the true interpretation of the word.

decorations might have been likewise worn by a man of high rank, a Lucumo, priest, *e.g.* Indeed there is a hierarchical character about them which seems to confirm the conjecture. The two small circular chambers just mentioned are considered to have been later additions. Canina was of opinion that the inner tomb [1] alone was the original one, and the other chambers formed and occupied later on.

There is another peculiar feature in this sepulchre which gives to it a distinctive character, viz., the flooring thereof. The floor beneath each corpse was paved with stones, embedded in cement. This hint at mosaic is, I imagine, unique in Etruria, and possibly the earliest existing instance of such work. Yet more precious than all these jewels of gold and silver to the archæologist's heart, was the famous Alphabet found here, inscribed upon a terra-cotta vase or ink-bottle. Here at last, it was fondly hoped, we might be upon the threshold of solving the Etruscan riddle. For not only the Alphabet was given to us, but syllables, a spelling-book in short, "Ba-Bi," "Ma-Mi," and the rest of it. Yet such hopes have not been realised. We are no nearer to the key to Etruscan than we were before. This Alphabet, to begin with, consists of 25 letters. The Etruscans had but 16. And a second and fatal obstacle is that we must read it from left to right. Many of the letters in the list were used by the Etruscans, it is true, for both they and the Pelasgians made use of very old Greek letters. Yet the Pelasgians wrote from left to right and the Etruscans did not. It has been related that another Tomb in the vicinity of the Regolini-Galassi had a Pelasgic alphabet painted upon its walls. A smaller terra-cotta bottle with an alphabet was also found in the Regolini-Galassi

[1] "Canina," quoted by Dennis, vol. i. p. 270.

Tomb. There is much evidence, I think, for the Pelasgic origin of the Regolini-Galassi Tomb. None of the things regarded as Etruscan specialités have been found therein. No figured vases, very little pottery at all, and that of a primitive type. No "specchii" (bronze mirrors), no scarabæi, no frescoes. Even the gold ornaments may have been of Pelasgic work. For Castellani and others have been in favour of the higher skill of the Pelasgic goldsmiths.

Professor Lepsius, (a great authority upon such matters), refers to the Pelasgian goldsmiths "those finely-wrought thin articles sewn with minute gold grains." He also considers that the Pelasgians originated "the bizarre yet often elegant vases of black ware." I suppose he means that of "buccchero," so abundant at the very ancient site of Chiusi (Camars).

Not only, then, from the architecture of the Regolini-Galassi Tomb and from its contents are we justified in believing that this Tomb is a Pelasgic one, but we are further led to the conclusion that the goldsmith's art was anterior to that of the figured ceramic ware. We know that that was so in the Mycenæan or Ægean art. And yet more remarkably so in Egyptian art. The Pottery in this Tomb is quite of a primitive kind. The gold work and the bronze work, upon the other hand, demonstrate a high development of the metallic arts. I think we may infer, then, that these are Mycenæan or Egyptian, if not worked in Italy itself by the Pelasgic artists who were indebted to the East for their culture.

As regards Cære,—Professor Lepsius considered that the "Pelasgic population of Cere was preserved more or less pure to a late period." A Tomb very similar architecturally to this Regolini-Galassi Sepul-

chre was discovered at Monterone, near Palo, in 1838. It had the same Pelasgic character of the pseudo-arch, with courses of converging blocks ; it also contained specimens of the black archaic pottery. And though not now to be seen, other tombs of the same Pelasgic type were discovered in that part of the Cære Necropolis on the West known as Zambra. All the contents of the Regolini-Galassi Tomb have been placed in the Vatican Etruscan Museum, where the reader can verify them, if it pleases him to do so, as the author has done.

I was accompanied in my tour of the Cære tombs by a nervous and not very enthusiastic Italian. He was scarcely to be tempted into these dark subterranean sepulchres by any encomiums of my own. He generally awaited my return at the entrance with a breathless demand whether I had come across any snakes during my explorations. I answered him with truth that I had seen many. The answer was quite sufficient to scare him away as though he were pursued by pythons. I was able to restore somewhat his shattered nerves and to stay his hurried flight by the welcome assurance that the serpents I had come across were only representations upon painted walls. Snakes have always been a favourite delineation in ancient art. They are entwined in all religions from Genesis downwards.

Herodotus in Book VIII. says that the ancients worshipped the Gods and Genii of any place under the form of serpents.

"Set up," says some one in Persius' Satires (No. 1), "some marks of reverence such as the painting of two serpents to let boys know that the place is sacred."

Neither quotation would have availed to comfort my companion—even had I produced them on the spot. He had been at Volterra, and may therefore

have heard of Persius. The only consolation to his injured nerves that he could promise himself was to play the "numbers" of Tombs and Serpents,—for he was a hardened gambler,—at the Government "Lotto" at the next week's extraction. I fear though that his venture was not successful.

In concluding these remarks as to Cerveteri I may add that the reader will not realise the extraordinary abundance of the terra-cotta vases recovered from the Cære Tombs unless he visit the Etruscan Department of the Louvre Gallery. One large room there is entirely devoted to Cære. In addition to the famous terra-cotta slabs already alluded to, the shelves are stocked with vases of all sizes and shapes, —for the most part decorated and painted with patterns and ornaments of archaic type, as distinguished from "figured" vases properly so called. The abundance there also of the black bucchero ware is noteworthy.

CHAPTER XV

CHIUSI

CHIUSI being the one City in all Etruria with which we can associate a real flesh-and-blood Etruscan personality,—Lars Porsena (Pursna in the dialect of his countrymen) [1]—one could have wished to approach the place in a rather more reverential frame of mind than that induced by the exigencies of modern modes of travelling.

For whether you journey here from Siena or from some spot upon the Rome-Florence line (the Station of Chiusi is upon a junction) you seem to arrive here more battered, backed, shunted, and hustled than upon any other line in Italy ; and that is saying a good deal if you have large experience of Italian travelling modes and means.

The most sensible mode of procedure I think, after that you have been deposited upon the platform, and have shaken, literally and metaphorically, the dust from off your feet, and have possessed yourself of a vehicle, is to set your back resolutely against the Railway Station and all its works. And closing your ears to the multitudinous shriekings

[1] Lars Porsena.—Lanzi, who favoured the idea of matronymics having obtained in Etruria, deduced Porsena, or Pursna, from the mother's name Pursia. Thence doubtless came the Roman Portia.

of baffled and embarrassed pioneers of locomotives, to keep your gaze fixed upon that pretty olive-clothed eminence to the North-West of you,—and which represents the metropolis and the home of Lars Porsena.

It is but a short and pretty drive. The scenery around you is of a grateful and familiar kind, recalling to you many an English spot. Undulating wooded hills, and groves, and dells, and vales peopled by a seemingly-prosperous peasantry. Farms surrounded by verdant crops, and all oblivious of the thousand forefathers that sleep beneath the much-tilled soil,—unwept, unhonoured, and unsung, and undiscovered, which is worse. The ceaseless ploughshares that have gone over their unknown graves for countless years,—not cutting deep enough to disturb their urns. And Italians don't love steam-ploughs, or they might have cut into more sepulchres.

Near the Railway Station and close to your road upon the right is the Tomb named "Deposito del Gran Duca,"—so called from the 'erewhile proprietor, the Grand Duke of Tuscany,—discovered in 1818. (At Chiusi the term "Deposito" is usually applied to an ancient Tomb.)

This Tomb although small, of one chamber only and undecorated, is of great artistic worth. The entrance is an arch of very white travertine, a true and *bonâ-fide* arch. Arches in Etruscan tombs, as we have already learned, are rare. Arches anywhere in Etruria are very elusive,—so we must make the most of one when we come across it. The door is barred by two heavy leaves of travertine, of which stone the whole tomb consists.

Eight cinerary urns were found in this single chamber, and upon some of them could be deciphered the name of "Peris," which probably was the family-name.

Chiusi, unlike Cerveteri and Tarquinii, seems not to have a distinctive necropolis. For, the Tombs that have been discovered are scattered far and wide. I suppose that the old proprietors and landowners preferred to entomb their relatives in their own private grounds. And that desire seems very often hereditary among some of the wealthier in modern Italy. The "Deposito della Scimia" (Monkey) lies about two miles to the West of the City in a pretty English-like wood.

It is excavated at a great depth out of the tufa-rock and contains four nearly square chambers, much of which has been gaily decorated with paintings, and if not in their pristine condition, are still fairly ornamental.

A long low platform surrounds the central chamber upon which the corpses were deposited.

Upon the right wall of the entrance were figures of gymnasts. A solitary lady formed the audience and was holding a parasol over her head whilst her feet rested upon a footstool. Upon the left was a chariot-race.

From this room you pass into another with a similar low shelf upon two sides for the reception of the bodies of the dead. Here, there are but few frescoes, two nude figures only with a snake and some rude designs sketched upon the tufa itself.

You can still distinguish two spirited figures of a man and a woman—leaping or flying down to a man below them who extends his hands towards them. Behind the leaping figures comes a man on horseback. A small monkey chained to a pillar below gives its name to the tomb. Upon another wall are horsemen and some naked figures playing at the game of "morra," a diversion still extant in Italy. The roof of this tomb is carved in panels.

The wooden door is said to be "ancient." I very much doubt it. The Etruscans in no instance that I know of, trusted to so fragile a protection. The tomb is considered to be a very early one from the character of the paintings which are decidedly of native art. When Mr. Dennis came here, a great deal more was to be seen, which he has minutely described in his "Cities and Cemeteries." Yet, little more is to be seen of the frescoes at present than what I have noted. This "deposito," I may remark, is the only tomb now (1908) under lock and key with the exception of the Colle Casucini. This being so, is owing to the fact that it is in private grounds and belongs to an owner with some regard for archæology. The tomb is twenty minutes South-East of the town.

It is cut out of the tufa-rock and consists of three chambers, two of which are decorated with paintings. The entrance door of 4 feet 4 inches in height, still has its travertine-folding doors, still working on their hinges, and upon either side a small room. The tomb is empty now. The frescoes are, however, astonishingly fresh. A painted frieze runs round the chief room representing games and chariot-races. Much to be remarked is the figure of a very vigorous charioteer urging on a pair of steeds singularly out of proportion to the chariot, which is small as a child's perambulator. This frieze seems of earlier art than the wall-paintings below. Wrestlings, dances, and games form the chief decorations, small in size, not in the grand style as those on the "Sette Camini" at Orvieto, *e.g.*, but pretty and fairly vigorous in treatment. The colours have been laid upon a very white plaster, which seems to have been of a quality more durable than that usual in many other tombs. Upon one of the walls a banquet is

depicted, and it is curious to note how many vases and of various shapes the artist has introduced. You will remark, too, the figures of servants,—one holding a colander or strainer; another with a simpulus, or wine-ladle, in his hand, and another figure exercising himself with dumb-bells. This tomb appears never to have been very far below the present level although surmounted by a tumulus. The Signor Casucini to whom this property once belonged formed a very large and valuable Etruscan collection, and sold it *en bloc* many years ago to the Palermo Museum, where it may be seen in its integrity.

It is upon the be-labyrinthed Poggio Gajella, four miles to the West of the town, that excavators have chiefly wrought and toiled. For here, if anywhere, tradition had suggested the existence of the "wondrous structure" of the sepulchre and monument of Lars Porsena. Varro, who wrote of the "Pyramid over pyramid," &c., did not see that tomb, but drew his account of it, as is believed, from Etruscan books. Pliny copied his account, but neither did Pliny see the tomb. Niebuhr waxed indignant with both of them for describing a fabric such as "never has existed nor could exist"—"like a fairy-palace in the Arabian nights." [1] Yet the hill is honeycombed with tombs and dotted with mounds and hillocks, mostly covered with copse, all suggestive of buried magnates. The Casucini, referred to in the account of the Tomb so-called, drew a large portion of their collection from these Gajella sepulchres. Discovered in 1836, this hill has a measurement of 250 yards in circumference, about 50 feet high, and surrounded at its base by a circular wall of masonry, and is literally packed with

[1] *Vide* Lecture XII on the "History of Rome."

sepulchres in three tiers one row over the other. Some were painted; others with the roofs carved into beams and rafters. In the lowest tier was a circular chamber supported by a round column and contained some fine vases. It is from the North side of the hill whence these labyrinthine passages communicate with other tombs upon the West of the Hill. Meantime, and until the "wondrous structure" be brought to light, the mysterious labyrinths of underground passages upon this Poggio Gajella remain to puzzle sufficiently the brains of archæologists. Pliny speaks of the "inextricable labyrinth" connected with this tomb, and which he imagined to present insuperable difficulties to those approaching the monument unless possessed of the clue. A plan of the labyrinths was figured in Dennis's "Cities and Cemeteries." Some consider them to be an elaborate work of drainage. Yet the light, friable soil generally characteristic of Chiusi does not seem to demand any special work of that kind. These low tunnels large enough to allow men to crawl within, may perhaps have formed an alternative means of entering the tomb in case of need, and thus to avoid any possibility of interference by the main entrance after the final closing of the tombs. The riddle certainly has not yet been solved, though Pliny has given us a clue. Other labyrinthine passages somewhat of a similar kind have been discovered beneath the City itself. If they were ever entered, they cannot be seen now. At Girgenti (the ancient Agrigentum in Sicily), there are works of a similar character. There they are attributed to the Aborigines, the Sicani.

Chiusi, amongst her other works of art, has been especially distinguished for the many scarabei of cornelian found here. There is a "Campo degli

Orefici" on the East of the City,—a sort of Tom Tiddler's ground, where these attractive articles have been unusually numerous. Not in tombs however. It looks as though there had been here a jewellers' quarter, strangely overlooked, and every now and then washed-out after heavy rain. Without comparing Chiusi as a site to many more beautiful Etruscan cities (for the height of the City does not exceed 1,200 feet) extensive views and fine prospects may be obtained from many points of the City. Upon the North there is the really fine range of Monte Cetano, much clothed with forests, in the distance, and luxuriant valleys between the mountains and Chiusi. Far away to the North-West the more modest heights of Chianciano and Montepulciano mark the centres of Etruscan sites often explored but by no means exhaustively. All that fertile and beautiful district was once sonorous with Etruscan life and packed with towns, villages, and cemeteries. One knows not why so far more populous than now. All vanished and buried beneath the rich cultivation of to-day,—and so far perhaps, we and the farmers may thank heaven for it. Then if you fix your gaze upon the extreme North you may see as far as Arezzo, or at least to the extraordinarily rich plains which surround that City.

The original name of Chiusi was Camars. Some believe that it was an Umbrian City and that when it was captured by the Pelasgians it was then called Clusium, from a legendary Clusius son of a legendary Tyrrhenus. Virgil represents the City as supporting Æneas against Turnus (Æneid x. 167). Yet the first historical event recorded in the history of the City is that in common with other sister-cities [1]

[1] Those cities were Arezzo, Volterre, Rusellæ, and Vetulonia—according to Dionysius of Halicarnassus.

she assisted the Latins against Tarquinius Priscus. (It is noteworthy how the Etruscans appear to have detested Tarquinius Priscus although his mother was an Etruscan and his wife was Tanaquil, also an Etruscan lady.)

It is strange, moreover, for Lars Porsena took a very different line of policy in the instance of Tarquinius Superbus later on.

Lars Porsena was a great personality,—the only great Etruscan name that has come to the fore. But it does not appear that he exercised any powers out of his own territory of Clusium, in peace-time at least. To call him "King," for instance, is quite erroneous. The title seems to have been unknown to the Etruscans. Every Etruscan City was in the hands of its nobles,—called "lucumones," and they elected from themselves the Chief of the State for each City.

It is needless to observe that Chiusi was one of the Twelve Cities of the Confederation. Lars Porsena naturally owes his great pre-eminence to his wars with the Romans,—even, it is said, to his temporary conquest of Rome. Pliny writes of Lars Porsena forbidding Rome to make use of iron except for agricultural purposes, which practically prohibited the use of swords or of chariots. The arrogance of a conqueror could scarcely have been more conspicuously displayed. Dionysius of Halicarnassus writes to the effect that the Roman Senate sent to Porsena an ivory throne, a crown and sceptre of gold, and a triumphal garment. A very remarkable coincidence, for these were the very articles which Vetulonia had once presented to a Roman Monarch. One wonders if Rome economised upon the above occasion and returned the very same treasures which she had formerly received.

How far or for how long Lars Porsena was able to establish his supremacy over Rome is uncertain. Yet the utter defeat of his ally Tarquinius Superbus at the Battle of Lake Regillus, and the failure of Lars Porsena, or of his son Aruns, to get the better of the allied Romans and Cumeans at Ariccia (near the modern Albano) suggest that his superiority was short if sharp. Aruns was killed before Ariccia, and his so-called monument,—not so very dissimilar to that of his father described by Varro,—is still in evidence near that town. The date of this defeat is 506 B.C., and Lars Porsena deemed that moment opportune for concluding a treaty of peace with the Romans.

"He seems to have thenceforth lived in amity with Rome and at peace with all the world, for we hear no more of him. Nor of Clusium, until long after that the hero had been laid to rest in his fantastic sepulchre, It was in the year 391 B.C. that the Senonian Gauls suddenly put in an appearance,—and a very awe-striking appearance, at the very gates of Clusium, and abruptly demanded the cession of a large portion of the Clusian territory. Fortunately, and wonderfully, the alliance with Rome was still in force, so that the terror-stricken inhabitants lost not a moment in appealing to Rome for assistance. The Roman Senate was swift to answer the appeal, and immediately despatched Ambassadors to Brennus the Gallic General, " inviting " him to respect the friends of Rome. The good offices of Rome, for the moment, had no other result than to embitter the angry feelings between the two camps. A battle promptly ensued in which the Romans hastened to take part. This active policy upon the part of Rome was of the greatest service to Clusium. For it turned the wrath of the Gauls from themselves upon Rome her-

self. The Gauls hurriedly abandoned Clusium and marched for Rome. And we all know of the capture of the City and of the brief stay of the Gauls in Italy. For nearly two hundred years from this time, history is silent upon the subject of Clusium. Finally in the year 225 B.C. we have another glimpse of Clusium, again threatened by a Gallic Invasion just before the great defeat of the Gauls by Rome at Talamone (Telamon). It is uncertain in what year Clusium had to submit to Rome, or what may have been the "casus belli." Probably it was during the time that Sylla was harassing and reducing one Etruscan City after another. If it were so it is a curious commentary upon Sylla's campaign to learn from Velleius Paterculus that the citizens of Clusium were engaged about the year 80 B.C. in erecting a statue to that ubiquitous General.

That Rome was here for a long time,—even if her presence were not attested by so many extant remains,—might be assumed from the strong strategical importance of the place, situated as Clusium is, on the borderland of Umbria and Etruria. The remains of the ancient walls are scanty and have not the characteristic style of Volterra and Cortona with the exception of some large blocks in rear of the Cathedral. The largest portion is to be seen just below the public promenade,—called the Prado,—and consists of uncemented small blocks of travertine. This stone of which we have seen much in the tombs also, is not quarried in Chiusi, but comes chiefly from Sarteano, about five miles to the South. Chiusi, although occupying an elevated position, is not high enough,—like her more fortunate neighbour Città Della Pieve,—to escape the evil influences of malaria. She is too near her own stagnant shallow lake and also to the low-lying lands which are so often flooded by the river Chiana.

Yet since large works of drainage were undertaken in the Val di Chiana, Chiusi has regained her health and strength if not her spirits. (For it cannot be said that the 3,000—that is the figure at which the population is put—are a very roystering lot so far as their exterior demeanour goes.)

Formerly there was an open tomb to the North-West of the town called, from its being in the grounds of a convent, "Deposito delle Monache." I recall this fact because having been lately in quest at Vulci of Cœles Vibenna, in this tomb was found an urn inscribed with that name in Etruscan, "Caule Vipina."

It may have been commemorative of a relative of the famous condottiere of the time of Servius Tullius, but scarcely one would suppose of the hero himself. Another Tomb that should have been mentioned before as containing an instance of a perfect arch,—like that of the Gran Duca Tomb,—was that called "Della Vigna Grande." Here were cinerary urns of travertine placed in the single chamber upon which were inscribed "Therini." The sepulchre was therefore supposed to belong to a family of that name. I should say, generally speaking, that the Tombs of Chiusi are not dissimilar from those of other sites, those with arched entrances excepted. That they were subjected from an early period to the attacks of plunderers there are many proofs. What the contents were, and in what branches of art the Clusians excelled or were deficient, the reader will better be able to judge when he has visited the Museum. That the black ware, generally known as "bucchero," was a specialty of Chiusi, and that it is to be dated very early in the history of Etruria, is generally conceded.

It has been previously remarked that Professor

Lepsius was in favour of Chiusi being of Pelasgic origin. However that may be, Clusium in Etruscan times seems to have been the headquarters of the manufacture, and to have exported bucchero-ware to all parts of Etruria.

The "focolari,"—or trays of that ware, set out with cups,—small pots, dishes, phials and vases,—(so very suggestive of "five o'clock tea,")—are undoubtedly of Clusian origin. Sometimes round, sometimes rectangular, they are considered to have been toilet-services,—to have contained all those things (and more) that are supposed to be necessary for a lady's dressing-table. Certainly a satire upon human nature,—upon feminine-human nature, that such things should have been placed within reach of the vanished hand in the tomb. One thinks of Hamlet's address to the skull: "Tell her to paint an inch thick, for to this favour must she come." You will be surprised by the immense variety of shapes and sizes in this ware, that are to be seen in the Museum. A large proportion bear reliefs often of an Egyptian character. It is supposed that this was effected by means of a roller stamping the designs on the wet clay. The ware is brittle and was often imperfectly baked. The colour was not of the natural clay, and may have been imparted to the ware by some means of smoking, with which we are not acquainted. Some say bitumen was mixed with the clay. A very curious and tall column of terra-cotta will certainly arrest attention. It resembles so much a pigeon-house,—a familiar object enough in European countries,—and wants only the dovecot at the summit to complete the resemblance. It is about $3\frac{1}{2}$ to 4 yards high, and is formed of seven drums, each drum having two openings. It is thought by some to have served as a furnace for baking tiles;—others con-

sider that it served for the cremation of corpses. This again seems to be one of the specialties of Clusians. The "Canopus" type of cinerary urn certainly is one. The varieties of the type in this Museum are infinite. The ingenuity of the Etruscan artists was inexhaustible in the invention of queer forms and shapes. The Canopus [1] form of jar or vase originated in Egypt,—and possibly the Clusians may have derived it thence. At Hissarlik it has also been found. It is rare in Etruria generally. Here, as the reader will see, it abounds. One Canopus jar is of bronze with a clay head. The combination is unusual, for the great majority of the Canopi are of plain terra-cotta. Another jar of terra-cotta of this Canopus kind deserves notice. The head, a female one, is movable. The lady,—evidently a portrait of the cremated one, is her own sepulchre, for her ashes are in the jar. Yet this is not of an uncommon type. It is a quaint idea. Every man, or as in this instance, every woman her own sepulchre.

Many of the urns of this Canopus type were found in the well-tombs (ziri)—which are very frequent in Chiusi.

Another Canopus jar of smooth bucchero, oval in form, is closed by a cover in form of a ball which has impressed upon it a mask in imitation of those of bronze found at Chiusi. The nose of the face is much in relief and of an archaic type. Upon

[1] The type of the Canopus jar is that of a large oval vase or jar, the cover formed of a portrait-head. Often the hands of the deceased are represented as protruding from the shoulders of the vase. The heads are often movable. Sometimes, and it seems one of the quaintest of the many quaint ideas of the Etruscans, they placed one of these canopus jars upon a chair made of bronze or terra-cotta. The chair, curiously enough, is often the exact shape of our basket-chairs. Examples of these may be seen in the Museums of London and Florence.

the shoulders of the vase are two sharply executed protuberances in which are fastened handles representing the neck and the head of gryphons. This vase is 3 feet 9 inches in height.

Whilst upon the subject of bucchero,—a "pilgrim" bottle of that ware should be remarked, for the shape is rare.

The cinerary urns other than those of the "Canopus" type are very numerous and of every material—terra-cotta, travertine, alabaster, marble, pietra-fetida. This last-mentioned stone—a kind of limestone, is common in Chiusi. It is not a good material for any purpose, being of an extremely brittle nature, yet it has been used for cippi, pedestals, slabs, and even for reliefs. The last are generally in very low relief,—subjects such as processions and religious ceremonies. A statue,—serving also as a cinerary urn,—probably of Proserpine, which merits notice (for statues are not common here), is of the same pietra-fetida. It is a statuette rather than a statue, being under 6 feet in height.

The divinity—very archaic—is seated with much dignity upon a throne and in her left hand holds an apple. The back of the figure is hollowed out for the reception of the ashes. The head is movable. Proserpine became "Manta" in the Etruscan mythology. Nevertheless, the Etruscan spelling of the Greek goddess is often found as "Persephne" or Phersiphnai. Another very similar goddess, of travertine, is also in this Museum. From the very great number of cinerary urns and cinerary devices of all kinds we must conclude that cremation prevailed in Clusium. The urns—it may be owing to the nature of the soil—have preserved their colouring, and the inscriptions upon them are generally remarkably distinct. That in many cases may be owing to their having been painted red.

The reliefs of the cinerary urns, as in Volterra, are generally subjects of Greek myth and legend. I observed here one of "Laocoon,"—a good deal differing from the treatment of the subject in the famous Statue.

Here, only one son is represented, and he lies dead at his father's feet. In many other urns many monsters terrestrial or marine are to the fore. Yet if inhumation was less common, there are two or three sarcophagi which for artistic worth yield to no others in Etruria. And that not only for the recumbent figures upon them, but for the reliefs around them.

One of terra-cotta is remarkable also for the coloured details. It is of a noble-looking man reposing upon a most carefully-modelled couch. His flesh and his eyes are coloured.

An especially suggestive sarcophagus found near Chiusi, and now in the Museum at Perugia, also deserves notice. A recumbent male figure—probably a portrait—is "in extremis." A winged figure—probably his "genius"—has her hand upon his arm as though to notify him that his hour has come. The heads of both figures are movable, which seems to suggest that the ashes of others—after that the occupant of the sarcophagus had been placed within—could also find shelter here.

The design is interesting, not only as showing one of the articles of the Etruscan faith, but also how very little attention was paid to the feelings of the survivors by the artist who carried out the commission entrusted to him.[1]

[1] A very similar sarcophagus, also from Chiusi, is in the British Museum. The name of the recumbent lady there has been deciphered "Seiantiar Thannia," and the work attributed to 200 B.C.

In the Florence Etruscan Museum also, there is almost a

It is the alabaster recumbent statue of a lady, however, which is the pride of this Museum. The beauty of the stately form and of the classical features makes one think of a Jacopo di Quercia. I suppose that it must be attributed to Greek influence. The reliefs below are of Greeks fighting Amazons and also of other combats. The sarcophagus formerly contained the lady's skeleton.

In bronze objects the Museum seems certainly poor in comparison with those of other Cities. Yet there is one bronze curiosity to which attention will certainly be directed. It is a very large circular bronze dish of about 76 inches in diameter. Around the rim are seven small male statuettes in diverse postures. It is believed that this vessel served for the collection of the ashes from a funeral pyre, and which were then distributed into the cinerary urns of those who had been consumed together upon the pyre. It must have been a puzzle to identify the ashes for each urn! The feet on which this dish stands are formed of Gorgons with arms extended and with beasts' talons. There are several small idols of bronze, but I think only one of any size. Rather of an Egyptian type and standing upon a bronze base. It is 18 inches in height.

Strangely enough arms and armour are very scarce. I imagine that most have gone into other collections. Gold ornaments are rarer still. I think that the Louvre managed to secure a great many. Certainly there is in that collection a magnificent and famous fibula with a long inscription upon it. Yet it must

counterpart of the one at Chiusi. I should say even more beautiful, and, strange to say, it bears a name similar to that in the British Museum, "Larthia Seianti." It must be another lady of the same family, or "Seianti" must represent some word unfamiliar to us.

[Brogi.

RECUMBENT STATUE OF LARTHIA SEIANTI.
(Florence Archæological Museum).

Photo]

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be always remembered that Chiusi, from her prominent position, and one easy of access from all parts, has always been particularly exposed to the depredations of thieves and pillagers;—native ones especially.

Two terra-cotta slabs inscribed with Etruscan (?) alphabets are among the more characteristic antiquities here. These are said to be very early, yet they have to be read from left to right—which is contrary to the alleged Etruscan system of writing.

A quadrangular cippus, although much mutilated, representing an Etruscan marriage, is very valuable as giving us an insight into one of the native customs. It is a scene rather turbulent in portions for a ceremony with which we connect ideas of calm and self-restraint. We can make out the bridegroom, and the bride,—a figure profusely draped ; the father who gives her away, and the priest distinguished by his " hat,"—(it is more than the " pileum ")—and by a branch of olive in his hand. The inevitable " tibicina " or " subsulo," the musician with the double pipe, precedes all the chief actors. Various scenes of the ceremony are represented. It would require much space to describe them all, and the reader having ascertained what the cippus has to relate will be able to trace out the story without assistance.

Though the show of vases (other than those of " bucchero ")—is not great, there are several worth looking at, especially such as are denoted " Orvietan vases," a class much ornamented with gold and silver reliefs, and which are considered to have had their origin in Orvieto.

The famous François Vase, now at Florence, was found in the vicinity of Chiusi either at Dolciano or at Fonte Rotella. It is of black figures upon a yellow ground. The subject of the paintings is three-

fold. It is an "Achilleid" or a "Thesid," and has also the "Chace of the Calydonian Boar." It is 27 inches in height—perhaps the highest vase yet found in Etruria. Most of the names of the characters, as well as the names of the artists—Ergotimos and Klitias, are inscribed in archaic Greek upon the vase.

Chiusi is the centre of a district extraordinarily prolific in Etruscan remains. Sarteano, five miles south of Chiusi; the village and hills of Cetano, Chinciano, and Montepulciano have all proved very rich. Sarteano especially was stocked with bucchero-ware, and has completely furnished the Arezzo Museum, and a large section of the Florence Museum likewise.

I was glad to see some silver coins,—said, or thought to be, productions of a Clusian mint. Silver Etruscan coins are very rare things. But a rarer object here is a bronze specchio with an ivory handle. There are many specchii here, but an ivory handle to one is a thing I have not before seen.

One of the most curious terra-cottas ever found at Chiusi, is the Mater Matuta—a Goddess much in favour there, holding a babe in her arms. She sits upon a throne supported by sphinxes. It is less than life-size. Whether a goddess or not, she forms her own cinerary urn. This very curious production of ancient art is now in the Florence Museum.

There are many Roman objects in the Museum also, but nothing that calls for particular attention with the exception of a very fine head of the Emperor Augustus, as Pontifex Maximus. The head has been wantonly mutilated,—but the features are intact and very finely chiselled they are. The head is placed among Etruscan antiquities. You could not find a more startling contrast between two epochs of art. The head was found in the City, presumably in a Temple, the site of which is now unknown.

There is little in the City of Chiusi worth a visit. The Cathedral of S. Mustiola is a fine building and was much finer before it was "modernised" in accordance with Italian taste. For the nave and the aisles are imposing, and the eighteen columns supporting the vaults have all been brought from ancient buildings. I observed that many of the wealthier residents in Chiusi place sphinxes and other monsters upon their gates. I suppose the taste is hereditary, for their forefathers were as fond of sphinxes as they were of ostrich-eggs.

But the sphinxes above alluded to are sham antiquities, and should not be permitted upon the site of Clusium. At Clapham or St. John's Wood, one would tolerate such piquant effigies, but not in old Etruria. Chiusi had metaphorically gone downhill since my first visit—ten years ago. No one is to be found to give the visitor any information now. Even the normal guide is conspicuous by his absence. I quite thirsted for the vendor of spurious antiquities who, I had heard, pushed his nefarious trade to extremes at Chiusi. No one of the profession was to be met with in the streets, much less in the fields. Formerly, there were many tombs to be seen,—at present they show you but *one*. Even the ancient functionary who after much delay produces a prehistorical bunch of keys, and after more delay singles out the one that does not open the Museum-door, displays Bœotian indifference to the contents and a deep discontent with yourself for having disturbed his mid-day siesta. So it will be seen that the visitor is thrown back upon himself, and has to carve out his own ephemeral career at Chiusi as best he may.

CHAPTER XVI

ORVIETO

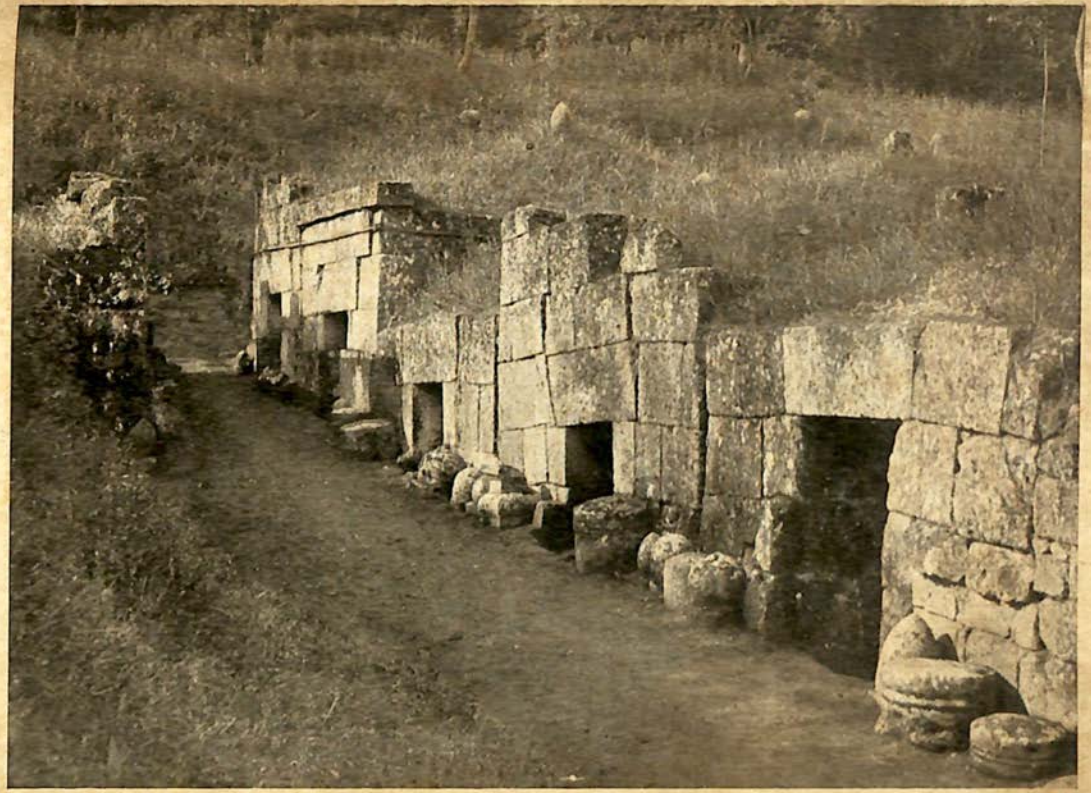
SINCE the remarkable discoveries of Etruscan Tombs and antiquities in and about Orvieto during recent years, archæological students have decided to restore to this City the name of Volsinii. It is a title of which Orvieto should never have been deprived. For Bolsena, which had usurped the name, was known to have been founded by the Romans. And what City could have been the Etruscan Volsinii save this which was dominated the Urbs Vetus—the "Old City"?[1] What were the motives which led the Romans to abandon such a fine position and to order off the Etruscans to the much inferior site of Bolsena, we have not been told. But Livy has related a great deal about the contests between Rome and Volsinii, and has made especial mention of the worship of "Norcia" here (the Etruscan Fortune). Had more of the history of Dionysius of Halicarnassus been preserved, no doubt we should have been further enlightened about such things. Pliny is said to have

[1] It has been related by Pliny, that Titus Coruncanius (the destroyer of Vulci) overpowered Etruscan Volsinii (or Volsinium, 280 B.C.) and that he carried off two thousand statues of bronze, and, further, that (in 264 B.C.) M. Fulvius Flaccus completed the conquest by not only destroying the City, but by ordering off the inhabitants to the new Volsinium (Bolsena).

called the City Herbanum. It is not known why. Yet the name he gave certainly misled those who were looking out for Volsinii. One supposes that the Romans, when they started a new City at Bolsena, demolished the Etruscan walls of the strong place which they were leaving. For there are no Etruscan walls to be seen. One may suppose that the present fine defences may rest on the line of the old wall. Strong and stout and of a rich brown colour and in every way worthy of affording ample protection to the 34 Pontiffs,—more or less harassed, who sought shelter upon this grand hill. It seems almost incredible to us that the eixstence of the great Etruscan Cemetery, chiefly upon the Northern slopes immediately without the walls, should have been unknown to us before the year 1875. It is stated that no less than six thousand Tombs have been unearthed since that date. "Unknown to us," at least, but far from unexplored by others,—by unknown pillagers and marauders,—as the sacked condition of many of them too well attested. Yet there was still a rich harvest to be gleaned by which the Museum here, and many others, have been notably enriched—not to mention landholders and farmers in the neighbourhood. Although as in the instance of Vulci, as we have seen, the vast number of shattered and broken vessels and vases proves how wanton the work of destruction has been, not many tombs have been left open in this vast extramural Necropolis of which I have spoken. Yet sufficient to show the neat and methodical manner in which the Etruscans interred their dead in this part of the kingdom. The tombs, though small, are very massive, and have been arranged in streets. "One set of these chambers, five on a side, back to back on the side of the hill falling in successive steps towards the North, forms a block about 18 yards long from

North to South and 12 yards from East to West. But each tomb is a separate structure built up side by side with massive blocks of friable tufa" (Murray's "Central Italy," Route 106). The interior walls gradually approach each other until they nearly meet, forming above a vault of peculiar construction. Some of the doors form a regular oblong,—others widen towards the base. (This last feature is a favourite one in some parts of Etruria and notably so at Castel d'Asso in the vicinity of Viterbo.) It was probably instituted to facilitate the introduction of the bodies. The blocks of stone forming the lintels of the doors are often 6 feet in length, upon which are inscribed in remarkably clear, large, and distinct Etruscan characters, the names, I presume, of those deposited or cremated within. So large, so emphasised those names, and to be deciphered so easily by the whilom, idling Etruscan schoolboy, and to us so nameless! Most of these tombs have the customary stone bench,—a mere ledge set against the walls whereon were deposited urns, vases, &c., and, (one supposes) in the case of inhumation of the bodies also. The ponderous nature of the stone doors must be remarked. In some cases a series of three. None of these tombs were frescoed. To see instances of those we shall have to go into the country.

If the Museums and Collections to be seen in Orvieto are not as remarkable for specialities as those of Volterra and Tarquinia-Corneto, the contents are abundant and in some instances deserve much study. For instance, the striking remains of some of the details of an Etruscan Temple (discovered, I think) in the Valley to the North of the City. These are of terra-cotta heads and antefixæ of fine workmanship, comparable to and of great resemblance to those from a Temple of Civitâ Castellana (now in the Etruscan



ETRUSCAN TOMBS ON NORTH SIDE OF CITY OF ORVIETO.

[To face page 260.

Museum of "Papa Giulio" in Rome. An abundance of the black bucchero-ware is to be expected in a city so near to Chiusi. There are some here with reliefs, especially interesting, as exhibiting designs of Assyrian or Eastern decoration. I noticed a large one in particular in high relief. It is of a procession of musicians headed by a sphinx with a male head (full-faced). He is encountered by another sphinx with the head of a monster. If the musicians and the chariot-driver and other figures be Etruscan, one is led to think that the Etruscans were very like the Assyrians. There are few vases here of the grand style,—but a very large number (too many of them broken) of what may roughly be called the second class. Many large vases with black figures on buff and saffron coloured backgrounds. And (the process reversed) many buff figures on a black ground. Many of the figures upon these vases are warriors and therefore wear vizors,—which, at first sight, gives the impression that they are masked. Some of the "Eye"[1] type of vase are here. It has been mentioned as prevailing at Vulci.

Many of the vases which have been called Orvietan,—of the kind which as such were noted in the remarks made about Chiusi—these, with reliefs of flowers and plants, have been gilded and silvered and were manifestly made in imitation of cups of metal; this style seems to have been a late one, —probably under 200 B.C. Another style of vase is, I think, also peculiar to Volsinii. It is that of the "œnochoe" type, (with swelling body and rather a pinched mouth) unfigured,—decorated with broad stripes generally of a brown colour,—the field being of an orange-red. Sometimes the colour is almost

[1] The "eye" decoration seems to have been an Egyptian idea originally. The "eye" meant in Egypt "good luck."

of a pink coral tinge, although never quite approaching to the delicate pink tint of the later Arretine ware. I noticed many specimens of this terra-cotta vase in the Faina Museum (opposite the Cathedral). The show of bronze articles is not very abundant ;—chiefly of culinary vessels. And the mirrors (specchi) are scarce, and these for the most part not incised. Gold ornaments are still rarer. A few rings and some buttons or bosses merely. The smaller bronzes are much corroded. But there is a bronze wrist and hand remarkable for workmanship. One would have liked to have seen the statue of which it formed a portion. Doubtless carried off by Coruncanius amongst his three thousand trophies. Two skulls have been placed in the Museum without any comment or description : I do not know if placed here to reduce the thoughts of the frivolous, or to give a greater depth of local colouring to a scene that is already fraught with our mortality. I examined them,—(knowing nothing of phrenology or ethnology,) wondering whether they could be assigned to Pelasgian, Umbrian, Etruscan, or perhaps to that earlier period still, when " wild in woods the noble marquis ran." They are round, with eyes of deep wide orbital-index : " brachycephalous." There are arrow-heads of flint and bone hard by with rude, sunbaked vessels and even fossil teeth of beasts extinct, from prehistoric tombs in which some of the lowest classes of Etruscans, I suppose, also seem to have sought their final shelter. These things arouse problems which, if not beyond the reach of our souls, suggest a world of speculations as to what Races the Etruscans dispossessed when they swept this place into their net. It would seem from such evidences a Neolithic one.

I found a visit to Signor Mancini's collection of

antiquities in the City fully as interesting and as instructive as one made to either of the Museums. This gentleman's name has long been known as that of one of the most distinguished Archæologists in this part of Italy. From his property have been obtained some of the most valuable spoils of the Orvieto tombs. From time to time the results of his researches have passed into many a museum or private collection, and Florence, I think, has been notably enriched by him.

I gathered from his remarks that he was quite satisfied that Orvieto was the Etruscan Volsinii, an opinion which, as has been mentioned, is now general. He seemed to me also to favour the idea that the site of the celebrated Temple of Voltumna should be placed here ; yet so many cities have made the same claim, without, it seems to me, any substantial evidence, that we have to conclude that the site yet remains to be discovered. Orvieto must be contented, meanwhile, with the possession of a temple only second in importance, that of "Norcia"[1] the "Fortune" of the Etruscans. In fact, some of the remains of this Temple, with the ex-votos found in it, have passed into the possession of the Florence Museum,—that inexhaustible repository of Etruscan art.

Signor Mancini considers that Orvieto, for the abundance and for the various styles of the terra-cotta vases found in the tombs, is not inferior to any other Etruscan site. Those reddish striped vases to which allusion has been made, he thinks to have

[1] Livy has mentioned the famous temple of the Goddess Norcia. He mentions that the Etruscans marked the flight of years by fixing nails in her Temple. We may suppose the nails to have been of a size appropriate to the occasion, and of a form not easily to be fraudulently imitated. The practice, considering the artistic ingenuity of the Etruscans, seems to have been childishly simple for so advanced a Race.

come from one of the Ionian isles and would therefore call the style "Ionian." Looking at the large number of his Etruscan scarabei, many of them of dark red cornelian,—he was of opinion that the Etruscans only shaped them, and that Greek artists carved the design on the reverse side. From that opinion of his, and others expressed in conversation, I gathered that he had not an exalted opinion of Etruscan art. Yet he was in favour of the Etruscan origin being from some part of Asia Minor. For my own part I consider that very provenance to be strongly in favour of their artistic capacity. Signor Mancini says that in the vicinity of Orvieto many remains of Temples have been unearthed. Certainly the remains of the details in this Museum, in the relics preserved at Florence, and in other collections, bear out his statement. Signor Mancini did not pretend to the possession of a very valuable collection of antiquities at present. Yet many of them are very interesting as being actual products of Orvieto. His greatest finds have long ago passed into other collections. Thus, any deficiencies you may find in the Museums at Orvieto are to be explained. One remarkable instance of a famous Orvieto Vase having passed elsewhere may be noted. It is one of the Panathenaic Amphoræ which were made for presentation to the victors at the games in Greece. This example is of blackish-purple figures upon a red ground. The subject is "Athena presenting prizes to Athletes." It is said to be one of the oldest vases in the world and to have come from Magna Græcia. It is in the Florence-Etruscan Museum. And having touched upon the subject, perhaps it will not be out of place to point out some of the other remarkable Orvieto spoils which are also housed in that Museum.

From the Sepulchre known as the "Crocifisso del Tufo" (Podere Conce Scorticaio) come some of the best Orvietan Vases, notably a Juno and Hebe, with full-length bearded warriors,—all yellowish figures upon a black ground: a first-rate work of some Greek Artist. Next to the case in which this fine vase stands is an Archaic capital of a column having at the angles rude heads of goats on either side of a human full-face. This came from the same Tomb. The above-named sepulchre has been reproduced in the Courtyard of the Museum. I believe, as in other instances of representations of tombs at Florence, this tomb has been bodily transferred from the original site.

A "forma originale," the original mould or "matrix" of a large and beautiful Greek head,—almost life-size it is, with the hair elaborately dressed with two long "follow-me-lad" ringlets falling from on either side of the neck. The mould is perfectly preserved and any number of casts could be produced if desired. Some ivory tablets worked in low relief of seemingly Assyrian or Egyptian designs, recalling very much some of the Gnossos work with which we have lately become familiar. An entire collection (Saulini) of the silvered vases decorated with wreathed flowers and plants, of which mention has been made, and which probably date after Volsinii, had been transferred to Bolsena. Of bronze work the really magnificent warrior's outfit which was transferred to the Museum from one of the tombs of the "Sette Camini,"—a few miles from where we are. This warlike trophy is of gilded bronze, the cuirass moulded in the form of the human breast; greaves and a very large shield, the rim of which is embossed with a Greek pattern. Most of the contents also of the "Tomba della Cannicella" of bronzes

and terra-cotta, discovered by Signor Mancini, and whence he also obtained many of his private collection ; (and finally to close this imperfect list of the Orvieto trouvaille now in the Florence Museum) a famous warrior's helmeted head in the stone known as "nenfro," placed upon a finely-carved pedestal which served as a cippus in a sepulchre, and being probably unique of its kind.

To visit Poggio del Roccolo, the site of the painted Tombs known generally as the "Sette Camini," we have to make a trip of two or three miles to the South of Orvieto. They are on one of the farms belonging to the Abbazia of Saints Severo and Martino, and it was in the winter of 1861-62 the discovery of this Necropolis was made. And in precisely the same manner which disclosed the Necropolis of Vulci. A contadino was following the plough when one of his bullocks made a stumble into a hole and revealed the presence of a subterranean chamber. A noted local excavator of the time, Domenico Golini, was called in, and having obtained permission from a Cardinal Tosti, (the administrator of the possessions of the aforesaid Abbazia,) he proceeded to make a systematic excavation of the farms. His researches proved very successful, and he was enabled to demonstrate the existence of a Necropolis. The tombs yielded very valuable results in all kinds of Etruscan antiquities. It was not till the following year, however, that the two famous painted tombs were disclosed. It was fortunate that facsimiles of the paintings (principally by Connestabile) were made very soon after the discovery ; for what with the pernicious effect of the admission of the air, and what with the attempts first made to secure the paintings to the wall by means of metal supports and wires, and

finally the attacks of insects, (a kind of spider especially evincing a curious partiality for preying upon the colours,) the world was very nearly losing altogether these priceless productions of an ancient artist. These two tombs were situated beneath a wooded bank. The practised eye of the excavator served him so well that he was enabled to hit upon the exact spot. Digging through the superincumbent earth that lay above and around these long-concealed tombs he pierced to the exact road which led to them and came plump upon the entrance of the chief sepulchre. This, excavated out of the tufa-rock, which in this country is called "matile," consists of one large quadrangular chamber. The vaulted roof was carved into beams and rafters, and so far did not present any difference from that of the generality of tombs in Etruria. The painting with which the whole chamber was adorned comprised two distinct compositions, separated from each other by a central divisory wall. Upon the left of the entrance was a scene entirely given up to the representation of the preparations for a banquet. Upon the right were the ancestors of the recently defunct. These, all reclining upon a set of luxurious couches,—two to each couch,—and crowned for the most part with wreaths of laurel,—attended by musicians who are vigorously piping and harping to them,—appear to be awaiting the arrival of the Spirit of their descendant. Yet they solace themselves with wine cups and with the strains of the musicians (and in one instance one of them appears to be singing a "brindisi.") It is very clear that they are also expecting their dinners which are being cooked with such elaborate preparations upon the opposite wall. Upon the right of the entrance-door is represented the arrival of the spirit of the de-

ceased. A youth in profile, clothed in the hymation, (the right breast and shoulder bare,) he drives himself in a chariot drawn by a pair of prancing horses and rests his right hand upon the front. He is attended by his winged Genius, who, though maintaining a rigid attitude just beyond the horses, has his wings outspread. He holds aloft in his right hand a scroll, doubtless the record of the dead man, —a very suggestive scene of the Etruscan faith. The male complexions, as is general in the Etruscan paintings, are dark. That of this Genius is fair. Could it have been that this Genius was a female? It seems so; for the figure wears bracelets, necklace, and earrings. Yet the Genius has a very unfeminine girdle formed of snakes. Behind and above the dead charioteer is a portion of the figure of a trumpeter bearing his curved trumpet, but not playing. Around this scene were formerly many legible inscriptions, undecipherable now, and probably always unintelligible. On the other side of the door remains a portion of the figure of a youth holding the "lituus." The "lituus" is sometimes the sacred instrument of the augurs; sometimes a musical instrument. Here, I think, it is the latter. The most interesting scene to us is the final one,—upon the right of the divisory wall. For it is the last scene in the strange drama which we have been regarding. Here are our final judges, the lords of the underworld, Pluto and Proserpine, or as is written above them, "Eida," (or Eita) and "Phersipnaei." I imagine "Eida" could be derived from "Hades" or "Ade." It is a tranquil, stately, and imposing scene. Pluto and his wife sit opposite each other upon highly decorated seats. Pluto wears a lion's skin and a red hymation, and bears a sceptre topped by a serpent. Proserpine

wears a white hymation over a red chiton and has her sceptre tipped by a dove. A man with his back to them,—(only half his back, for the rest of the body has perished,)—is apparently looking out for the arrival of him who is to be judged. Two very finely drawn figures,—one naked, the other clad in a long white robe,—are looking after three-legged tables, heaped with large vases and platters. Between the figures are two very tall candelabra with lighted torches or candles affixed. Every one will regard the painting just alluded to as the most artistic of the series. It shows strong Greek influence and bears great resemblance in treatment to some of the most Greek of the Pompeian frescoes. Some authorities have dated these paintings as early as the 4th Century. So far as I may be qualified to speak, I should date them as considerably later. Some little attention might be devoted to the scene of the kitchen and to the cooks and scullions preparing the banquet. For it is so full of life and animation and gives us more insight into the habits of the Etruscans, into their complete and even luxurious household-life, than any book could do. You see first of all strung-up, suspended on a hook, upon a wooden frame, an ox, his decapitated head lies beneath. A branch of some bush, perhaps rosemary, has been stuck upon it probably to render it less gruesome or to sweeten it. Next to this on a longer and frailer support, are hung the carcase of a goat, a hare, and two birds, with a larger branch introduced for the same purpose, as above suggested. Then, upon the farther wall in immediate proximity, come half a dozen figures very actively engaged in preparing the feast. The first two male figures are naked to the waist, and clothed below with long white skirts. The man on the right

brandishes a weapon,—probably a hammer with which he appears to be basting a joint which he presses down with his left hand. The other figures in different postures are at work upon long tables. Two of these forms seem to be women, for they have light complexions ;—the others have the bronze-coloured flesh always assigned to men. The victuals which they are preparing are difficult to denote, yet different fruits can be distinguished. The last figure seated behind the table, is a musician in the attitude of playing the double-pipes. It was impossible for the Etruscans to carry on their avocations unless to the strains of music. An old writer said of them that they beat their bread and their slaves too, to a musical accompaniment. The last figure of this group deserves special attention, not only for its prominent position in the picture, but because of its masterly drawing. A man quite naked, except for a red loin-cloth, stands bent over a round table or tripod on three legs, whence he is drawing up or lifting something which cannot be distinguished,—but which probably was something of a liquid nature.

So far we have seen the avocations of the servants employed in the larder and pantry. Now we come to the kitchen proper, represented on the wall on the left of the divisory wall.

The first figure,—without clothing—is approaching very cautiously, as well he might, the blaze of a furnace, and is seeking to plant a saucepan or an iron pipkin upon the flames. He raises his outspread left hand to shield his face against the glare. It is a pretty, natural action which the artist has rendered very sympathetically. Upon the kitchen-range, and well beyond the flames, stands another form, wielding in his left hand a large metal bowl, with which he has ladled something out of

another vessel which is concealed from us. A little further away are two other figures presiding over a table, on which are vases or vessels of various forms. Next comes the figure of a monkey, painted upon a pillar to which he is tied. One knows not whether this figure has any signification, or whether he is only painted here to fill up a vacant space. I may note here that the inscriptions upon the walls are extremely numerous, and some of them have been so diversely interpreted that it would be unprofitable to attempt to describe any of them. Indeed, I think that the two names Eida and Phersipnai are the solitary ones in which we can place any confidence at all.[1] From this tomb a path cut through the tufa led into another painted Tomb, in which was found a sarcophagus containing portions of a skeleton. The otherwise empty state of both tombs aroused considerable surprise when first discovered. There was no sign whatever that the tombs had been entered previously. The only explanation seems to be that one of the tombs although so beautifully adorned and even inscribed with the names of the family for whom it was intended, had never been occupied. And that the second painted tomb in which the sarcophagus had been placed was afterwards abandoned.

It is curious to hear of an old tradition which existed in the village near these tombs. A dragon was reported to be watching over subterranean treasures in the neighbourhood. One wonders if no villagers had ever burrowed in search of this legendary treasure. The arts and crafts of the mid-

[1] A tomb very similar in decoration exists, or existed, at Tarquinia. Aide and Phersephnai are enthroned as here. Although the Greek names are rendered in Etruscan, Mantus and Manta are the Etruscan equivalents.

night plunderer are infinite. His insight into the secret places of a Necropolis becomes a second sight, *e.g.*, Vulci and Chiusi.

From the interpretations of some of the inscriptions it is believed that this sepulchre belonged to the family of "Velusi," and that therefore the ancestors whom we have seen reclining upon couches were "Velusi," and further, (that is valuable information) that they were of the "Rasena." That name is said to be the original name of the People who are known to us as Etruscans. It is not possible to say for what town or city, the tombs found at "Sette Camini" formed a Necropolis.

It seems too far from Orvieto, and there, as we have seen, has been found so vast a Necropolis that it is not necessary to suppose that the Orvietans ever came in this direction to be interred. There was a mysterious "Herbanum" in these parts, alluded to by Pliny. Perhaps here was the site of its Necropolis?

In his account of these frescoes, the writer has described the paintings rather as they were at the time of their discovery than as they are at present.

Yet even then they were interrupted by gaps and deficiencies, as is apparent from the copies then made.

But if the reader should first acquaint himself with one of the sets of copies either at Orvieto itself or at Florence or Bologna before visiting the Tomb, he will not find much difficulty in realising and in reconstructing the original scenes as they were forty-five years ago.

The writer has scarcely alluded to the second painted tomb here, for the frescoes have almost perished. With the exception of the kitchen- and pantry-scenes, these were very similar in character to those of the more famous Sepulchre so far as

can be judged. You perceive the same scene of a chariot driven by the ghost of the defunct occupying either side of the entrance, and which here is surmounted by a pair of serpents. You observe much the same luxurious couches occupied by the ancestral figures, and the heads and legs and instruments of the trumpeters and the pipers, all of whom are half submerged in a sea of obliteration. Fragments of inscription also remain upon the walls, one name, "Thanuevil," is thought to recall that of the Latinised Tanaquil. For another, "Vel," is suggested Velia or Velius. But why not "Velusi" or "Velusam," the family to whom the other tomb belonged? So much has perished here that it is not easy to say whether or no these frescoes came from the same hand. Yet as both Tombs seem to have been owned by the same family, it seems natural that they should have been decorated by the same artist.

It is true that Orvieto as an Etruscan City attracted us here. Yet it is irresistible to glance at some of the modern attractions. It would be almost discourteous were we not to do so,—however superficially.

Every one remembers the famous miracle of Bolsena, because it has been immortalised by one of Raphael's great works, in the Stanze of the Vatican, and was also commemorated by the erection of the splendid Cathedral here. The miracle gave birth to the great Festival of Corpus Domini. If you are fortunate enough to be at Orvieto upon the occasion, you will behold the jealously-guarded and enshrined chalice-cloth, borne through the streets of Orvieto, in solemn procession, amid a cloud of Bishops, and priests, and acolytes, whilst a clang of church-chimes, and bells, and discharge of guns and fireworks, proclaim to "orbi, et urbi," that the

Gods have revisited the earth. Very stirring accounts have come down to us of the enthusiasm aroused by the commencement of this Memorial Temple, by Pope Nicholas IV., towards the end of the 13th Century.

All classes vied with each other in lending their personal aid, to the labours of the artificers, masons, stonecutters and artisans. The Pilgrims who came in great numbers to visit the already sacred shrine sought to assist the workmen in whatever way they could do so, even to bringing them their food and drink. Indulgences were granted by two Popes, to all who would co-operate, in whatever manner, in raising this Cathedral. Orvieto became a sort of Mecca. Never could a Temple have been more the outward expression of national devotion. It was the symbol of a Revelation, specially addressed to the people of Orvieto, and through them, to Italy herself. The spirit of the Crusades seemed to have poured itself down upon Orvieto. Every stone of this great building was as a pious aspiration, a votive offering. All Italy was ransacked for the most precious marbles. Unfortunate Rome herself, —ever the marble quarry of the world!—was once more pillaged. We are told, too, of all Italy being put under contribution, for architects and sculptors, for workers in mosaic and painters, and for artists of all kinds, from the times of Arnolfo da Pisa and Ramo di Paganello, to the Cosmi of Rome, for two hundred years. And yet with all the feverish energy of so many years, some strange pause there must have been in all this labour, if it is true, that more than two hundred years elapsed before the Cathedral was consecrated. I suppose that meanwhile some portions of the Building, some of the chapels, that were finished, were used for Masses.

The first effect upon you of the many-coloured, and glittering Façade, is that of some gorgeously-illuminated missal. As it were, an immensely magnified Breviary of Grimani, unfolded high up into the air. The striking similarity of the architecture of the West Front to that of the Duomo at Siena, will be obvious to every one. Lorenzo Maitani, a Sienese Architect, in fact, furnished the two designs. The type of the early Italian-Gothic was constantly repeating itself. The Architects still clung to their rounded arches. They yielded so far to new forms as to place gables over them. Three entrance doors, of Lombard Arches, seemed to be "de rigueur." The Façade generally terminated in three gables, which recalled the old Pediments of Classic Art, with their sides compressed. It was, however, an immense step in the new Architecture, when, as here, beautiful and ornate Spires shot aloft into the air. The sculptors of the School of Pisa have surpassed themselves in the wonderful bas-reliefs of the West Front. It forms a Bible in marble. All the chief events in Scripture seem to be represented here, and that with something of the same prodigality of fancy, as Orcagna exhibits in the Campo Santo at Pisa, and in the Chapel degli Strozzi at Florence. One of the Artists, probably Giovanni da Pisa, revels in the invention of unheard-of demons, of undreamed-of monsters, in his scenes of Hell, and the Last Judgment. One can imagine Luca Signorelli studying them, with a grim smile of approval, when he came out from his day's work, in that Cappella di Brizio, which he has made so enthralling for us. He certainly rivalled these reliefs, in the weird terribleness of his "Fulminati." You will recognise again the similarity of this Cathedral to that of Siena, in the striped black and white, or yellow,

of the interior. There is one feature within, which seemed to me unique, I mean the use of diaphanous alabaster for some of the windows. There are many beautiful things to arrest the attention, but one hurries, no matter how often one comes here, to Luca Signorelli's Frescoes.

Some fifty years before Luca Signorelli commenced the decoration of this Chapel, Fra Angelico, together with his pupil Benozzo Gozzuoli, had painted the groined roof, and the lunettes, over the Southern Altar, which face you as you enter the Chapel. "Christ the Judge," Angels around Him, and a host of Prophets, attending Him; a group that is carried up into the Roof above you. It is a magnificent work, and may be classed with the "Crucifixion" at St. Marco, in Florence, as among Fra Angelico's finest productions. Upon the walls on the right and left of you are depicted these frescoes of his great successor, Luca Signorelli. Luca Signorelli commenced these frescoes, when he had attained his sixtieth year,—at the same age, therefore, when Milton wrote his "Paradise Lost." Great works in Fresco, some of the greatest productions that Art had known, had already been accomplished, and long before the days of the great Cortonese Master. Giotto, and Orcagna and the Memmi in the 14th Century, had executed those masterpieces of fresco which we know at Padua, Assisi, Pisa, and Florence. Massacio, that wondrous youth, the Keats of Art, in his frescoes in the Carmine Church at Florence, had brought about a new era in Art early in the 15th Century.

Benozzo Gozzuoli, some thirty years previously to the commencement of Signorelli's work here, had loaded the walls of the Riccardi Chapel in Florence, with a wealth of colour and form, such as had scarcely

been seen away from the easel productions of Venice. But in the "San Brizio" Chapel, Luca Signorelli has left all his predecessors in Art behind him. For imaginative power he has equalled any artist, of any date whatever, whilst for power of execution, knowledge of anatomy and of perspective, facility in dealing with nude forms, for colour, for grace, for proportion, and for all the highest qualities of Art, he has been equalled only by the greatest of those who came after him. He excels equally in the terrible, and in the beautiful. Raphael himself has not imagined angels more divine. Orcagna has not expressed grief, horror, despair, more vividly. These walls represent the flower and crown of Italian Art. Nothing so great had yet been done. I shall not describe in detail the wonders of these Paintings. That has been done well by many writers. I shall very briefly mention one or two points that may strike the reader. In the picture of the "Antichrist," for instance, what magnificent grouping, and what studies of the costume of the day! And where did Luca get that fine Renaissance Temple in the background? Remark that splendid creature, with his arms akimbo, the type of hardened worldliness, of the pride of life,—the very Mammon of unrighteousness! Upon your left of the picture, in a long black robe, and a black cap, stands the Artist, accompanied by another and younger man, with bared head. Luca looks full at the spectator, and seems to be watching him, to see what effect the work has upon him. Listening he seems for the comments of the generations, that have come here to admire, for four hundred years. The younger man is not, as has often been erroneously stated, Fra Angelico. That Artist died some forty-five years previously to the painting of these frescoes and when Luca was but a youth of

fifteen. It is, probably, the portrait of a certain Niccolo di Francesco, Secretary, or Chief of the Works, and whom you will see represented again with Luca, in a fresco by the latter, in the Opera del Duomo, opposite the West Entrance. The Portrait of Luca bears little resemblance to the likeness of him in Vasari's "Lives" (1st Illustrated Edition, Florence, 1568,) and which represents him as quite a young man. Note in these frescoes Luca's predilection for fair hair. All the figures, except two, I think, in the Antichrist, have fair hair, and all, in the picture of the "Redeemed." The angels in the latter, for grace and beauty, have scarcely been excelled. All the emotions of the soul are awakened by this great drama of Humanity. You are anon awe-struck, by the terrors of the "Resurrection" and of the "Fulminati," and now you are ravished by the celestial vision of the "Paradise." Luca declares his mastery equally over the sublime and the beautiful. "Colorito di Tiziano e disegno di Michel Angelo" was the aim of Tintoretto. It may be said of Luca Signorelli also. Below these frescoes are extremely fine portraits of Poets, amid a wealth of design and arabesques. These poets have been declared to be those that have dealt with subjects concerning the "Future Life." If this be so, the "Ovid" is certainly mis-named, and being a very old and patriarchial figure, it is more probably that of Virgil or Hesiod. It is a grand portrait, as is the "Dante." Each poet is surrounded by a series of designs, as though in relief. They, doubtless, represent subjects from the works of each. But they require most minute study. They are difficult to make out. (The whole of them had been under whitewash.)

There is another work of Signorelli in the niche,

(behind the beautiful Pieta of Scalza), an "Entombment." Scalza's work should not have been permitted to block out the view. After such visions of beauty you will not care to hunt up other pictures in the Cathedral, though the Cimabueish "Madonna," by Lippo Memmi, is curious. The famous Reliquary, in the Cappella del Corporale, which contains the precious chalice-cloth, will not be overlooked. It is a miniature silver model of the façade of the Cathedral, Sienese work of the 14th Century. There is such an original version of the "Annunciation" by Mochi, at the High Altar—a fine marble work in high relief. The Virgin is seized with indignation upon receiving the heavenly message, and makes as though she would repel the Angel and fly from the scene. There are two fine marble altar-pieces in the transepts. The "Visitation," also in high relief, designed by the famous Veronese, San Michele, and carried out by a youthful prodigy, Moschino, at the age of fifteen, son of Simone Mosca. The other, the "Adoration of the Magi," is by the latter. There is a great deal of decoration in marble, arabesque, and ornamentation, to admire here. Another of the fine things to be seen in Orvieto is the Tomb Monument to Cardinal de Braye, or di Brago, in the neglected and deserted Church of San Domenico. It is by Arnolfo di Cambio, or Arnolfo di Lapo, 1282. It is of that pretty, but afterwards somewhat hackneyed type, of Angels withdrawing curtains from the monument. You should take the fine old Palazzo del Popolo, or Podestà, upon your way back. The Lombardo-Gothic windows of the 15th Century are particularly striking, from their size and width.

CITY—POSITION, HISTORY.

Orvieto occupies so commanding a position upon this isolated Hill that it seems to be much more lofty than it is. It is with surprise that you learn that the height is but 1,165 feet above sea-level, considerably less high therefore than Cortona and Volterra, and even lower than Perugia (1,300 feet). Nevertheless the thirty-four Popes who sheltered themselves here in mediæval times seem to have been unmolested by their enemies, and the Romans must have found Volsinii in Etruscan days an exceedingly difficult place to subdue. With that exception we do not hear that the City played any great part in history, nor have any distinguished men, with the exception of Popes, left their mark here. The artists and architects and builders of the Cathedral were all foreign importations. The one artist whose name is connected with the City, Pietro di Puccio, or Pietro da Orvieto, seems not to have worked here. For his chief works are found in the Campo Santo of Pisa. The Popes resident here may have been too occupied to encourage art. Some of them gave their attention to the fortifications, and very beautifully too, but not with the aid of native artists. Cardinal Albornoz, (who was fond of that kind of work,) built the Fortress as he did that of Spoleto, in the 14th Century. Most of that of Orvieto has disappeared, and the site has been converted into public gardens. Here, too, is the famous Well, the Pozzo di San Patrizio, created by Antonio di Sangallo for Clement VII, the last of the resident Popes, and who had fled here from Rome after the monstrous pillage of that City in 1527.

Orvieto should interest Englishmen, for Adrian IV, Breakspeare, (what a suggestive name for a peace-

maker I) their only Pope, was the first of the Roman Pontiffs to govern Christendom from this dominating hill-refuge. The site of the Fortress just referred to is one of the best places for admiring the grand views to be obtained from Orvieto. The green and undulating hills and the valleys of the Chiana, Paglia, and Tiber rivers, and perched upon summits of the Umbrian Mountains Castel del Pieve (where Perugino was born) and Perugia,—Chiusi and, perhaps, Spoleto, make a splendid picture. You may descend, too, through the most picturesque postern-gate of the old walls and thence ascending to the North-East, enjoy, from the spot where Turner painted, his particular view of the City. Or, (and I think that view quite unsurpassed) you can leave Orvieto upon the South-West and make for the old half-abandoned Convent of St. Teresa which stands upon a wooded height. Thence you will see to the most favourable advantage the superbly coloured brown City rising up upon her isolated Mountain with many a tower and spire, and above them all, pre-eminent for grace and beauty, the flashing façade of the lovely Duomo. From this point the City is most imposing, and it is difficult to believe that the population is under nine thousand.

During one of my visits to the Cappella di San Brizio, a priest of the Cathedral, assuming that pictures were my hobby, accosted me and offered to show me his private collection. I thought that now perhaps the moment had arrived when I might come across some work, the production of a native artist, and which would cause me to modify a carelessly-expressed opinion that Orvieto had no native school. I was not so to be gratified. My friend showed me with considerable rapture a large number of fourth-rate pictures which he had amassed, he said,

during a seven years' residence in Rome. They proved to be of the usual quality which can easily be acquired by any one with small means and smaller taste, in the numerous picture-dealers' shops in any large City. Yet the encomiums lavished upon his acquisitions! This was Guercino, that was Leonardo da Vinci! Even the mighty name of Michael Angelo was attached to another of these indifferent productions. And the prices demanded were commensurate with the names.

> "Of art-collections which ourselves we make
> How fond we grow for the collector's sake!"

Loosely to parody Butler!

But I was really grateful to this reverend virtuoso for the sight of a fine old ceiling. It was a well-preserved piece of old brown carved wood, painted and ornamented with quaint arabesque and artistic designs.

It was probably of the 15th Century. Doubtless in the ancient dwelling-places of this old city many such works still linger. In many of these picturesque streets, you come across fine doorways and windows, and architectural details, which seem to promise you further treasures within.

BOLSENA (ORVIETO).

A drive to Bolsena from Orvieto naturally suggests itself. Having seen the splendid monument erected in honour of the most famous of modern miracles one desires to visit the spot where the miracle had its birth. The trip there does not take long to accomplish, being under fourteen miles. The road is very much up and down, and as you occasionally have to ascend higher than the Orvieto-hill, it may be imagined

how beautiful and varied the views are. The descent to the Lake of Bolsena, on the shores of which stands the modern country-town, is very abrupt.

The little Church of Santa Crispina, the patron saint of the place, is rather pretty and contains some good frescoes. At one altar there is a very good presentation of scenes in the Life of Saint George. Poor Saint Crispina was drowned in the Lake;—one of the earliest of Christian martyrs. The Church contains some antique relics, a Roman sarcophagus amongst them.

A much later sister in misfortune of Santa Crispina was disposed of in a similar way,—not because of her creed, but in that she had become inconvenient to her relatives at Ravenna, especially to Theodatus, her cousin. This was the celebrated Amalasuntha, Queen of the Goths and daughter of Theodoric. She was imprisoned upon the small island of Mertana yonder, and was drowned or strangled here (both, perhaps) in the year 534, by order of Theodatus.

The Altar of the Miracle in the Church of Santa Crispina, beneath a stone canopy, is very small. It does not at all suggest the magnificent scene of Raphael's fresco upon one of the walls of the Vatican-Stanze.

I imagine that visitors to this celebrated shrine are not numerous,—if I can judge by the extremely warm reception accorded to myself by the Sacristan of the Church. He had got together a heap of coins,—for the most part undecipherable,—which he produced after that he had done the honours of the Church and Shrine. Of these, with other remnants of ancient times, he was anxious to dispose. "We have," (he proceeded to enlighten me

on the habits of the inhabitants,) "but two diversions in our little town; going to Church and drinking our famous good wine," a combination of ideas truly Italian. The hue of his nose and his genial loquacity seemed to me evidences of the frequency of the latter diversion. He gave me ample account of the size of the fish in the lake, but I was unable to judge of the accuracy of his narrative, as I did not see a specimen. If they be as large as he declared, one is unwilling to contemplate the fate of the two unfortunate ladies who were flung into the Lago di Bolsena. I was much amused by my Sacristan's pronunciation of the name of the poor Queen of the Goths. He persisted in terming her Mala Santa, in large distinction,—in his own mind,—between her and the real Saint—the "buona" Santa Crispina.

The antiquities of Bolsena, such as they are, are wholly Roman. They consist of columns and capitals and inscriptions, very fragmentary and without any special interest. A Roman amphitheatre is to be traced in the neighbourhood. It was once asserted that the famous sculpture of the "Lottatori"—now in the Uffizzi Gallery—was found here, but a better authority gives Rome as the place of its discovery. Several Etruscan tombs have been found in the neighbourhood of Bolsena, notably at San Lorenzo Vecchio, or near it, and numerous vases, bronzes, and jewellery discovered. The most remarkable articles found, (now in the Vatican-Etruscan Museum) near Bolsena, came from the tomb of the Herenzii; a large bronze vase, and a patera bearing an Etruscan inscription. Yet Bolsena's ancient fame has been considerably discounted by our certainty that Orvieto is the only genuine Volsinii. And Bolsena's former light also has been

eclipsed by the presence of the awe-stirring mediæval miracle. Not to mention the remarkable death of Pope Martin IV here, caused by excessive indulgence in Bolsena's eels and Bolsena's wine (the Sacristan was right, then, as to the fame of both!). And here may be recalled the Pope's inimitable elegy upon himself. He seems to have experienced much suffering, caused by the manner of his unintentional suicide. He exclaimed, when dying: "Ah! my God, what sufferings we have to endure in the cause of Thy Church!" Endless have been the "bons mots," and sallies of wit called forth by the Pope's illness and death. There is something, indeed, in the death of the Head of the Church, I know not what, that always stirs Italians into paroxysms of laughter. Even the great Dante himself,—amongst whose immense qualities a sense of humour has not been reckoned,—wrote a few lines upon this tragical event which were jocular rather than sympathetic. (Il Purgatorio, Canto XXIV.)

CHAPTER XVII

VITERBO

IT would be agreeable for the historical conscience were it possible to admit that Viterbo contains the site of the famous "Fanum Voltumnæ" of the Etruscans. But those who tell us so have no better reason for the claim than that they think it probable. And some set up a claim of the same kind for Montefiascone and for Orvieto, which disproves the authenticity of any one of them.

The origin of Viterbo is indeed plunged in problem. Those who gave her the name of "Urbs Vetus,"—thence Viterbo, have much to answer for, and we cannot assist them. Why was the Urbs Vetus ever abandoned for "Surrena," a quite indistinct and vanished site, reported to have been in the vicinity of Bullicame, (certain mineral baths near, that have been famous for their curative powers, time out of mind)? And why and when came the "Vetus Urbs" to be re-occupied? No writer, (and there have been many daring writers local and foreign who have invested her with all kinds of legends), has been bold enough to give the name of some Trojan or Greek hero as her Founder, as in the case of so many Italian Cities. She does not even appear in the pages of a Roman Historian.

Cicero, who mentions Castel d'Asso as a fort or fortress, does not refer to the existence of a City in the neighbourhood. His silence is suggestive. He calls that place "Casteilum Axia." Tradition has asserted that the site of the Episcopal Palace was once occupied by an Etruscan Fortress, or by a Temple of the Etruscan Hercules,—"Ercle." My own opinion, (not likely, I am afraid, to dispel the mists of ages,) is, that if Viterbo were ever an Etruscan settlement, and afterwards abandoned, it was because the inhabitants were driven out by the eruptions of the Ciminian Mountains. The country in very remote times has been overwhelmed by volcanic agencies. Lava, tufo, peperino, scoriæ and pumice make up the geological formation. You will be struck by the similarity to Vesuvius and Monte Somma, of the Ciminian Range. However that may be, for space will not admit of any geological disquisition, Viterbo did come to be re-occupied. If not Etruscan herself, she is surrounded by better authenticated Etruscan sites, and we can admire her for the celebrity to which she is justly entitled, of being one of the oldest and most beautiful of Italian Cities. If she has not Etruscan walls she is surrounded by the finest and best preserved mediæval defences to be seen in Italy. The badge of the City should have been a Goddess with a mural crown, rather than her actual one, a Lion with a Palm-tree, or sometimes with a banner. An old verse describes her as, "having crowned her tresses with antique towers," and appropriately enough, as she is said to have once possessed 197 of them. You will see two at least of them of quite an unique beauty. Square Towers with grand arches excavated upon one side of them, and running up almost to the summit. One of them stands near the Porta

Romana. It was erected in 1270 by Raniero Gatti, the name of a family much connected with Viterbo, to protect the Roman Road. The Arch in this Tower contains a fresco representing the Virgin with the Infant and Saints. Another saying that styles Viterbo as pre-eminent for beautiful fountains is amply justified. There are at least a dozen of more or less beauty and some of them as old as the 13th Century. Notably, the Fontana Grande in the Piazza Grande,—where five streets meet. The Fontana S. Pietro near the gate of that name; the Fontana dell' Erbe in the little Piazza Vittorio Emanuele, and the Fontana della Rocca in the Piazza of the same name. The two last mentioned are of the 16th Century; that of "La Rocca" being by that great artist Vignola, whose name is so connected with the neighbourhood of Viterbo. Indeed, throughout Viterbo there are babbling sounds of cooling waters which must be singularly grateful to her people in the heat of summer. They make much pottery here of a brownish-red glaze ornamented with white flowers. And it adds much to the picturesqueness of the scene to see the women filling these pitchers at the numerous fountains. No City is more connected with the Popes, not even Orvieto. Viterbo was within such easy distance from Rome. A misunderstood or harassed Pope could so rapidly, when his faithful subjects waxed less faithful, find himself upon the safe side of the Viterbo battlements. Vexatious Charles' and Fredericks who were always vexing the souls of too indulgent Holy Fathers could, for a time at least, be kept at a respectful distance. Not that such monarchs were for long to be avoided. We read of one monarch's candidate receiving the triple crown in this very City, not without obstinate delay upon the part of the

Cardinals. But here the Popes did succeed sometimes in finding a few breathing moments. The Viterbo of to-day might still be the Papal stronghold. You seem as you enter the City to be re-entering the epoch of militant Popedom. Never could you have seen so many Papal escutcheons hanging pendent, or sculptured on to Palaces and houses; Bardo, Del Monte, Pignatelli, Della Rovere, Farnese, Albani, Medici, are the most conspicuous. But we should have to mention the names of some five centuries of Popes. It would be an agreeable study here, if you wished to do so, to "get up" Papal armorial bearings. I doubt whether you would see more in Rome herself. For six Popes in the 13th Century alone were elected here. But here I must pull myself up and apologise to the reader for straying into the devious paths of mediævalism instead of following the direct path of the Etruscan Lucumones and their sepulchres, to follow out which was our object in coming here.

The writer has suggested that this City has few or no traces of an Etruscan origin. Yet if Viterbo is not the "rose," she may urge that she has lived amongst Etruscan roses. Castel d'Asso and Ferento within five or six miles of her, Norchia, Vetralla, Bieda, and Toscanella, and Bomarzo rather more distant. Yet all can claim her as their centre,—as their mediæval centre at least. It has been, I think, because so much of the vicinity has been sown with Etruscan sites that native writers have so persistently urged the claims of Viterbo to be an Etruscan city. And not only that she was Etruscan, but that she also possessed that very Temple of Voltumna to which Orvieto also puts in a claim. To clinch the matter without any more ado, some extremely bold person erected a Church and

christened it Santa Maria in Voltumna, and further declared that Vetulonia was also in Viterbo! I have a strong suspicion that it was a famous native forger of documents and other mediæval curiosities called Annius who should be saddled with these crowning impostures. Only a suspicion, I said, yet one provoked by the shady antecedents of the said Annius or Annio, "Fra Giovanni Nanni," to give him his proper designation. One grieves to learn that he was a *Frate*. The chief ascertained forgery of this lettered Frate being a sham edict of a Lombard King, Desideratus, inscribed upon a marble slab. That he should further have assigned a præ-Trojan origin to Viterbo was but a venial sin, for his aim, evidently, was to "cut out" Cortona, which boasted no less a founder than Dardanus himself, the after-founder of Troy! To obtain your first sight of Etruscan antiquities (whencesoever obtained) which may be housed in Viterbo,—you must enter the Courtyard of the Palazzo Pubblico or Communale, where ranged around the Fountain you will behold five or six inscribed sarcophagi surmounted by recumbent effigies. I attribute the *provenance* of these antiquities to Cipollara, whence many similar trophies have come. Certainly they have not been discovered in Viterbo. (But the view from the balustrade of the Courtyard is so enchanting that we may well be spared any insistent curiosity upon this point.) The Museum is small, dark, and ill-assorted, being a jumble of pictures and Etruscan antiquities. It is worth visiting, for the antiquities have been drawn from all the sites round about Viterbo. And thus you will learn,—if the contents be not very important,—how excessively numerous these sites are. And even Vetralla,—rather a squalid village,—whence you have to drive for Bieda and Norchia, has yielded

a large number of these Etruscan "finds." Otherwise, you will not come across in Viterbo anything pointing to the Etruscan period.

Accordingly it behoves the seeker after Etruscan "roba" to betake himself to the most famous,—and fortunately to the nearest,—place of Etruscan tombs known as Castel d'Asso. This place cannot be further from Viterbo than six miles, and the road for the most part is fairly good going, cut through the native tufa with a high bank on either side clothed with copse and bush. Yet when you leave this high-road,—("deep," road rather)—and have to turn on to country tracks diversified by small farms and cottages of the contadini, such is the ignorance or indifference upon the part of the toilers of the soil, that you spend several hours in an excursion that otherwise would be compressed into three. And if it rains a little, the "deep" road becomes deeper and the cross-roads "crosser." So you must be prepared for eventualities and act accordingly.

The tombs of Castel d'Asso are ranged along a low cliff in a deep, thickly wooded ravine. Formerly, it is believed, both sides of the ravine were thus crowned and that forty were to be discerned. It is not so to-day. I could not count more than a dozen,—and all upon the Western side, possibly a quarter of a mile in length. Yet so many have gone to rack and ruin, what with the cliffs having split and fallen, and clambering bushes and young trees having possessed themselves of the *débris*—that it has become impossible to define the number of the sepulchres. The characteristics of those that have not yielded to the influences of time or to freaks of nature are simple. A slightly defined cornice runs along the top,—over that generally an inscription, a foot in length sometimes. Beneath the cornice

is a long, high door boldly traced,—often widening to the base, and the entrance to the Tomb (for the door is a dummy), far beneath the base. I imagine that the door was not intended to take any one in, the deceit was too transparent. Probably it was only intended to guide the owner of the tomb when he had occasion to reopen the entrance below. The height of each façade, then, is the height of the cliff, which varies from 12 to 30 feet. The inscriptions on the face of the tombs are generally of large, bold characters. One supposes that in most instances they were those of the families here interred. One word that frequently occurs has been deciphered as "Ecasuthines,"[1] and interpreted "sacred to," or "in memory of." Some of the men of light and leading have said that this valley was the burial-place of a city called Axio or Axo. Yet Cicero when he spoke of this place as "Castellum Axia" would have referred to such a City if it had had existence.

The letter "o" was anathema to the Etruscans, so "Axio" is altogether put out of Court. I am surprised that our men of light and misleading (?) (I fear they were) did not think of that. An old Castle, or a portion of one, standing upon an eminence overlooking the ravine is responsible for the name the countrymen give to the place. For they call it "Castello," or Castel "tout court." But Cicero's "Castellum" is better and more reliable. Castel d'Asso being so prominent, has been

[1] "Ecasuthines" or "Ecasuthina." The word "Suthina" has been observed upon Etruscan bronze mirrors also, and was interpreted as here, viz., "dedicated to," "sacred to." I suggest, with diffidence, that the first part of this compound word may have been equivalent to the modern Italian word "Ecco!" "Behold!" "Here is!" followed by "in memory of."

much visited, ransacked, and, of course, so pillaged that it seems improbable, unless all the woods were cut down and the whole ravine cleared out, that we shall find out much more about it.

In the time of Mr. Dennis, (or rather before) many valuable discoveries were made and a Signor Bazzichelli (I think that was his name) had a Museum chiefly composed of "roba" from this place, for Castel d'Asso has produced abundant vases dating from 600 to 250 B.C., in some cases with Etruscan names of deities. Many sarcophagi, too, have come from these tombs, which, as I have remarked, were long ago overhauled. There is a long, bare plateau lying north of this Necropolis showing traces of old roads which appeared to me suggestive of the proximity of a City. Unless it were here, it will be always most difficult to suggest another site for "Surrena," or for a City called—something like "Axia." This plain, being in such close touch with the Necropolis, could scarcely fail to disclose some valuable traces of antiquity were it to be excavated. Had the traveller to Castel d'Asso and other Etruscan sites in the neighbourhood a choice in the matter, it would be far better to visit them in the winter. In the spring the whole of the Ravines of Castel d'Asso are so overgrown with copse, bush, briar, and undergrowth generally, that much not only of the monuments, but of the lie of the ground, is hidden from you. And it is hard work forcing your way through the tangle and obstructions; and it is slippery climbing also.

Toscanella is also one of the most famous of Etruscan sites,—but can scarcely produce credentials so substantial as those of Castel d'Asso, for no traces of sepulchres are to be visited nor even seen there except some high up in a cliff over a ravine,

which much more probably were those of some prehistoric race. Although a large chamber in a rock on the road leading from Toscanella to Corneto is credited with having produced some antiquities now in the British Museum. Indeed, it is rather for the excessive beauty of the site,—for the picturesque features of the town, and for the extraordinary interest of the two remarkable Churches that you will visit Toscanella, or Tuscania, or Tuscana as it was formerly called.

That name very probably was Etruscan. It is curious, however, if that was the Etruscan name [1] that it should so resemble the modern word "Toscana." Toscanella lies upon the river Marta, and should you have driven here from Corneto, (to the South-West of Toscanella) as you may very well have done, it will please you to greet an old friend in this familiar river. Toscanella may well be styled the City of Etruscan Sarcophagi. More have been unearthed here than anywhere else, and I am informed,—though I have not yet seen it, that last year (1908) a gilded one was discovered. Even now they bristle in the town. In the cloister of S. Maria del Riposo I was shown thirty. And ten are perched upon the walls of the Spedale.

[1] "Nothing gives us so clear a picture of the universal domination of Italy by the Etruscans as the geographical names. From North to South all places are of this origin." W. M. Lindsay in his introduction to the recent new edition of Dennis's "Cities and Sites of *Etruria*."

AN ETRUSCAN SARCOPHAGUS RECENTLY DISCOVERED AT TOSCANELLA.

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CHAPTER XVIII

VITERBO AND ENVIRONS; TOSCANELLA

THE Secretary of the Municipio told me that he it was who had sent the fine large lion of peperino to the Florence Museum. (It is to be seen in the Court-yard of that Museum.) Other statues of lions have been found at Toscanella. They were placed over the tombs, not within them. Several sarcophagi from Toscanella are in the Vatican-Etruscan Museum. Yet no sarcophagus found at Toscanella can equal the "Bacchic" in the Florence Museum. The recumbent figure is, I think, a male one although of a feminine character, as is often found in representations of Bacchus. The head crowned with grapes is characterised by a graceful languor. The form clothed in highly-worked drapery and with a heavy torque upon the neck, rests, comfortably supported upon the left arm, on cushions. The right hand caresses a vase which appears to be empty. A beautiful frieze of two birds with outspread wings on either side of a wreath or garland,—and with a bunch of carefully rendered grapes at each end, runs below the figure. The complete work is one of unusual symmetry and beauty.

These sarcophagi are considered late works of the 3rd or 2nd Centuries B.C.

The most curious,—though probably the smallest discovery on record ever made at Toscanella, was a pair of dice with Etruscan words instead of the numbers. Here was a clue at least to some of the Etruscan language. But they were so variously interpreted by the learned that it is to be feared we are no nearer the clue than we were before. This unique example of the gambling proclivities of an ancient race should have been preserved for the contemplation of their modern descendants—who are not adverse to games of chance it is believed,—but it has passed into the possession of a sister-nation and rests in a museum in Paris. The principal tomb at Toscanella was discovered so long ago as 1839 by Signor Campanari, an enthusiastic connoisseur of a very well-known local family. He erected a small facsimile of the tomb in his own garden and furnished it with many of the precious objects from the original tomb, and many sarcophagi with recumbent figures were especially prominent among them. The three Campanari brothers were all devoted to archæological science and were amongst the foremost and most fervent followers of Etruscology. Scarcely an Etruscan site but is associated with the name.

Most readers of Dennis will remember what an esteem and even admiration that author had for the Signori Campanari. The hope of seeing some one of these local celebrities and of seeing some of the archæological harvest which they had gathered together,—was an additional motive for visiting Toscanella.

How suddenly the stream of existence alters its course! So deep and steadfast to-day, to-morrow how shallow and halting! I called at the Campanari-house, "Signor Campanari was then actually moribund;—and Signor Carlo? He had died long ago.

And the third brother was resident in England." Even the garden-tomb was topsy-turvy and full of piles of wood, casks, and what-not. A few recumbent figures were lying about upon their sarcophagi uncared for and neglected ;—and *all* was over ! Yet the brothers Campanari will live in the sympathetic pages of Mr. Dennis.

The sepulchres of Toscanella are generally subterranean like those of Vulci. Murray's Guide mentions a "Grotta della Regina" consisting of "a large chamber with two massive columns supporting the roof, (presumably a vaulted one) and remarkable for its labyrinth ; a passage cut in the rock and communicating from one wall of the chamber to the other."

This labyrinth should throw some light upon those constructed at Chiusi. This tomb is not now visible, nor, so far as I could gather from the townsfolk, even known ;—a land where all things are forgotten ! The City of Dismembered,—of Unremembered Tombs ! So a "Regina" even, is as evanescent as a "dim forefather." "What shadows we are and what shadows we pursue ! " as I think Sir Thomas Browne said. Some things, however, in Toscanella, have not yet faded and are even cherished,—tardily. And two of such memorials of the Past are the two wonderful Basilica-Churches of San Pietro and Santa Maria. They stand upon the hill of S. Pietro a couple of hundred yards without the town ; a hill which it is thought was the Etruscan Arx or Citadel. S. Pietro,—or rather the crypt of the church occupies, it is said, the site of a Roman Bath beneath which again was an Etruscan Temple.

The Basilica of S. Pietro,—although the sum total of four different epochs of building, from the 9th Century downwards,—is distinctly a præ-Lombard

Church, of Romanesque architecture, and dates long before the introduction of the so-called Italian-Gothic style. Throughout all the reconstructions, demolitions, additions, raisings and lowerings and lengthenings of portions—and details, its original and principal features have been left undisturbed. It remains to-day what it was, the best representative of Italian religious Art of the 9th Century.

The grand simplicity—almost classical—of the façade, is admirably relieved by the large rose-window in the centre. Below this runs an arcaded gallery which is nearly touched by the spacious arch of the doorway. This façade is thrown out in strong relief by a long pediment in rear of it, the arms of which rise nearly to the rose-window, and below each wing there is a closed arch. This special feature I have not seen before in any building, and I imagine that the original architect must have had present in his mind, or before his eyes, some design of a Pagan Temple,—then in existence, perhaps, upon this spot. The curious sculptures of beasts, birds, angels, and devils introduced in many portions of this remarkable façade may very well be the first instances of such ornamentation in Italian Architecture. The Nave consisted originally of four round arches,—two more were added in the 11th Century,—when the nave was lengthened. The rather short columns supporting the arches are of ancient marble and are believed to have come from Etruscan or Roman temples. But I should judge their capitals to be of the 12th Century, for at that epoch most of the present existing ornamental work such as the paving, the tesselated pavements, the mosaics, and other details were added. It is also probable that the rose-window of the façade was then introduced. Nor is it likely that it could have formed part of the original fabric.

Indeed, the first Church here must have been the Crypt, situated below the high altar, and which took the place of the Roman Bath already referred to, and of which many of the columns supporting the crypt undoubtedly formed the chief features. And the Roman altar (or is it a portion of a sarcophagus?) upon which the font stands may have also been another relic of this classic site.

The Church seems to have been once covered with frescoes, of which there are many remains. It was formerly the Cathedral. But abandoned and neglected as it became (so much so that it was till of recent years without a roof) the S. Jacopo Church within the City replaced it as such.

For frescoes we must go to the Basilica of Santa Maria which stands near S. Pietro, but lower down the hill,—in quite a retiring position. Between the two Churches rises a fine example of a mediæval Tower. It has played, no doubt, a prominent part in its time, as have the other remains of a similar kind within the City. And when we are reminded that some of that bellicose family, the Sforza, settled down upon these hills, we may suppose that a great deal was happening then to render forts and towers desirable.

At first sight the façade of Santa Maria seems to be a rough copy of that of San Pietro, and possessing also a rose-window above the same sort of small arcade above the arched door. Yet it lacks the crowning pediment as in the other Church. It seems probable,—Santa Maria being the most ancient by a century,—that this façade furnished the model for the other. The interior of both Churches is very similar also. Santa Maria has four arches of dissimilar size,—whereas San Pietro has six.

The columns of ancient marbles and their capitals

differ very little in detail,—and not at all in character. Both Churches possess the same quaint sculptures without. Santa Maria has a curious and very ancient pulpit of the 13th Century. The left aisle of the Church in particular has undergone much reconstruction, as you will perceive by the scoring of arched doors upon the walls. There was probably a cloister upon this side, the arches of which have been blocked up and thus incorporated with the Church.

The Apse is covered with frescoes. These extend from beneath the rounded arch above the high altar, and are carried right up to the beams of the roof. The subject of the frescoes is that of the "Last Judgment." Our Saviour as Judge stands alone in an oval Nimbus. The Apostles are seated on either side. Upon the right of the Saviour are gathered the Elect,—the Virgin and other figures stand nearer but below Him. Upon the left of the Saviour is a frightful scene of the "Dannati" with a huge figure of Satan triumphant in front. It is a very beautiful composition, though a very early one,—of the 14th Century, and of the School of Giotto it is said. One hopes that Luca Signorelli came over from Orvieto to see these frescoes. He might have studied them before the commencement of his own "Last Judgment."

Now that these Churches have been taken over by the Government, and the long-needed repairs of elementary necessity have been completed, it may confidently be hoped that they may be preserved as amongst the most valuable heirlooms of Italy. For of this very early epoch there are no more precious monuments to be seen in this country.

In a country such as this, so strewn with antiquities, it may be supposed that the fifteen miles

betwixt Toscanella and Viterbo have not been uninvestigated. Two ancient sites at least have been brought to light—very near the high-road, Cippolara, and "Macchia ('wood') del Conte." These tombs produced many Etruscan antiquities. When cleared of their contents the proprietors filled them up, so that it is not worth while for you to leave your carriage to go in quest of them. Nor did I hear that any further discoveries had been made.

Musarnas, just seven miles from Viterbo upon this road, was another Etruscan site whence Signor Bazzichelli,[1] the discoverer, obtained many of his antiquities. It seems curious and it is worthy of comment, considering what a vast number of sepulchres have been discovered all over this district, (a portion of what was formerly known as the Patrimony of St. Peter)—that no authentic name of any great City should have been preserved. Which was the capital City, for instance, to which this district was subject? Was it Tarquinia or Volsinii—or some vanished City? As we have data for the assumption that Castel d'Asso was within the "Lucumonia" of Tarquinii it may be inferred that the country,—Toscanella included,—up to Viterbo, was also within her sphere of influence if not possessed by her. We can only suppose that Toscanella and Monte Fiascone, Bomarzo, and Ferento, and many other smaller Etruscan sites whose names have perished, were but links in the great chain which united them to a parent-City. Military posts they were, defending the commercial and agricultural interests of each district, and maintaining the sphere of influence each within its own borders. For it has to be remembered that each City was the capital of a Kingdom exercising its jurisdiction civil and military throughout

[1] *Vide* Castel d'Asso.

the province with very well-defined and unquestioned authority. We may assume that in the Etruscan federations, the rights and privileges of each State were quite as accurately defined, and as jealously preserved, as in any one of the Cantons of modern Switzerland.

That admirable system of Government it was that made Etruria beyond any question the paramount power in Italy for many centuries, so long as no Power arose to compete with her.

And then the weakness inherent in all such forms of government betrayed itself. Etruria lacked a supreme and paramount centre. There was no guiding hand to weld together and to wield in time of stress the strength of the entire nation. Lacking cohesion she could be conquered in detail. Thus one City after another succumbed, and although the struggle was a long one, in this manner her ruin was completed. And as the contemplation of so many Etruscan sites in the vicinity of Toscanella has evoked these reflections,—they will equally apply to Castel d'Asso, Vetralla, Bieda, and Norchia. The two last-named are to be easily visited from Vetralla, a site which has produced so much, but where nothing ancient or suggestive of antiquity is to be seen.

Norchia and Bieda are both about equidistant from Vetralla,—but as they lie in contrary directions they could not be seen on the same day. Especially as the resources of the poor village of Vetralla are extremely restricted as regards horses and vehicles. Indeed, it was with great difficulty that a horse was obtained to proceed so far as Bieda. Bieda, a humble and poverty-stricken village, almost maintains its ancient name of "Blera."

No Etruscan site, too, that I have seen, maintains a more venerable aspect. If one were told that here

there was still a remnant of the Etruscan people quite cut off and immune from any touch of extraneous blood, one would believe it. And one could also believe that until one's own humble footsteps had tottered over the extremely insecure footpath of this desolate hamlet, no explorer from the outside world had ever before penetrated into these fastnesses. And therefore as to a Mecca of untidy picturesqueness, to a haven of wild and primæval unsimilitude to any spot that you have ever dreamed of, it is worth your while to have journeyed unto Bieda. For, of the customary Etruscan antiquities, Bieda has not been prolific. Perhaps the one arched bridge,—some way below the site of the present village, may be Etruscan. I fear that the three-arched bridge,—although suggestively styled Ponte del Diavolo and a model of ruined beauty,—near the village, is *not*. Over the more ancient bridge ran the Roman Via Clodia which we shall come upon again at Ferento. The three-arched bridge,—the centre arch of which is shattered,—although you can pass over it,—seems to have connected Bieda with another picturesque village, possibly Etruscan also, called Barberano, to the North. The road there runs uphill through very precipitous ravines crowned on either side by lofty crags. The road is scarcely used now, and though it can be traced is nearly obliterated. The Etruscan town (Blera) would appear to have occupied the ridges to the East of the modern village and which overhang the river. Very likely the Etruscan town may have included the village also. An ancient road runs along immediately beneath these ridges, which show traces of mouldings and signs of ancient masonry. This old road may be considered as having been in use to convey the dead to the Sepulchres with which the ravines—chiefly in the Eastern direction—

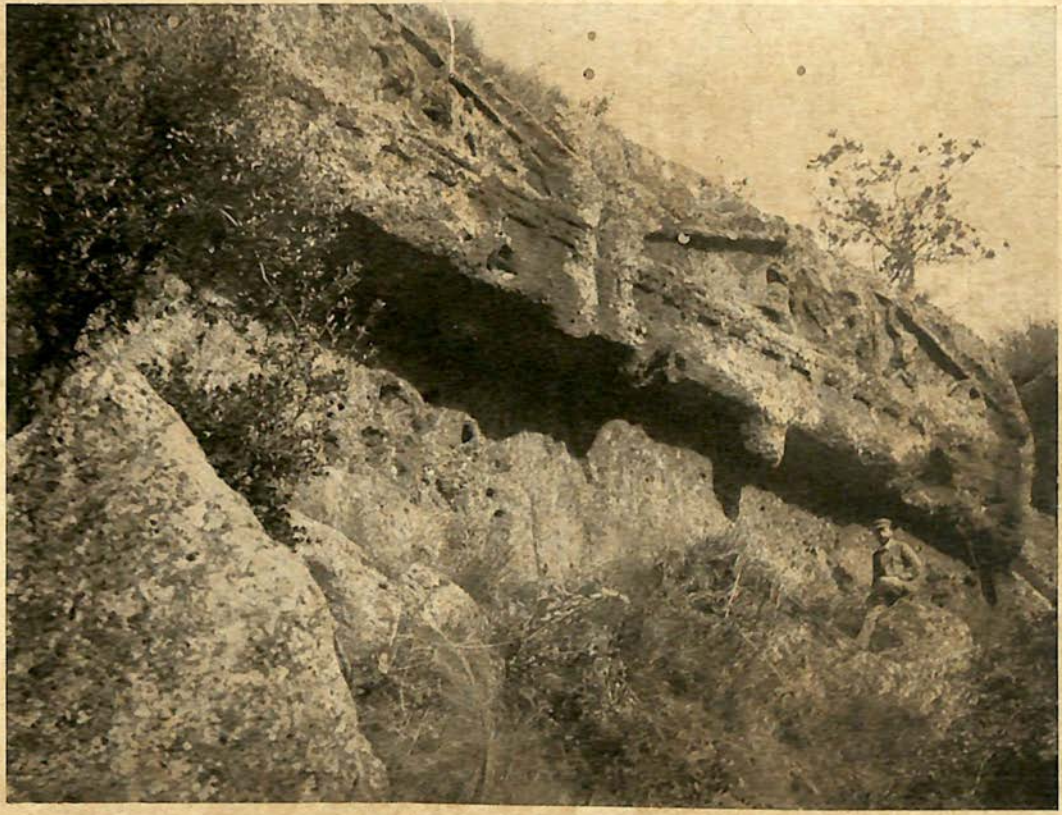
are honeycombed. They rise above each other in terraces and are shaped into the forms of houses with sloping roofs and moulded doorways. Those of Norchia, upon the other hand, being of a classical type of art. Valuably suggestive are these of Bieda of the domestic architecture of the Etruscans. But Time and the elements have considerably marred the architectural effect formerly presented by these badly sculptured cliffs.[1] The stone is tufa, and is therefore particularly susceptible to atmospheric agency.

I cannot—not having visited Norchia (ancient name Orcle—or more probably Ercle)—draw comparisons between the two sites. Yet from narratives and pictures I imagine Bieda to be quite inferior in the abundance and variety of sculptured tombs, as also in the artistic nature and character of their carvings. The absence of inscriptions in both places is very remarkable, and in that respect makes them inferior in interest to Castel d'Asso. I found it impossible to elicit from my contadino-guide any information about Bieda. Nor was he reliable even about the name of the river,—although he made a "shot," calling it by the name of the Village. But I have observed that the inhabitants of such ancient places rarely have a name for their rivers and streams. It is always "foso" or "fosso" or "fiumecello."

FERENTO.

Ferento is a pleasant drive under five miles to the north of Viterbo. It well repays a visit as being the site of an important Roman City. The very extensives ruins prove that; of the threatre especially.

[1] The sculptured cliffs of Bieda, Castel d'Asso, and Norchia, seem to bear a great resemblance to those of Lycia as described by Sir C. Fellowes.



NECROPOLIS OF NORCHIA, NEAR VITERBO.

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Ferentinum was a Roman colony, and amongst other claims to notice was the birthplace of the Emperor Otho. Ferento was long supposed to occupy the site of an Etruscan City. But the more modern school of archæologists place the Etruscan City opposite Ferento to the North-East and upon the other side of one of the ravines which so intersect this great Etruscan plain, and precisely upon the high ground known to-day as the Farm of S. Francesco. Here and on the adjacent lands have been discovered so much in the way of antefixæ,—terra-cotta vessels, friezes, fragments of polychrome painting adhering to terra-cotta, and especially wells and passages for drainage.

Nor are there wanting, in a locality named Prato Campo (below S. Francesco), remains of an earlier period, those of the Iron Age. Etruscan relics not having been found in Ferento,—we must therefore pronounce that that City did not stand upon an Etruscan site, and that fine and massive and imposing as are the blocks of masonry upon which the brick arches of the Theatre are reared, they are not Etruscan, but fashioned in the Etruscan manner. That Ferento was long held by the Romans and was one of the most important posts held by Rome upon the Via Clodia is not only attested by the splendour of the great Theatre,—but by the extent of the ruins and by the traces of the numerous roads connecting with other sites to the North.[1]

I think in no provincial town have so many fine Roman works of sculpture been unearthed. For it has been systematically excavated, as the Court of the Etruscan Museum at Florence can testify. A whole

[1] The Via Clodia, between the Via Aurelia and the Via Cassia, ran to Populonia—running through Veii, Blera, Saturnia, and other Etruscan sites.

row of noble statues there, is exceedingly impressive. A mediæval town of some importance stood here in recent times,—so that a walk over Ferento is suggestive. Here you stumble over a Roman column or a frieze, and there over an arch or a post of mediæval work. The Mediæval town of Ferento did not long preserve its independence. For Viterbo, as the adopted home of many Popes, was foremost in the ranks of the orthodox, and Viterbo quarrelled with Ferento for failing to observe what Viterbo had laid down as the direct path in religious art. The particular heresy of the artists of Ferento was in representing the Saviour upon the Cross with the eyes open instead of closed as in Viterban art. So that Viterbo had to enforce her dogma, "vî et armis." And hence the expungement of Ferento; and hence the extreme difficulty of threading your way through the *débris* of two Cities of long-separated epochs. To us in search of old Etruria, the interest of the district of Ferento, is the congeries of Etruscan sites that exist in the vicinity.

Every village that you see around Ferento is upon the site of an Etruscan one. Magugnano, Rinaldone, Grotte, S. Stefano, S. Egidio, Lunica, Castellara are some of their modern names. Some of them are upon the other side of the River Acquarossa or upon the banks of the other streams, in this part the Guzzarella and the Vezza. For the ravines below Ferento are plentifully watered and intersected by rivulets and torrents which have carved out those small promontories and tongues of land which the Etruscans always selected as favourable for sites. Yet in the course of ages, the continuous action of running water added to the unstable character of the soil around Ferento, has much interfered with the durability of the buildings and the

sepulchres. If possible, you should obtain a glance of a fine bridge of two lofty, massive arches, near the aforesaid village of Rinaldone, known now as "Funicchio." For it is possible that portions of it are Etruscan,—the central buttress from which the two Arches spring, being especially characteristic. The Bridge is formed of large parallelopids of peperino-stone. The parapet consisting of two rows of smaller blocks and slightly projecting over the arches gives an ornamental effect to the whole structure. Either arch rests upon a rocky bank, unimpaired by time or torrent. Some have thought this bridge to be an Aqueduct, because of its narrowness; (it does not exceed 7 feet in width). In any case it does not seem to have been much in use, and was almost concealed in bush and briar until the authorities of Viterbo lately released it from its hiding-place. So long as you are at Viterbo and within its environs you will always be confronted when you look to the Westward by the fine eminence of Montefiascone. It is about four miles distant from Ferento. In Etruscan history it must have been an important place. The Etruscan name is not known, although some Archæologists have ventured to place the Temple of Voltumna there.

Excavations there have revealed sepulchres containing much that was of value. Yet that was long ago, and now no trace of antiquity is to be seen. Some of the "trouvailles" passed to Florence, amongst which were some bronze candelabra, a pair of large gold earrings of unusually massive character, and a "cista," quite of the Palestrina type—but in "bucchero"-ware, not in bronze. Otherwise the associations of Montefiascone, and very slight *they* are, are wholly of a modern character, as is suggested by the name of the Town which does not seem to

connect itself with anything more stirring than a bottle of wine. More than "stirring" regrettably. For here it was that another Ecclesiastic went down, or "under," fatally subdued by the too generous character of the wine of the country.

Bishop Fugger (of a German family it seems from the name) was a confirmed wine-connoisseur, and when he was "en voyage," was generally preceded by his valet, whose duty it was to find out where the best wine was located. At Montefiascone it proved to be "hors concours," in the opinion of the bishop. Both the fame of the wine and of the Bishop have been handed down in the monument erected to the Bishop in the Church of S. Flaviano. Upon either side of the Bishop's mitre rests a sculptured goblet. That was relentlessly realistic, and has been accentuated by the epitaph written by the valet in which he gives "Est, Est, Est" as the name of the wine which had proved fatal to his master. Valets are not notorious for hero-worship. So this valet may have considered that he was only carrying out the traditional *rôle* by disclosing in perpetuity the frailties of his whilom master.

Bomarzo is another Etruscan site, seven miles from Ferento,—more important than Montefiascone, judging from the remarkable works of art recovered from the Sepulchres, one of which was frescoed.

Evidently the Tomb of a prominent and wealthy family. "Vel Urinates" was the name inscribed upon the sarcophagus found within. A sarcophagus of a rare type it is, being modelled in the form of a temple and with serpents upon the roof. It is now to be seen in the Etruscan Department of the British Museum. It is not thought to be a very early work. The decorations of the Tomb were of a florid character, of caricature-heads, sea-horses, and

dolphins. The other and principal tomb found here was not painted, and was distinguished for its architectural details. A pseudo-Doric column supported the Roof ; that side of it which faced the entrance door was rounded. The inside of the tomb was lined with masonry, an unusual feature in the tombs excavated out of the natural tufa. Yet doubtless such an arrangement has tended to preserve the tomb. The entrance door was of the style which is so often called Egyptian, in which the door widens to the base. It is of a common character enough in Etruria, as we have seen at Castel d'Asso and at other places. This Tomb was known as the "Grotta della Colonna" and is quite near to the "Tomba Dipinta" noticed above. The Etruscan Bomarzo lay two miles North of the present village, and was situated upon the brink of a hill facing the modern village.

Many articles of bronze, *e.g.*, tripods and specchii, swords, and even bows came from the Bomarzo-tombs. Perhaps the most remarkable of them all is the circular bronze shield with a lance thrust upon it now placed in the Vatican-Etruscan Museum. It still retains the wood-lining and its leather braces. Yet more important than all such trouvailles, is the famous alphabet traced upon a terra-cotta pot or small vase, and also in the Vatican-Etruscan Museum. It is the nearest approach to the Etruscan Alphabet that has ever been found. For it contains the fewest letters, viz., 20. All the other instances having been of 22, or in one case of 25 (Cære), and the letters do run, contrary to all the other alphabets found, viz., from right to left, which stamps this example as Etruscan, although there are four letters in excess of the orthodox Etruscan 16. Moreover, this Alphabet is deficient, exactly as was the Etruscan, in the Greek signs of Beta, Gamma, Delta, Xi, Psi, Eta, and both

O's. Yet, as this includes some other Greek letters which were absent in the Etruscan language, it brings the total to 20.

It may be as well, then, in this place, without being too lengthy,—for I should not wish to weary the reader with a dissertation upon the Pelasgian or Etruscan Alphabet,—briefly to recapitulate those which have been hitherto found in the country.

That of Cerveteri (Cære), an alphabet and primer —now in the Vatican-Etruscan Museum.

Colle (near Volterra), upon the wall of a tomb.

Chiusi (Museum), three alphabets upon slabs of tufa,—considered very early, yet written from left to right.

Grosseto (Museum), probably from Rusellæ.

All of these, I think, must be considered as of very early Greek, probably Pelasgian, and this from Bomarzo as Etruscan. We may then draw one or two conclusions in considering these Alphabets:

1st. That the Pelasgian and Etruscan characters were similar, though the former Race made use of more characters.

2nd. That the Etruscans did not always make use of the same number.

3rd. And in the course of time they did not always insist upon reading from right to left. These vagaries upon the part of the Etruscans have made it additionally difficult, may I say impossible, for us to grapple with their language. And for themselves too, it would appear, from their having burdened themselves with such etymological intricacies even in their tombs.

It will remain an everlasting problem to us why they did so, and why they should have estimated them amongst their greatest treasures, to be numbered with their jewels and their gold and their precious vases, and to be held on to through all the ages.

The reader will have gathered from the preceding chapter that it is without the walls of Viterbo where Etruscan associations prevail. Yet within the walls of the City he will find ample compensation in the beauty of the site and in the striking features of a wholly mediæval town. Situated at the foot of the Monte Cimino upon a wide and elevated table-land—of some 1,100 feet above sea-level—and commanding a panorama unusually extensive for a City not perched upon a hill, her position is quite unique in this part of Italy. The Ciminian range to the North increases the picturesque effect of the City.

The walls of the City have been referred to in the preceding chapter, I shall not now touch upon them in detail, but will proceed to take a brief survey of the streets and of the chief monuments within the perimeter of those walls. The very early mediæval character of the *enceinte*,—some of the towers, *e.g.*, go as far back as the 13th Century,—seem to be of a much earlier date than that of the houses generally. If we except the Cathedral and the Episcopal Palace and half a dozen other palaces, I should say that the street-architecture does not suggest a period previous to that of the 15th Century. The large square doors and windows, an arcade and a courtyard here and there, a dilapidated flight of steps outside a dismantled palace, could, I think, all be referred to the earlier years of that century. While abundant decorative details on many of the houses, in the shape of small pyramids and obelisks, torch-like ornaments, cherubs' heads, scrolls, and twists, rather of the flamboyant order—remind you of a still later period such as we in England associate with the Jacobean style of architecture. There are even to be observed one or two Palaces of distinctly baroque style. Yet upon the whole Viterbo may be declared to be one of the

oldest and most picturesque Cities in Italy, although I cannot agree with the strange pronouncement of a recent writer who discovered a resemblance between Viterbo and Nuremberg. The Jordan and the Mississippi have been also, I believe, declared to be very similar.

Of all the notable sights in Viterbo it seemed to me that the frescoes in the "Cappella dello Spozalizio" in the secularised church of Santa Maria della Verità, by Lorenzo da Viterbo, were the most attractive.

Little is known of the artist, especially as some call him Lorenzo di Pietro Paolo,—and others refer to him as Lorenzo di Giacomo da Viterbo. It is not even certain in what year he was born or how long he lived. Fortunately we know the year of the completion of these frescoes, 1468-69—or rather of one of them, for the date is there inscribed. It is said that he decorated the whole of the interior of this large Church of the Verità with his frescoes and that the work employed him twenty-five years. The Church must have presented a splendid spectacle if all the frescoes were equal in beauty to those of the only existing portion in the "Cappella dello Spozalizio." Those recording the "Marriage of the Virgin" are upon the left wall (on the left as you face the Altar). Over the Altar is the "Assumption" with Saints. Upon your right are depicted the "Nativity" and the "Annunciation." Upon the arches, lunettes, ceiling, vaults, everywhere are saints, apostles, and other figures. The "Annunciation" has been allowed to decay. We may well lament that cruel neglect if it were as beautiful as the "Nativity." The attitude of the worshipping Madonna bending over the Infant, with the reverential approach of St. Joseph (represented as a very old man) is one of the

loveliest things to be seen in 15th Century Art. Very fine also is the "Assumption." Over that fresco are three Saints, one of them being the Venerable Bede, to whom apologies are due for my ignorance that he was among the Saints. The "Sposalizio" is very pretty, and quaint too, for the artist has seized the opportunity of representing the crowd of suitors,—and others, arrayed in the picturesque costumes of the 15th Century. The suitors all seem to be portraits. This picture is dated 1464.

The Government has at length made of this Chapel a National monument. A tardy recognition, it is true, of the great merits of these fine works. Apparently they have always been valued, for the Chapel is enclosed by a very lofty and massive gate of quaint iron-work of the 15th Century. And yet some of the frescoes have been suffered to decay. These fine paintings have been subjected also to some critical onslaughts by Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselli. The artist is called to task and roundly rated for having copied, and that badly, both Piero della Francesca and B. Gozzuoli, and also, I think, Melozzo da Forli. I believe—were this the place to do so—that these charges could be rebutted. As regards Piero della Francesca, the only similarity between the two artists that I can perceive is that in his frescoes at Arezzo he has introduced similar studies of 15th Century costumes. As for beauty of drawing and spiritualism of conception, the Viterban artist seems to me to have the best of it. Yet I must confess that I have always considered Piero della Francesca an over-rated artist. Perhaps, as in the comparison between Nuremberg and Viterbo, I fail to get the right standpoint of view. Whether Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselli have made too little of these frescoes, or I have made too much of them, the reader will be able to judge. Yet he will

certainly derive much pleasure from the contemplation of them, being, as they are, by a Master so little known.

There are no great masterpieces in Viterbo. Yet the general level is a good one. Most of the altar-pieces in the Cathedral and in other churches are pleasing. In the Cathedral, *e.g.*, there is a very good Christ and the Evangelists by Montagna. It is thought so little of, apparently, that it is unframed. It has been "restored" and not judiciously. There is more than one example of Sebastiano del Piombo extant in Viterbo. The Pietà—now in the Muséo, is the best. The drawing and the painting of the Saviour are worthy of the Artist. But he has quite failed in the figure of the Madonna. Her face is commonplace, and inexpressive, and her figure,—although the attitude is fine, is quite too masculine. The drapery has been re-painted most inartistically. Some say that Michael Angelo furnished the design for this work. Yet that has been said so frequently in the case of S. del P. that you would think that he was not capable of a design.

The Cathedral and the Episcopal Palace,—the chief architectural monuments of the City—will be found upon the West point of the town and near the Tower called of "Galliena." [1] Many of the more ancient houses are to be found in this direction. It is on this site where the Antiquarians have placed an old temple of Hercules, and even a Fortress. The name of S. Lorenzo given to the Cathedral was favoured as being peculiarly appropriate to a successor of Hercules. Both heroes having perished by fire. Viterbans hold on vehemently to the idea of "Hercules." He is almost a household-God here.

[1] This famous heroine's name is at times spelled as "Galliena," at others "Galliana."

Two sensational historical events at least render this Cathedral memorable. The savage murder of Prince Henry, brother of Henry III of England, by Guy de Montfort, when the Prince was actually kneeling at the high altar during the Celebration of Mass. I think that the assassin was never punished for his crime (upon earth at least). Dante has done what he could do by placing him in the Inferno.[1]

It was in front of the Cathedral that Frederick Barbarossa had to undergo the humiliation—in presence of the papal and imperial courts—of holding the stirrup of Pope Adrian IV, as he dismounted from his mule. That Pope, it will be remembered, was an Englishman. It is noteworthy that both these recorded events should have concerned Englishmen. The Cathedral is not very remarkable inside and is rather mean outside. The massive granite columns supporting Romanesque arches suggest the spoils of a more ancient temple,—which the baroque capitals do not. The arches are of small span and far too much so considering the imposing supports. The pure Gothic-Campanile of the Cathedral is the best part of the edifice. The chief monument in the Cathedral is that of Pope John XXI. It has suffered much from time, which, as it is over six hundred years old, is to be expected. Pope John XXI was killed in the adjoining Episcopal Palace by the falling of a ceiling. It is remarkable that of the six Popes who were elected at Orvieto,—two should have met with tragical fates;—Pope Martin IV. at Bolsena as we have seen, and

[1] Some with apparently good foundation have placed the scene of the murder in another Church at Viterbo—which no longer exists,—that of S. Silvestro. Yet the Church of the Gesu has succeeded it and occupies the same ground. It certainly looks ominous,—the entire removal of the former Church.

John XXI. The Episcopal Palace, hard by is a building quaint and beautiful enough to gratify the most ardent devotee of mediæval architecture. A huge arch or bridge, built over a ravine and upon which half the building seems to rest, forms one of the most remarkable effects of Gothic architecture in this province.

It possesses some stirring associations also. In the great hall Gregory X and also Martin IV were elected Popes. The Conclave was so inordinately procrastinating [1] in the election of the latter Pontiff —that the Citizens removed the roof of the hall to expedite matters. John XXI, who was mentioned in the previous page as having been killed by the fall of the roof,—had nothing to do with this ceiling. It was in another room which that Pope had just finished, for he was a Pope much given to architectural undertakings, that the ceiling descended and put an end to his existence. He was not popular with the Viterbans, who considered him as arrogant and even accused him of having had dealings with the devil. They regarded his fate as the logical result of his crimes. In short, they gave a free rendering to Horace's line, "Fiat justitia ruat coelum" (ceiling).

You will have pointed out to you from the balcony, the garden which now occupies the site of the destroyed chamber,—of which a broken column or two still stand warningly.

The Ponte di S. Lorenzo, which has to be crossed on your way to the Cathedral, is said to be constructed upon Etrusco-Romano foundations, and some

[1] It may be observed that one of the Cardinals is reported to have suggested this method of accelerating the election, by remarking that it would "much facilitate the descent of the Holy Spirit and therefore the Inspiration of the Cardinals."

large blocks thereon are said to be portions of the original construction.

The stream over which it is thrown is insignificant, and rarely, I should think, furnishes more water than is requisite for the needs of the washerwomen-folk who are generally engaged in their avocations here. Yet it is worth while to loiter a little upon the bridge in order to admire the Palazzo Farnese upon the right. It is a fine building of the 15th Century adorned with Gothic windows and the Farnese lilies. Paul III is said to have lived here as a boy. The courtyard is a good example of the kind. The palace has otherwise little to associate with its ancient grandeur, and is now inhabited by very poor people. The Piazza del Plebiscito is the most noteworthy of the public places of Viterbo and where the oldest monuments are to be seen. Unfortunately, it is precisely here also, where modern institutions and establishments have been housed,—such as the Questura, the Municipio, Telegraph and Post-offices, &c. The old and picturesque Palazzo Publico, a building of the 15th Century, has suffered much from these modern requirements. One of the finest old towers of the City, known as "La Monaldescha," in this Piazza also, has not been improved by the introduction of an acutely modern clock. Yet the position is saved by two venerable stone lions upon columns of peperino who are regarding all these modern arrangements with an air of pained perplexity. And no wonder, for they must have sat upon their pillars for six hundred years or so and have "seen out" several epochs. A Roman Sarcophagus stands out of the tiny Church of S. Angelo, over the way. It is not a work of very high art, and yet as it is said that the fairest woman of Viterbo, the Helen of these parts, (Galliena was her right name)

has rested within for six hundred years or so we should like to know something about her. For Galliena is one of Viterbo's most cherished memories and a genuine flesh-and-blood reality: And there is as much legend current about her as there is about the fairest woman of antiquity, Helen of Troy. Andromeda or Iphigenia might be another of Galliena's prototypes. For she was upon the verge of being sacrificed to a monstrous Sow that used to infest this legendary City.

I do not know whether people used to get up upon chairs to obtain a glimpse of this famous beauty as they did—(Horace Walpole says)—in the case of the beautiful Gunnings. And as they also did—as more modern historians report—in very recent years to gaze upon another modern beauty. Yet if we can receive what has been related of Galliena's charms as authentic, she appears to have been little inferior to such Venuses,—in the effect that she had upon her fellow-citizens, and upon the hearts, too, of besieging Romans. But unlike Helen of Troy she was in this respect; that she averted rather than fanned the torch of war. For the Romans of her Century declared that they would no longer besiege the walls of Viterbo,—if she would only for once exhibit herself upon the Battlements. It is true that at that particular moment the Romans had just been soundly thrashed. But legend does not concern itself with details. Yet, unfortunate it is for this story of Galliena, that the Tower which bears her name is of a date subsequent by a hundred years to that of her own (1135).

It would have been well,—notwithstanding this slight inaccuracy,—if the chroniclers had closed Galliena's career there. It would have been the psychical moment. But chroniclers never do seize

that moment. There is no end to their fantasies. And thus they have gone on to give poor Galliena a Virginia-like fate, and have declared that her father to save her from the importunities of a Roman Baron, of the Appius type, had to plunge a dagger into her bosom. And they laid her to rest in that Roman Sarcophagus, as has been reported. The second heroine appearing in the chronicles of Viterbo is simply named "Anna." Her passport to fame is that she possessed hair half green and half red. With such slight credentials immortality, then, can be secured. Anna might have been an Etruscan for anything further that we know of her. One wonders that the people of Viterbo did not make of her one more of their Etruscan claims. The third and the most authentic of Viterbo's heroines is Santa Rosa—the Protectress of the City.

Yet, wonders have been compressed into her short life of eighteen years greater than those of any Saint of whom we have record. She was born of "genitori *sterili*" (whatever that may mean). The moment she appeared she uttered the words "Gesù," and "Maria." When she attained the age of three years she restored to life a defunct aunt. Her short life was passed in a series of ecstasies,—visions of, and interviews with, the holiest and highest Personages. Her miracles did not cease with her life,—but I will spare the reader further details. Yet she must have been a remarkably precocious and masterful young person. She maintained, or seems to have maintained, the Anti-Ghibeline fervour of her fellow citizens, and also of Innocent IV (being a Pope he could not have required much persuasion in the matter). And to have publicly denounced Frederick II. In fact, she was exiled from the City by the Ghibeline Party. She was nearly becoming a Joan

of Arc, and she was more successful in her advancement to Sainthood, for she was canonised, or at least raised to the rank of Saint before her death. And you may see her in a glass casket with a golden crown upon her head in her own chapel in the Church called after her, whenever the Sister of her Order (Franciscan) will show her to you. She is very black (the Saint, not the sister)—as black as the mummy of Rameses II in the Ghizeh Museum,—Blackened, as the sister says, by a fire that sprung up here in 1357 and nearly reduced her and her chapel to ashes. But she arose from her hundred years' sleep and rang her bell, and the sisters, hurrying to the spot, put her and her Chapel "out." The Sister who showed me these blackened remains pointed out with great pride that the teeth remained white and intact. She appeared to be quite sure that Santa Rosa was only in a condition of suspended animation and might come to life at any moment.

So it seems that all Viterbo's worthies are heroines, not heroes. Viterbo has had so many titles given to her (mostly given by herself), "City of Fair Women," and "Beautiful Fountains." She is the "City of Towers." She "crowns her tresses with towers," &c. It would be, perhaps, rude to style her the City of False Pretensions. One is tempted to do so as one finds here a street called of Vetulonia,—and a Piazza there of Voltumna. And it is even to be much regretted that another street should be called after that reverend Arch-Impostor, Annius.

Yet whatever deficiencies, and unfounded pretensions in the Etruscan line, are to be attributed to Viterbo, no one—(and we have not done so certainly)—can refrain from declaring her to be amongst the most beautiful of Mediæval Cities.

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on 28 December, 2018